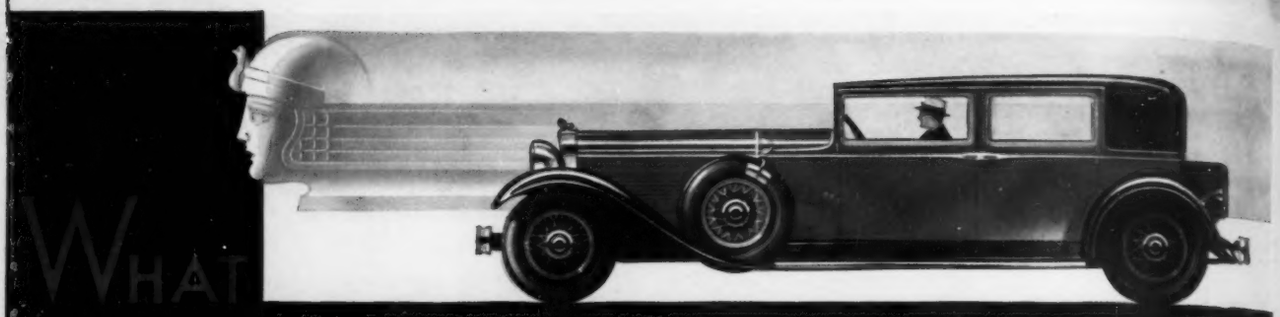
Dec. 7, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



WHAT CONSTITUTES A TRULY MODERN MOTOR CAR?

PICTURE A $20,000 MADE-TO-ORDER AUTOMOBILE, COMPARE THAT CAR WITH STUTZ OR BLACKHAWK, CHECK YOUR OWN ANSWERS TO THESE FOURTEEN QUESTIONS

Suppose you were willing to pay $20,000 for an automobile made to your order, the last word in style, beauty and performance-with-safety. In writing your specifications, you would want to answer all the questions listed below:

1. Would you subject yourself and your family to the dangers of flying glass? Or would you equip your $20,000 automobile with safety glass all around?

I would have ☐ Ordinary glass
☐ **Safety glass**

Safety glass all around was pioneered by Stutz four years ago.

2. Would you be content with the ordinary three-speed transmission? Or would you prefer the more modern four-speed transmission?

I would have ☐ Ordinary three-speed transmission
☐ **Transmission with four speeds forward**

The Stutz transmission, with four speeds forward, provides superior performance and longer car life. The trend is toward four speeds.

3. Would you be satisfied with the conventional car which rolls backward on inclines when brakes are released? Or would you prefer Stutz Noback, which automatically prevents undesired back-rolling on inclines?

I would have ☐ Ordinary car without Noback
☐ **The added protection of Noback**

4. Would you select the conventional L-head type of engine? Or would you insist upon having the increased efficiency of the valve-in-head engine?

I would have ☐ Conventional type, L-head engine
☐ **Advanced type, valve-in-head engine**

The Stutz valve-in-head line-eight engine is not only more powerful, it is also quiet, smooth and economical.

5. Would you accept valves actuated by rocker arms, with their greater noise and greater area of wearing surfaces? Or would you insist upon having the overhead camshaft with its direct-acting, simple and quiet valve operation?

I would have ☐ Conventional push-rods and rocker arms
☐ **Stutz silent overhead camshaft**

As compared with rocker-arm valve mechanism, the Stutz overhead camshaft eliminates 192 wearing surfaces.

6. Would you be content with the single ignition found in ordinary cars? Or would you prefer dual ignition with two spark plugs for each cylinder, insuring greater power and economy?

I would have ☐ Single ignition
☐ **Dual ignition**

Dual ignition is one of the many features of advanced engineering found on Stutz and Blackhawk.

7. Would you want your engine to have the less efficient single carburetion as originally designed for four-cylinder cars? Or would you prefer the greater engine efficiency made possible by dual carburetion?

I would have ☐ A single carburetor
☐ **Dual carburetion**

Dual carburetion and dual intake contribute to the outstanding performance of Stutz and Blackhawk cars.

8. Would you be willing to have an automobile equipped with ordinary oil and grease cups? Or would you like the latest, Stutz one-thrust chassis lubrication system which feeds oil to all moving parts of the chassis in one operation?

I would have ☐ Ordinary oil and grease cups
☐ **One-thrust lubrication system**

One-thrust chassis lubrication is among the many convenience features of the Stutz and Blackhawk.

9. Would you expect your $20,000 automobile to be equipped with ordinary headlights? Or would you prefer Ryan-Lites, which give long range without dangerous glare and which give side-illumination with added protection for night driving?

I would have ☐ Ordinary headlights
☐ **New and improved Ryan-Lites**

Ryan-Lites, standard equipment on Stutz and Blackhawk, are the only automobile lights that meet all legal requirements everywhere.

10. Would you be content with the conventional bevel gear drive? Or would you have the improved worm drive rear axle which permits the floorboards to be lowered 20 per cent and lowers the center of weight of the entire car?

I would have ☐ Conventional rear axle
☐ **Worm drive rear axle**

Worm drive is one of the fundamentals of Stutz-Blackhawk advanced engineering.

11. Would your made-to-order car be of the conventional type, with a relatively high center of weight? Or would you build safety into your car by lowering the center of weight?

I would have ☐ Conventional car, relatively unsafe
☐ **Safety Stutz with low center of weight**

Stutz low center of weight, made possible by worm drive, means better roadability, greater ease of control, improved riding, greater performance and greater safety.

12. Would you be content with the ordinary type of chassis frame, which yields to torsional strains? Or would you insist upon having a massive double-drop frame providing utmost safety?

I would have ☐ Ordinary chassis frame
☐ **Massive double-drop frame**

The Stutz double-drop frame has seven cross members, five of them tubular.

13. Would you have ordinary running boards suspended on brackets and hence easily collapsible in case of side collision? Or would you feel safer with Stutz side-bumper steel running boards built integral with frame?

I would have ☐ Running boards suspended on brackets
☐ **Side-bumper steel running boards integral with frame**

Stutz side-bumper steel running boards integral with the frame protect the occupants of the car in case of side-collision.

14. Would you specify conventional brakes with just ordinary braking power? Or would you feel safer with Stutz Feathertouch Booster Brakes?

I would have ☐ Ordinary conventional brakes
☐ **Feathertouch Booster Brakes**

Stutz is safest because it can stop in three fifths the distance required by conventional cars.

Of course you would want all the advantages listed above if you purchased a $20,000 made-to-order car. But think how much easier it is to get them in a Stutz or Blackhawk.

Stutz has them all and instead of paying $20,000, you pay $2,995 to $8,500 for a Stutz or $1,995 to $2,735 for a Blackhawk.

In no other American car will you find this combination of features, this advanced engineering which has made Stutz the embodiment of performance-with-safety.

NEW SERIES SAFETY STUTZ AND BLACKHAWK CARS

STUTZ NEW YORK COMPANY, INC., BROADWAY AT 62nd STREET, PARK AVENUE (RITZ TOWER) AT 57th STREET

NO OTHER CAR MAKER COULD TRUTHFULLY SIGN THIS ADVERTISEMENT

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET
TELEPHONE: MURray HILL 7000
NEW YORK

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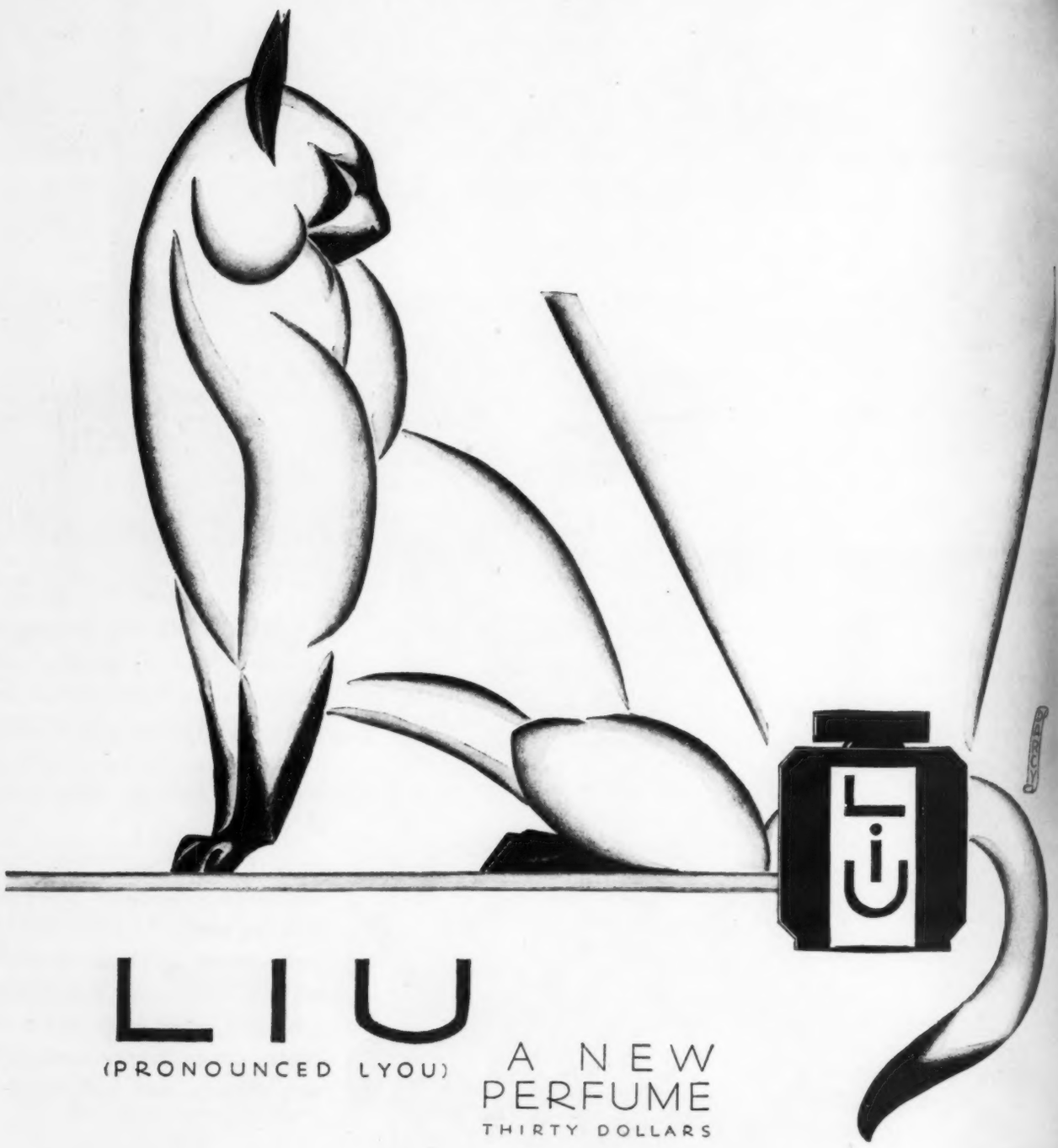
THE MODERN WAY OF KEEPING UP APPEARANCES IN TABLEWARE — A PLATE THAT DOES NOT TARNISH

POLISHING days belong to the past. Exquisite new tableware in conventional or contemporary designs now wears its gleaming surface month in and month out with never a bit of butlery.

Chromium superplate is available in electrical table accessories, oven toasters, sandwich toasters, waffle irons, percolating sets, and other ware which includes casserole stands, console sets, shakers, and fruit baskets.

ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT— FOURTH FLOOR

GUERLAIN



LIU

(PRONOUNCED LYOU) A NEW PERFUME

THIRTY DOLLARS

PARIS • 68 CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES — MONTREAL • 60 CRAIG ST. W. — NEW YORK • 578 MADISON AVE.

GUERLAIN PERFUMES ARE BLENDED AND SEALED IN PARIS AND SOLD ONLY IN THE ORIGINAL BOTTLES

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 42, December 7, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

GIFTS

from The Corner Shop

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FROM the unusual gifts shown here—frivolous French things for a woman, sturdy masculine presents from England, reproductions of fine old furniture—you can see that The Corner Shop can solve many gift problems.

Painted French Tole tray $4.49; French porcelain urns, $6.24 each; dainty little porcelain and pewter boxes, $4.34 to $8.74.

Lamp for a man's room, the base constructed from an old pistol, the shade of paper parchment. Base $24.89; shade $7.89

Reproductions of old French prints in delicate colors. Attractive gilt frames, circular, oval, or oblong. $1.98 to $6.44

Pewter tobacco jar $5.74; pewter inkwell $7.44; pewter ashtrays of various sizes, sixty-nine cents to ninety-eight cents.

Pompeiian chair, made in Italy. Handpainted in sage green with floral design. Rush seat. $13.89

Reproduction of a Jacobean oak stool, of typical English sturdiness. The geometric design is hand carved. $19.89

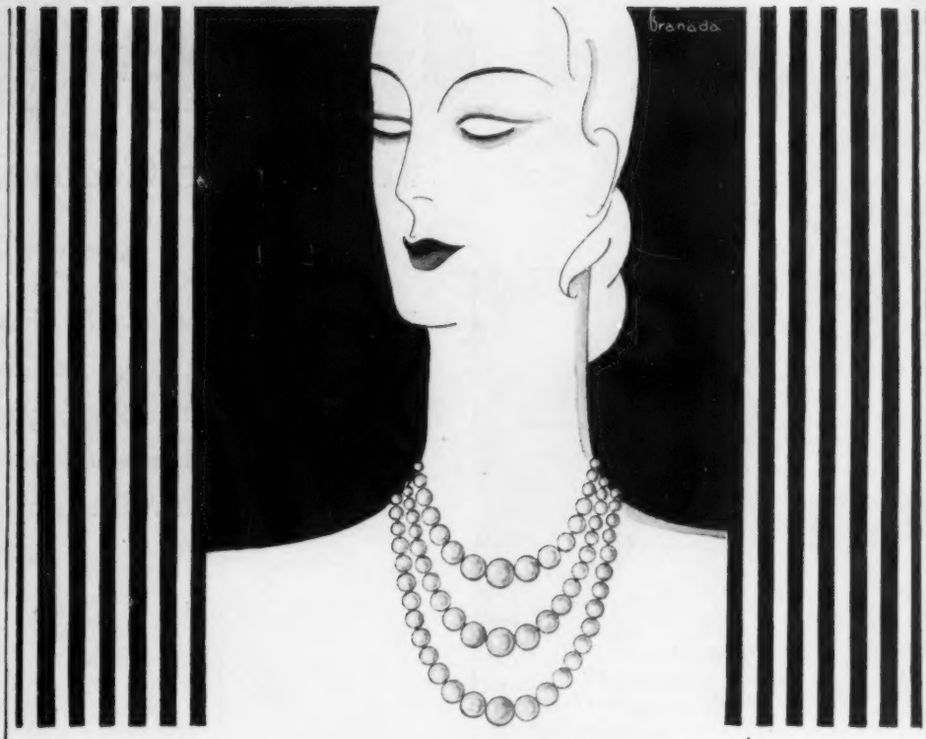
Boudoir lamp with Italian pottery base, pastel floral design, $9.94; the shade of finely pleated georgette and silk. $9.94.

Reproductions of Staffordshire Dogs, $1.39 each. Jolly Toby Jug, $2.79. Both made in England. French desk portfolios. $8.94

Mahogany occasional table, reproduction of a fine old English spider leg with beading around the top. The height is 19 inches, the top is 22 inches x 15 inches, the price $19.89

MACY'S

34th Street and Broadway
New York City



FOR THE WOMAN WHO PREFERS TO CHOOSE HER ORNAMENTS WHEN SHE BUYS HER WARDROBE

Técla

OPEN A NEW SALON
752 FIFTH AVENUE

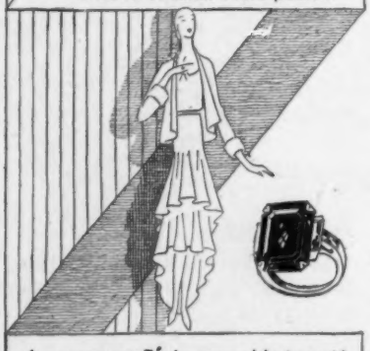
HERE she can find the luxurious last details that "make or break" a costume. Genuine Técla Pearls with all the lustre and beauty of the Oriental for the neckline of that newest black velvet—the single sapphire ring to emphasize the clear blue in that new brocade—the flash of light for her ears—the band of radiance for her wrist. Emeralds, sapphires, rubies—each for a particular ensemble.

Jewels of every hue and type that a new and complex mode demands. So exquisite in workmanship that they are appropriate companions for your other jewels—so skillfully simulated that they add grace and eloquence to any costume.

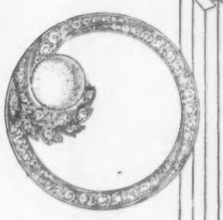
If you find the Técla salon at 398 Fifth Avenue more convenient, you will discover there an equally complete selection of the newest creations of our Paris laboratories.

A SUGGESTION: Now is an excellent time for a calm, unhurried selection of the perfect Christmas Gift—A Genuine Técla Pearl Necklace

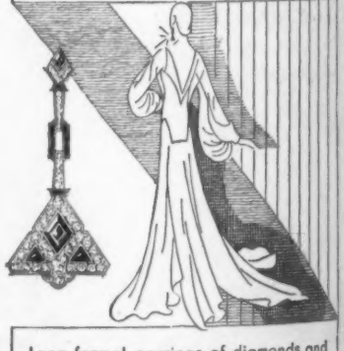
Brilliant bracelets accent Cheruit's evening gown of pale pink velvet—slave links of diamonds and emeralds, a flexible sapphire pavé and a band of small Técla pearls.



A square cut Técla emerald ring with a setting of baguette diamonds gives the necessary note of color to Lelong's evening ensemble in black and white.



The clear beauty of a diamond circle, accented by a Técla pearl, finishes the neckline of Patou's "Castiglione" for formal afternoons.



Long formal earrings of diamonds and Técla emeralds set in platinum echo the jeweled cuffs of this Ardance black chiffon dinner gown.

These refreshing new styles designed by the noted Madame Tchelistcheff come just in time for Christmas. Excitingly different . . . with the smart change in the waistline that marks the new mode. Madame Tchelistcheff fashions them of Kayser's exclusive Milanese and uses net, self-fabric appliques, stitchery and ingenuity in their creation. The nightie is a tailleur achievement in flesh color . . . the set, a vest with pantie, is a diverting interpretation in the modern manner either in flesh or peach . . . the chemise is an altogether irresistible affair, also in flesh or peach. Tailored in the usual fine Kayser way . . . yes! . . . they are the feminine gifts of gifts . . .

KAYSER *SILK UNDERWEAR*

You may purchase Kayser Silk Products at all the better shops and at the Kayser Store, Fifth Avenue at 41st Street, opposite the Library

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Photo by MITCHELL

MARGARET DELAMERE in "ROPE'S END"

A FUR COAT *by* SHAYNE

There is a special pleasure in giving or owning a thing of such intrinsic worth that no "sale" or other doubtful inducement is ever necessary to effect its purchase. Diamonds, bonds, fine motors and furs by Shayne, for example.

C. C. SHAYNE & CO.

STRICTLY RELIABLE FURS

126 WEST 42ND STREET - NEW YORK

ESTABLISHED 1865 - STILL UNDER SAME OWNERSHIP

Photographed in Gimbels Old World Shop, by Martin Bruehl

GIFTS YOU WILL COVET

So charming, so different, so surprisingly amusing or so breath-takingly lovely that it will take stern self-control to resist them . . . Gifts, we gathered, with just that insidious purpose in mind, we admit . . . and you'll find, not one, but hosts of them in our collections!

Pottery creatures, glimmering lamps, quaint occasional furniture, brilliant hued bowls and vases, delicate statuettes, sparkling glass, distinguished prints and rare antiques of all periods . . . Gifts to yearn for . . . and, we warn you . . . if you buy them for another you will want to keep them for yourself. Gifts 25c to $5000.

The Old World Shop offers the old and the new . . . furniture, lamps, pottery, bibelots, objets d'art . . . and much less expensive!

GIMBELS
OLD WORLD SHOP
Ninth Floor
Broadway at 33rd Street . . . New York City

Repeat this slowly 12 times

"Stunning!" women say when the cover is lifted. For inside this sturdy buffalo-hide bag, shine thirteen exquisitely beautiful pieces of the Lady Wynne dresser set. All sterling silver—all made to wear for years. Two gifts in one. A complete solid silver dresser service and an excellent roomy traveling bag . . . Complete . . . $150

What a delightful sight this lavish dresser silver set—in its red gold-tooled Keratol case—or gleaming on the owner's dressing table. The new Isabella design is a lovely medley of satin stripes and silver flowers—feminine—irresistible. Other exquisite sets are variously priced. Complete with velvet-lined presentation case...$242

then go out and do your Christmas shopping

Made for men—the way men like things made. Sturdy! It thrives on rough treatment. Iceland grain sealskin with the four really necessary fittings: brush, comb, nail file, and scissors—in a fine, plain, sterling design. A compact, useful gift that will cause many envying glances on Pullmans . . . . . Complete . . . $38

Never, never could one tire of the exquisiteness of this pattern—Suzanne. The designer, by skillful engine turning, has simulated lustrous brocaded silk. And, pleasantly enough, such silver work keeps its radiance indefinitely. Notice the beautifully designed handles. Matching pieces may be purchased. Brush, comb, and mirror $90

There's room in this suitcase for an ample wardrobe—packed in free and easy masculine fashion. It's a sturdy case of genuine brown hand-shrunk buffalo. The convenient tray closes to form a separate case. Fifteen toilet articles in the hand-hammered type of design that is considered very swagger . . . . . Complete . . . $353

This bag was born to travel. Its silk grain sealskin refuses to show hard wear. Its lining is heavy moire and each tailored strap is leather-bound. The eleven pieces are in one of the loveliest International Sterling designs—Cleopatra—especially pleasing in its tapering handles. A rich, distinctive gift. Complete . . . $200

A right little, tight little case, containing in its few square inches all that the most fastidious man could wish for his toilet. Fourteen articles in a bold masculine pattern, in solid silver. The case is Iceland grain sealskin, the construction, beyond criticism. A gift that challenges comparison with anything on the tree. Complete...$236

REPEAT slowly twelve times, "Everybody loves Sterling" . . .

Then out with your Christmas list.

Mother . . . (Everybody loves Sterling) . . . why not dresser silver? Brilliant idea. Aunt Emma . . . (Everybody loves Sterling) . . . a water pitcher? Inspired! Brother Tom . . . (Everybody loves Sterling . . . loves Sterling . . .) . . . a cocktail shaker, or a cigarette case, or a traveling set. It's all very simple when you get the idea.

Your jeweler can show you International Sterling gifts from around $2.75 up. And on this page are suggestions worth your careful attention.

Out with your notebook. Think . . . Jot . . . Act.

INTERNATIONAL STERLING

Fine Arts Division - MERIDEN, CONN.

SEND FOR THESE BOOKS . . . TODAY

A beautiful dresser silver brochure, which costs us $2.00, will be sent to you for 50 cents. It shows in actual sizes and colors our gold and sterling dresser sets, and in reduced size, illustrations of many traveling sets for men and women. It is a beautiful, helpful book that you will be very glad to own. Or, if you prefer, we will send you the name of the nearest jeweler where you can see the brochure and representative pieces. You will be interested also in "Correct Table Silver—Its Choice and Use" (approved by Elsie de Wolfe). This will be sent for 25 cents.

Three pieces to start a dresser silver service—and the most irresistible design that could be found to start with. The background is besprinkled with a lustrous starry effect that is enchanting. Both the brush and mirror have the long tapering handle women love. The set may be matched in various accessory pieces. In grey moire case . . . $80

He chooses wisely who chooses flat silver. Here are three sure-to-delight patterns. Pine Tree at the left, with the original shilling pine tree on the back. Wedgwood—daintiest of filigree designs. Minuet, the approved early American design. Six teaspoons in Wedgwood will cost you $12; in Minuet $11; and in Pine Tree $11

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.
Meriden, Connecticut

Please fill my order for the following:

(Check here)

The International Sterling Dresser Silver Brochure (50 cents) ☐

Name of jeweler where I can see Dresser Silver Brochure and silver (no charge) ☐

"Correct Table Silver—Its Choice and Use" (25 cents) ☐

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____

*State*_____

N. Y. 12-7-29

A magic spell glows around the gift of jewelry . . . a loveliness gleams that will last forever . . . a sentiment takes wings. Friendship, love or everlasting devotion can find no more eloquent means of expression.

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PARIS OFFICE: 48 Rue Lafayette

hats just arrived from paris - - - - for the south

L. P. HOLLANDER Co Inc.
FIFTH AVENUE 45-46 STREETS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS:" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC:" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BERKELEY SQUARE—Leslie Howard in something for people who like a certain delicacy in their spook plays. (Lyceum, 45, E. Mat. Thurs.)

BIRD IN HAND—Agreeable farcical comedy by John Drinkwater, which centres about an English innkeeper and his daughter. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. Closes Sat., Dec. 14.)

BROKEN DISHES—The revolt of the Male made into a stirring upheaval by Donald Meek. (Ritz, 48, W.)

CANDLE-LIGHT—A light and highly unimportant comedy based on the old one about a valet masquerading as his master and a maid as her mistress. Delightful performances by Gertrude Lawrence, Reginald Owen, and Ernest Glendinning, however, make a pleasant evening of it. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

THE CHANNEL ROAD—Out of de Maupassant by Mr. Woollcott and Mr. Kaufman, with less wit than you would expect, but more solid virtue. (Plymouth, 45, W. Closes Sat., Dec. 7.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"The Living Corpse," Jacob Ben-Ami in Tolstoi's play. (Fri. Eve., Dec. 6, première; Mon. and Fri. Eves., Dec. 9 and 13; Thurs. Mat., Dec. 12.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Mats., Dec. 7 and 14; Tues. Eve., Dec. 10.) . . . "The Lady from Alfaqueque," light comedy from the Spanish. (Sat. Eve., Dec. 7.) . . . "The Sea Gull," fine production of Tchekov's play. (Wed. and Thurs. Eves., Dec. 11 and 12.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," Molière in English, with Eva Le Gallienne. (Sat. Eve., Dec. 14.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

THE CRIMINAL CODE—The first serious play of the season to be marked "important." Arthur Byron is superb as a district attorney who is the agent for the unyielding forces of the Law. (National, 41, W.)

GAMBLING—Murder mystery by George M. Cohan, with George M. Cohan and, thanks to George M. Cohan, much better entertainment than it deserves to be. (Fulton, 46, W.)

HOUSEPARTY—How to hide a corpse at a fraternity houseparty. Seeing this may help you out next February. (Waldorf, 50, E.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—A young girl pretends prospective maternity to break off an engagement. Thoroughly entertaining comedy. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—Extraordinarily fine play of British gentlemen fighting a gentlemen's war. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

JUNE MOON—The music-publishing business used as a background for some of the loudest laughs to be heard in this, or any, theatrical district. Try and get in. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

LET US BE GAY—An amusing tempest in a Westchester teapot, with Francine Larrimore as the cause of it all. (Little, 44, W. Mats. 2:40 P.M. Closes Sat., Dec. 14.)

MANY WATERS—Pleasantly sentimental play designed to show that even the most humdrum lives have romance in them. Ernest Truex is in it. (Times Square, 42, W.)

ROPE'S END—You may not like the idea of people eating off a chest in which a body is concealed. It isn't as unpleasant as it sounds, however, and you ought to like the occasional comedy. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E.)

SALT WATER—Frank Craven in a very nice little show about a sea captain who got stuck with a ferry. (Golden, 58, E.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES—Don't be silly. You know about this, with William Gillette in it. (New Amsterdam, 42, W. Engagement ends Sat., Dec. 14.)

THE SILVER TASSIE—Something to be seen by those who don't mind their drama being in the raw so long as it is real drama. Sean O'Casey has opened the heart of a war-shattered athlete and shown it in its bitterness. (Irish, 7 Ave. at Christopher St. May close Sat., Dec. 7.)

STREET SCENE—Passion and murder in a New York tenement. Elmer Rice's tremendously effective prizewinner. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:40 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—If you feel that this delightful comedy is too risqué you give yourself away as an evil-minded old thing. Don't miss it. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—A subway train as the scene of a trick murder. And, what is more, you get a seat. (Liberty, 42, W.)

VENEER—Joanna Roos as the little librarian who found romance but paid dearly for it. Miss Roos makes the play. (48th Street, 48, E.)

WITH MUSIC

BITTER SWEET—Noel Coward's pretty "operette" with no harm done to anyone. By now you must know that Evelyn Laye is in it. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—Girls, music, Will Mahoney, The Three Sailors, and more girls in easily the best of Earl Carroll's shows. (44th Street, 44, W. Mat. Thurs.)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—A fast-moving trip through the American shrines in Paris, filled in with Cole Porter's songs and plenty of gags. The cast includes William Gaxton, Genevieve Tobin, and especially, Helen Broderick. (Lyric, 42, W.)

FOLLOW THRU—Gay and fast, with corking music and plenty of comedy. One of last season's best. (46th Street, 46, W.)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Mr. White misses some of his old boys and girls this year, but Willie Howard and Frances Williams are still there. (Apollo, 42, W.)

HEADS UP!—Good Broadway musical show of a period we all know. Plenty of laughs from Victor Moore, with a Rodgers and Hart score in the hands of Jack Whiting, Barbara Newberry, and Betty Starbuck. (Alvin, 52, W.)

HOT CHOCOLATES—Black-and-tan revue. Very good in spots but not quite up to the standard set by "Blackbirds." (Hudson, 44, E. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—This intimate revue seems to be getting more and more popular as the new season wears on. And why not? Libby Holman, Fred Allen, and Clifton Webb are in it. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE MERRY WIDOW—Limited revival of Franz Lehar's operetta. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Mat. Thurs.)

THE NEW MOON—Grave, operatic doings in old New Orleans, enlivened by Gus Shy and some superior dance routines. (Casino, B'way at 39. Closes Sat., Dec. 14.)

SONS O' GUNS—A big, new musical, with the incomparable Jack Donahue, and Lily Damita. (Imperial, 45, W.)

SWEET ADELINE—The days of the Spanish-American War made into an entertaining vehicle for Helen Morgan, Irene Franklin, Charles Butterworth, and others. The score is by Jerome Kern. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

A WONDERFUL NIGHT—Strauss' "Die Fledermaus" score making all other Viennese attempts sound like nothing at all. (Majestic, 44, W.)

•

VAUDEVILLE—Bert Wheeler, Lulu McConnell, Nan Halperin, and Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians are at the Palace Fri., Dec. 6. Jack Dempsey will appear there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Dec. 7. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:15 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—The Juvenile Players in "Rip Van Winkle," Sat. Aft., Dec. 7. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104. 2:30 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

DIANA—Mary Nash in a play by Irving Kaye Davis based on incidents in the life of the late Isadora Duncan. Opens Mon., Dec. 9. (Longacre, 48, W. 8:50 P.M.)

FAMILY AFFAIRS—Billie Burke in a new comedy. Opens Tues., Dec. 10. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

MICHAEL AND MARY—A new play by A. A. Milne. Opens. Tues., Dec. 10. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:40 P.M.)

DANCE RECITALS

HARALD KREUTZBERG AND YVONNE GEORGI—Two more recitals by the brilliant modern German dancers. Fri., Dec. 6, at 3 P.M., and Sun., Dec. 8, at 9 P.M. (Craig, 54, E.)

ANGNA ENTERS—In her episodes and compositions in dance form. Sun. Eve., Dec. 8. (Booth, 45, W. 8:45 P.M.)

RUTH PAGE—American dancer; also Frank Parker, in his program of *chansons mimées*. Sun. Eve., Dec. 8. (Guild, 52, W. 8:45 P.M.)

ARGENTINA—The extraordinary Spanish dancer. Fri. Aft., Dec. 13. (Town Hall, 43, E. 3 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Leo Reisman's music.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Moss and Fontana, Libby Holman, and a smart after-theatre crowd. Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Still a favorite and as pleasant as ever. Emil Coleman's orchestra and dancing by Medrano and Donna. Must dress.

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Marine decorations, Vincent Lopez music, and dances by Veloz and Yolanda. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée, in person, and his orchestra.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Among the more interesting night clubs of this type: Club Richman, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203), with Jimmie Savo, Harland Dixon, and Abe Lyman's orchestra.* . . . Casanova, 151 W. 54 (Circle 7893), where you will find Ruth Etting, Fred Keating, Rosita and Ramon, and Harry Rosenthal and his orchestra.* . . . The Yacht Club, 117 W. 48, has recently opened, with Chick Endor and the original Yacht Club Boys. . . . Les Ambassadeurs, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, has that mad trio, Clayton, Jackson, and Durante. . . . The Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, open all night, with Florence of Paris.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), will open Fri. Eve., Dec. 6, with the California Collegians providing the music. . . . Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is agreeably informal, with lots of your friends having fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9, is enlivened by Jack Powell, the trap drummer. . . . With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

HARLEM—The most lowdown and amusing places do not welcome unknown whites, but you will enjoy The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and Ye Olde Nest, 169 W. 133.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Russiana, 44th St. Theatre Bldg., 44, W. of B'way, with Kosloff and an entertaining show in the Chauve-Souris manner. . . . Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is another amusing

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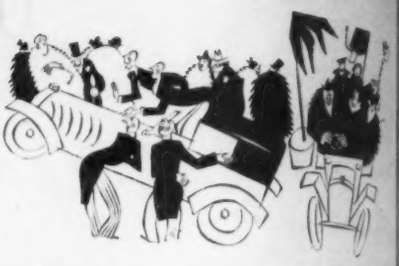
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14]



(Continued from page 12)

new place. . . . The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12, and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14, are pleasantly Bohemian and inexpensive.

NOTES—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress. . . . The Ambassador Grill, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000), is open for supper dancing Saturdays only.*

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

APPLAUSE—Helen Morgan as a burlesque queen in a tragic story of backstage life. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; starting Sat., Dec. 14; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

CONDEMNED—The new Ronald Colman picture. A Riviera romance transplanted to Devil's Island. (Selwyn, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

DISRAELI—George Arliss reproduces his famous characterization on the screen. Should please even the most fastidious. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

HOLLYWOOD REVUE—Full-sized musical revue, with half of Hollywood in the cast. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

THE KISS—Some agreeable moments with Greta Garbo, and a few hints on fashionable mourning. Silent. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 7-9; performances continuous from 1 P.M. Also, Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; starting Sat., Dec. 14.)

THE LOVE PARADE—A comedy with music and Chevalier, and altogether very pleasant. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:30 P.M.)

SHOW OF SHOWS—Very showy, but not much else. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 11:45 P.M., and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW—Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford in their long-heralded Hollywood version of Shakespeare's play. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

THE TRESPASSER—Gloria Swanson, beautiful and competent, in a trite and clumsy drama of love, honor, and stenography. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

WHY BRING THAT UP?—Moran and Mack, doing all their old familiar numbers. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 7-9; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—A potpourri of current events, without the interruption of plots or song numbers. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "Gold Diggers of Broadway," a spirited musical show from the Avery Hopwood farce; "Hallelujah," all-negro picture, expertly done, of life in the cotton fields; "Paris," with Bordoni, but without some of the Cole Porter songs; "The Saturday Night Kid," rather funny bits about life in a department store, with Clara Bow.

ART

BEGINNERS—Second show of the Opportunity Gallery, giving the unknowns a chance to break into the front-line trenches: Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Thurs., Dec. 12.

CALDER—One of the bright young blades, who has a lot of fun with wire. Sculpture that is serious although in a peculiar medium: Fifty-sixth Street Galleries, 6 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

DRIGGS—One of the more quiet painters of the leading American group, with examples of her development: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

DUFY—A gay and fine painter, with work done during the past two years. Closes Sat., Dec. 7. Recent paintings by Henri Matisse will be shown starting Mon., Dec. 9: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

LIVING ART—Some fair and some good examples of the best contemporary French and American, formerly housed in the Washington Square gallery of New York University: Brummer, 27 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MODERN—Last chance to see the beautiful show of Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, and Seurat, which closes Sat., Dec. 7. The next show, Contemporary Americans, will open Thurs., Dec. 12, with those omitted feeling pretty sore: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

PERSIAN—Paintings from the collections of the Shahs of Persia and the Great Moguls: Demotte, 25 E. 78. Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.

ROERICH—An amazing museum dedicated to one man. All sorts of Asian art, and 1,006 paintings by the gallery's master: Roerich Museum, 310 Riverside Drive. Open daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

WHITNEY GROUP—Water colors by Stuart Davis, Mark Baum, Richard Lahey, and Paul Rohland: Whitney Studio Galleries, 10 W. 8. Open Fri. and Sat., Dec. 6 and 7, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

FISK JUBILEE SINGERS—One of the first of spiritual exponents. Town Hall, Fri. Aft., Dec. 6.

HAROLD BAUER—More fine pianism. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 7.

AGUILAR LUTE QUARTET—If you haven't heard them yet— Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 7.

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS—A swell voice. Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Dec. 8.

HARRISON CHRISTIAN—This may be one of the year's surprise artists. He's a baritone. Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Dec. 9.

MARCEL GRANDJANY—A famous harpist returns. Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Dec. 10.

EFREM ZIMBALIST—Another chance to hear him. Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Dec. 11.

BENNO MOISEIWITSCH—Second recital by one of the most fascinating of the pianists. Town Hall, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 10.

FRITZ KREISLER—Again: if you have no tickets now, be prepared to stand. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Dec. 13.

LENER STRING QUARTET—Continuing their chamber-music cycle. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 14.

PAUL ROBESON—Once more. Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Dec. 14.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Mengelberg conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Dec. 6, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Dec. 7, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Dec. 8; Thurs. Eve., Dec. 12, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Dec. 13, at 2:30. . . . Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat Morn., Dec. 7, at 11 (Children's Concert); Sat. Morn., Dec. 14, at 11 (Junior Concert).

FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Bodanzky conducting: Mecca Temple, Sun. Aft., Dec. 8, at 4.

MANHATTAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Hadley conducting: Mecca Temple, Sun. Eve., Dec. 8, at 9.

AMERICAN ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY—Clifton conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Aft., Dec. 10.

DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Gabrilowitsch conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Dec. 10.

YALE GLEE CLUB—Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Dec. 14.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Manon," Fri. Aft., Dec. 6, at 2; "Haensel und Gretel" and "Pagliacci," Fri. Eve., Dec. 6, at 8. (Schedule for later dates to be announced.)

ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting symphony orchestra: Fri. Morns., Dec. 6 and 13, at 11, and Sat. Eves., Dec. 7 and 14, at 9, over WEAF.

LIGHT OPERA—Victor Herbert's "Naughty Marietta:" Fri. Eves., Dec. 6 and 13, at 9:30, over WJZ.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Children's Concert, Schelling conducting: Sat., Dec. 7, at 11 A.M., over WOR. . . . Mengelberg conducting: Sun., Dec. 8, at 3 P.M., over WOR.

FOOTBALL—Georgia Tech. vs. University of Georgia, from Athens, Ga.: Sat., Dec. 7, at 2 P.M., over WJZ.

HENRY HADLEY—Conducting symphony orchestra: Sat. Eves., Dec. 7 and 14, at 9:30 P.M., over WABC.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Stokowski conducting: Sun., Dec. 8, at 5:30 P.M., over WEAF.

JACQUES THIBAUD—Violinist; and Leonora Cortez, pianist: Sun., Dec. 8, at 7:45 P.M., over WJZ.

KATHRYN MEISLE—Contralto; Toscha Seidel, violinist; with Mengelberg conducting orchestra: Sun., Dec. 8, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

HOCKEY—N. Y. Rangers vs. Pittsburgh, from Madison Square Garden: Sun., Dec. 8, at 10 P.M., over WMCA.

DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Gabrilowitsch conducting: Mon., Dec. 9, at 9:30 P.M., over WEAF.

BOXING—Fights at Madison Square Garden: Mon. and Fri., Dec. 9 and 13, at 9:30 P.M., over WMCA.

SOPHIE BRASLAU—Contralto: Tues., Dec. 10, at 8:30 P.M., over WJZ.

PERCY GRAINGER—Composer-pianist: Wed., Dec. 11, at 8 P.M., over WEAF.

GRAND OPERA—"Martha," by Von Flotow: Thurs., Dec. 12, at 11 P.M., over WEAF.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden, Phil Scott vs. Otto Von Porat, Mon. Eve., Dec. 9; Ruby Goldstein vs. Jimmy McLarnin, Fri. Eve., Dec. 13; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

HOCKEY—Games at Madison Square Garden at 8:45 P.M.: N. Y. Rangers vs. Pittsburgh, Sun. Eve., Dec. 8. . . . N. Y. Americans vs. Toronto, Tues. Eve., Dec. 10. . . . N. Y. Rangers vs. Canadiens, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 12.

OTHER EVENTS

AUTOMOBILE SALON—Specializing in coachwork and expensive domestic and foreign cars: Hotel Commodore; last two days, Fri. and Sat., Dec. 6 and 7, 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.

SIX-DAY BIKE RACE—At Madison Square Garden; last two days, Fri. and Sat., Dec. 6 and 7.

PUBLIC BALL—The New Masses Costume Ball: Webster Hall, 119 E. 11, Fri. Eve., Dec. 6, at 10.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—Oriental art, collected by Yamanaka: Fri. and Sat. Afts. Dec. 6 and 7, at 2:15. . . . Etchings and color prints: Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Dec. 12 and 13, at 8:15. . . . French period furniture, fabrics, rugs, wallpapers, and objects of art: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Dec. 12-14, at 2:15.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who look ahead.)

DANCE RECITALS—Argentina, Town Hall, Tues. Aft., Dec. 17, and Thurs. Eve., Dec. 19. . . . Duncan Dancers, Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 28.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden: Yale vs. Dartmouth, Dec. 21. . . . Toronto vs. Harvard, Dec. 28. . . . Dartmouth vs. Princeton, Jan. 1. . . . Yale vs. Toronto, Jan. 4. . . . Professional games every Tues., Thurs., and Sun.

MUSIC — Orchestras: Philharmonic-Symphony, Mengelberg conducting through Jan. 19; Molinari conducting, Jan. 20-Feb. 23. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, Dec. 17; Gabrilowitsch conducting, Dec. 31 and Jan. 14. . . . Important Recitals: Ernest Schelling, Dec. 30; Sophie Braslau, Jan. 22. (All at Carnegie Hall.)

PUBLIC BALLS—Peace Ball, Hotel Plaza, Dec. 21. . . . Beaux Arts Ball, Hotel Astor, Jan. 24.

THEATRE OPENINGS (Dates uncertain)—"Meteor," Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in a play by S. N. Behrman: Guild, Dec. 16. . . . "The First Mrs. Fraser," a comedy by St. John Ervine, with Grace George and A. E. Matthews: Dec. 25. . . . "Top Speed," a musical comedy by Bolton, Kalmar, and Ruby: 46th Street, Dec. 25. . . . "The Dishonored Lady," Katharine Cornell in a play by Margaret Ayer Barnes and Edward Sheldon: Empire, Jan. 20. . . . "Wake Up and Dream," Jack Buchanan in Cochran's London revue, with music by Cole Porter: Selwyn, Dec. 31. . . . "The International Revue," with Florence Moore, Moss and Fontana, and Clayton, Jackson, and Durante: New Amsterdam, Jan. 6.

OTHER DATES—Quarterly income-tax payments due Dec. 15. . . . Christmas falls on a Wednesday. . . . Automobile Show, Grand Central Palace, Jan. 4-11. . . . Ice Carnival, Madison Square Garden, Jan. 6. . . . Motor Boat Show, Grand Central Palace, Jan. 17-25.

PARFUM ET POUDRE

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Sketched by Vickery at Pierre's

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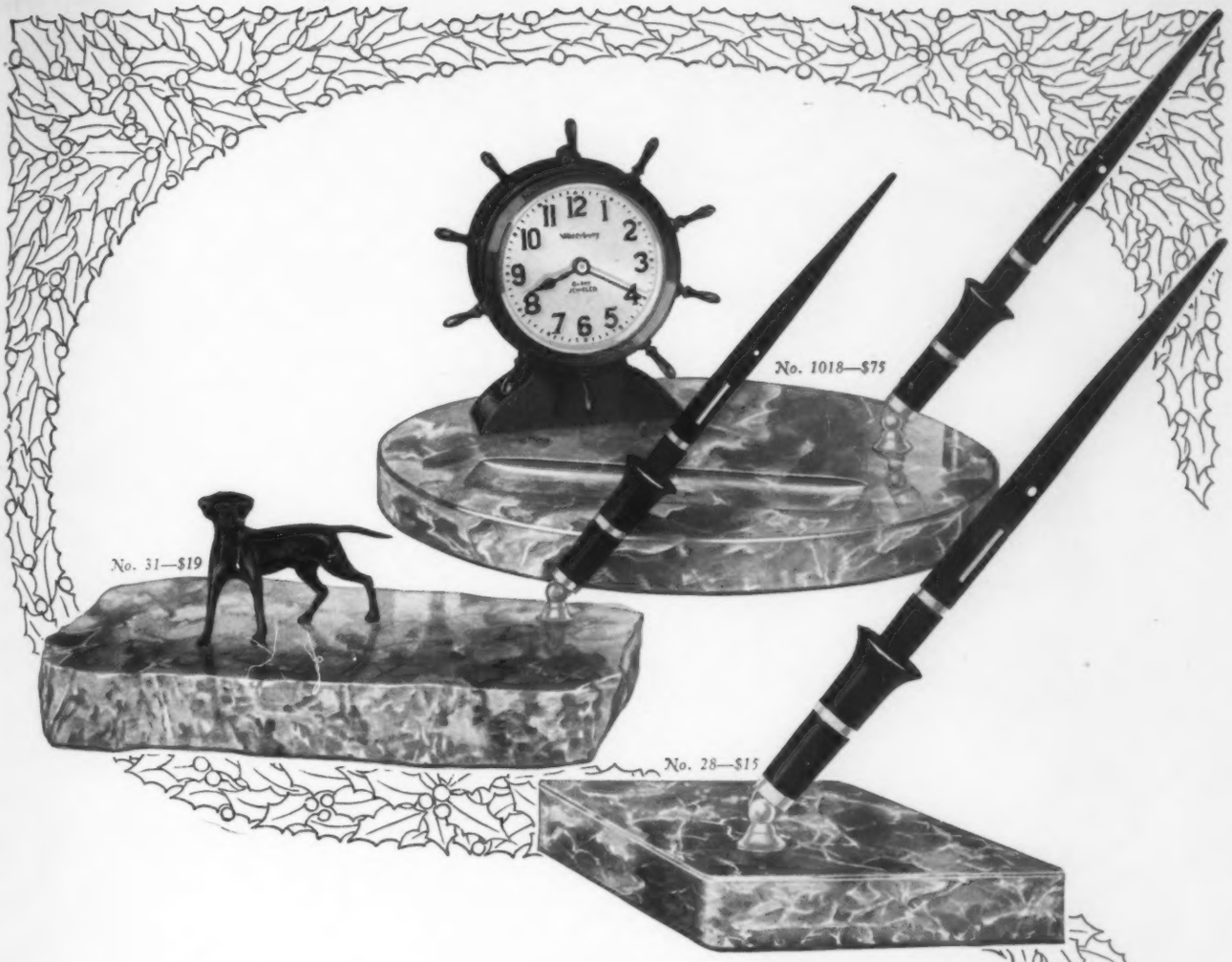

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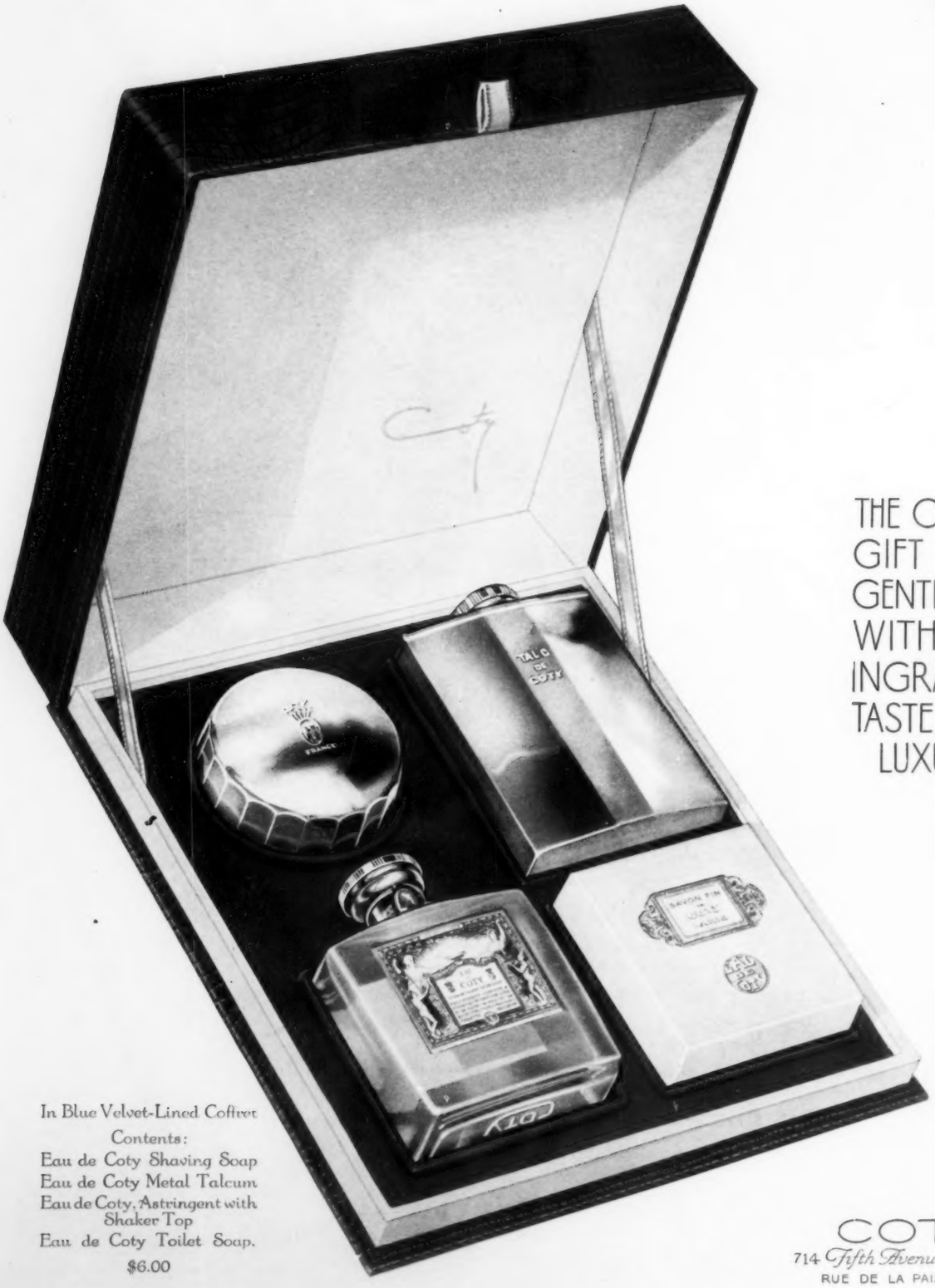

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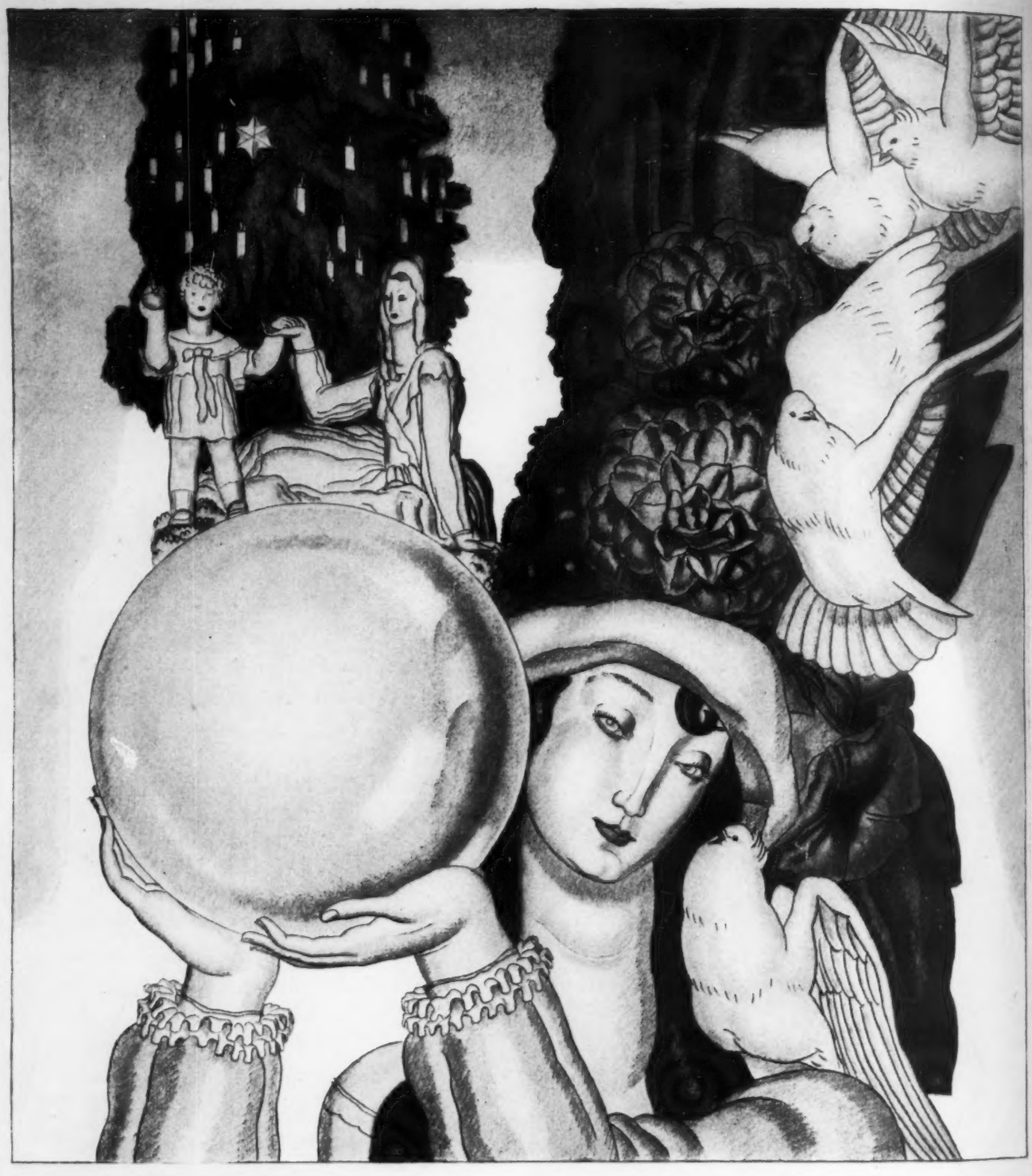

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FROM our long felonious experience, we are inclined to agree with the federal judge who ruled that anyone is a felon who fails to report a person who serves him a drink. This gives the country a population almost one-hundred-per-cent felonious. In the forty-eight states and Alaska there must be close to one hundred million felons, many of them (and this is a sad thing) women. There is something deplorable about a woman felon. In view of the circumstances we propose that about a thousand, or maybe fifteen hundred, fairly able felons unite here in New York, forming the Felon

Club. We propose further that the entire membership of the club, a date having been set, march in a body to the Custom House, singing "When good felons get together," enter the place, and report each other. The machinery of government would be swamped, and the situation couldn't be met. We know quite a few felons in town whom the government wouldn't dare put in jail—even if there were room—for fear of financial ruin to major industries. There would be only one alternative: to repeal the curious Volstead law and make the citizenry honest again.

AMONG the felons we forgot to mention above are, of course, several members of the New York Police Department. Last week when Flanagan Brothers' restaurant in Grand Street was raided by Major Campbell, arch-enemy of felons, the place was full of policemen, eating lunch. Three pints of rye whiskey and eighteen bottles of beer were found. The existence of these intoxicants must

have been known to the policemen, otherwise they would not be "New York's finest" but only "New York's most undiscerning." Thus we are in the predicament of having felons enforcing the law. Can a felon arrest a felon? We don't see how, on account of the confusion.

THERE are one hundred and sixty-eight pages in this week's NEW YORKER. If torn out and placed end to end, as they deserve, they would reach from our office out into the street, on through into the Harvard Club, narrowly missing several old members, and out the other side into Forty-fourth Street. There they would peter out of their own redundancy. The impudence of publishing such a heavy issue in a time of panic requires an explanation. The truth is, we did it

for President Hoover, in answer to his call. We are trying to restore the confidence of the public in the soundness of American business, regardless of how much clutter we make. According to the seismograph in our advertising department, the nation is pretty sound—a little dull, maybe, but pretty sound; and the mere fact that most of our readers will have to borrow the fifteen cents to buy the issue shouldn't worry them. They needn't give it a thought.

WE happened to be a passenger in the great four-motored Fokker, F-32, just a few days before she fell down out of the sky and was consumed in flames. It was the second air disaster in which we felt a personal interest, the first being the Newark wreck when the Ford crashed and killed thirteen people. We had ridden in that plane, too. Such events tend to chasten our spirit and clip our wings. Also, they tend to give us pause about aviation in general. Much is being taken for granted, it seems to us; and the race of

fliers is still lifting itself into the air literally by its own bootstraps. The principle on which planes are built today is the same, exactly, as when Wright took the air at Kitty Hawk. It seems possible that it will some day be an obsolete principle, depending as it does entirely on tremendous speed and the continuous functioning of the plane's power plant. It is our belief that airplane construction is due for revolutionary changes; and that progress in heavier-than-air flying will probably be in the direction of the autogyro, which permits planes to fly slowly and, power or no power, to land gently. The F-32 was an impressive car of Juggernaut, but what

we need is a plane modelled after thistledown.

Elected

OF the many stories that have been retold about Clemenceau since his death, we liked this especially. The great men of the Peace Conference, with the exception of Wilson, who had gone home, were sitting around a big table striving to select just the right man for the job of Secretary General of the League of Nations. The fingers of Destiny poked here and there, trying to locate the best person for this important position; the mighty voices argued, suggested, and opposed. Meanwhile the Tiger, who was getting bored with all the conversation, began to doze in his chair, as he used to do in the long afternoons of the Conference proper, his gray-gloved hands clasped across his stomach. When he came out of this particular lapse, with a start, he noticed that there was only one man in the room who wasn't saying anything, just standing there. "Who is that man?" Clemenceau asked, leaning toward Lloyd George. "Why," said the British Premier, "he's my secretary." "Good," replied Clemenceau. "We'll give him the job—he never says anything." With which the aged gentleman closed his eyes again. The postscript is, of course, that the secretary in question, who happened to be Sir Eric Drummond, did get the job, and is still Secretary General today, a testimonial to Clemenceau's good judgment—or lucky wit.

Isadora's Brother

RAYMOND DUNCAN is in town with the idea of starting a branch of his academy here. He serves tea every afternoon in his studio in West Seventy-fifth Street, surrounded by his fabrics, his poems, his shepherdess, and his disciples. Reclining on a couch, he talks with you about the future, which he believes must be prepared for by throwing off the past and learning to perform the simple motions of life, such as digging and making sandals. His poems are five dollars, his "Eternal Beauty" is two dollars, and his fabrics run from four dollars on up. The couch is very hard.

The little brother of Isadora is getting on in years, and looks more like a witch than a shepherd. His long gray locks are held back by a ribbon, his tunic flows classically from his shoulders, and his chubby little arms that have woven so many yards of piece goods look rather flabby and old. After years of tending donkeys and goats on the Acropolis with Penelope, organizing refugees, rebuilding a city in Albania, weaving rugs, digging holes, dyeing linen, writing poems, and administering academies and temples of arts, always clinging tight to the immortal and somewhat elusive spirit of his inspired sister, he is still hopeful. He hasn't had on a pair of pants in nineteen years, man and boy.

While we were reclining with him, doing our best to look like a goatherd despite our sack suit, a lady entered the room and asked him "if it would brutalize him if she suggested a cup of tea." "My dear Julia," he replied, "the whole world is trying to brutalize me."

Brute that we were, we drank the tea, bought a small doily, and departed, our sandals clinking merrily along the pave.

Anecdotes

BESIDES his banking and Wall Street activities, Mr. James Speyer is interested in so many charities and other philanthropic ventures that sometimes his friends get confused. Recently, in the midst of two simultaneous drives, one to provide watering troughs for horses, the other to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, he received a sad little note. "Dear James," it said. "I had today two letters from you, one demanding water for horses, and the other, rum for men. I don't know what to do. Here is fifty dollars. Use your own judgment or split it both ways."

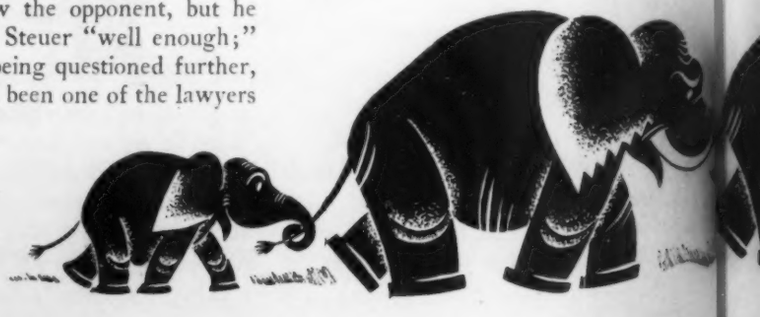
WHILE we are at it, we can tell a tale about Mr. Max D. Steuer, the astute lawyer. Impanelling a jury for a law case which he was to try, he asked one of the prospects if he knew either himself or the opposing attorney. To his surprise, the man said he didn't know the opponent, but he did know Mr. Steuer "well enough;" he said, upon being questioned further, that Steuer had been one of the lawyers in a case in which he had been interested. "Was I your lawyer?" Mr. Steuer, mystified, demanded. "Oh, no!" was the answer. "You were on the other side." Had that left him with any prejudice, Mr. Steuer then wanted to know. "Not at all, brother. Not at all," replied the juror heartily. "You got licked."

Newsreel

THE big question now about the newsreel theatre is, who thought of it first? Probably everybody has had the idea at one time or another. It is on record that five years ago an enterprising Frenchman actually tried it out in Paris, in a theatre so small it didn't even have seats. His idea was that people would drop in for a few minutes between appointments, glance at the newsreel as they would at the headlines of a newspaper, and saunter out again. He failed. The present venture at the Embassy Theatre is done with much more elegance. They have snappy usherettes, a gleaming doorman, and a sign in the lobby which says: "The thirst for news may now be quenched, so drink thy fill of Knowledge." So far about fifty thousand people have attended the theatre weekly. Such a success is it, that they are talking of a country-wide string of newsreel theatres.

Everybody concerned is pretty much up in the air about the idea, rushing cameras here and there, and talking about revolutionizing the movies. When that unfortunate flier crashed into the side of the Y.M.C.A. building they had a cameraman on the spot within twenty minutes. Four hours later they were showing the film together with a short talk by Mr. Robert Baillie, the passenger who jumped by parachute and survived. That evening Mr. Baillie dropped into the theatre to see and hear himself.

The actual news part of the program —news, as distinct from human-interest stuff—is made up from the four regular weekly newsreels the Fox peo-



ple put out. It represents a culling from one hundred and fifty thousand feet of film sent in every week from all over. Two projecting-rooms are going almost constantly, running off the film, while editors, caption-writers, sound experts, etc., sit at a row of desks in the back of the room, making notes. The staff also thinks up the human-interest features. It has been found that audiences like to see and hear other people talking—Mrs. Byrd telling Commander Byrd, by radio, that she drives her own car now; Miss Shilling, of Baltimore, explaining why she offered to marry any man who would give her five thousand dollars. The audience wept when Mrs. Fall said that she still believed Albert Fall innocent. It hissed at Senator Sheppard boosting prohibition. Animal pictures go well. They are the hardest to get. Last year somebody in the Fox company got the idea of making a picture of two cats fighting on a fence, with sound. Cameramen worked three months on it, using over two hundred thousand feet of film. Finally, when they got the picture, it ran a minute and a half.

Heckler

DR. FRITZ WITTELS—we're not trying to be funny—Dr. Fritz Wittels, the Viennese psychoanalyst, was giving one of a series of lectures last Thursday night in the New School for Social Research, at Twenty-third Street and Tenth Avenue, when a resident of the neighborhood strayed in, apparently from some grogshop in the vicinity. Standing uncertainly, he gave ear to the lecture, which was entitled "The Mind of the Child" and was pretty technical. He began to look suspicious and grim, and finally he interrupted the proceedings in a husky voice. "I don't know what you're tryin' to get at, brother," he shouted, "but the Democratic Party is the only wan that gives a man a chanct!" It took five minutes of argument to persuade him to leave.

Helping Hand

LATE the other night, a man carrying a heavy suitcase entered a Long Island train at Penn Station, sat down in the aisle seat beside a stranger, and settled himself for a nap. At Jamaica he woke with a start, glanced out at the name of the station, and rushed from the train. A moment later, the stranger noticed the suitcase on the floor. It was a time for quick thinking: the train was getting under way. He hoisted the window, heaved the suitcase out, and dropped it on the platform. He was just sitting down again, sighing self-satisfiedly, when he noticed the owner of the bag returning to his seat with the morning paper he had gone out to the platform to buy.

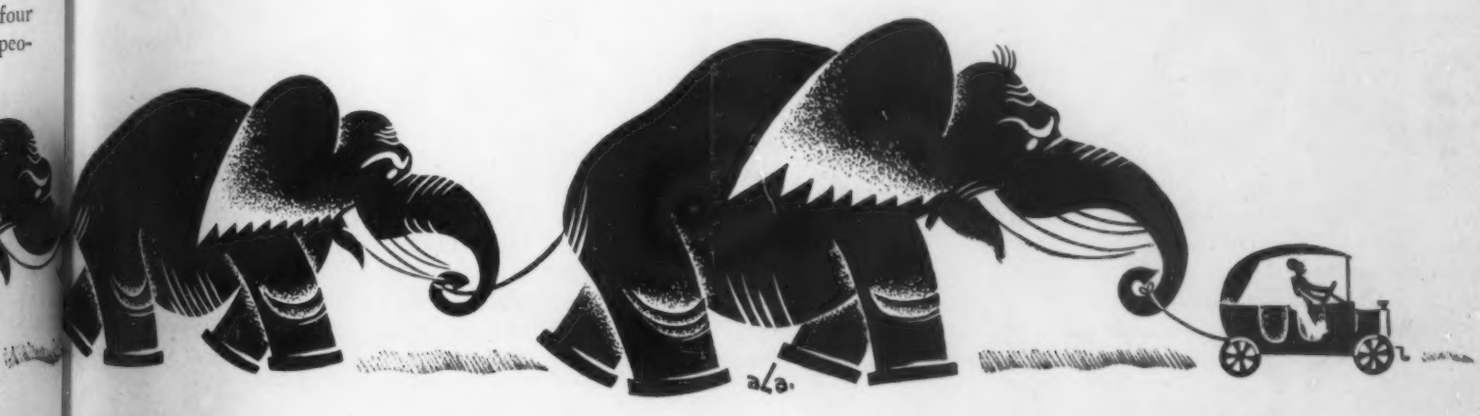
New Ansonia

THOUGH many of the guests don't know it, the old Hotel Ansonia is being remodelled. They have been at it all summer, doing a floor at a time, while business throughout the building went on as usual. As fast as a block of rooms could be vacated, plumbers and carpenters moved in and began tearing out partitions, ripping up piping, emerging only when the work had been finished. The whole building will be completely done over by the first of the year and they plan a big New Year's party, with a tremendous Christmas tree, to celebrate the event. The building itself, with its stone balconies, corner turrets, and mansard roof, will remain much as it was. Stanford White designed it for the late W. E. D. Stokes, who wanted "a hotel with the grandeur of an ancient castle;" it has become a kind of monument along upper Broadway.

Inside, things will be a little more glittering. Plaster walls are being covered, sometimes with marble, sometimes with gold leaf. Old-fashioned cut-glass chandeliers are coming down, to be replaced by wall brackets of hinged plates of glass. Elevators will gleam in silver and black. A ballroom that will hold two thousand people is being arranged on the second floor. Most of the great rambling apartments, some of which had ten and twelve rooms, with kitchen, separate corridors, and servants' quarters, are being split into two and three-room suites.* Stokes' own apartment, however, will remain unchanged. Senator Copeland lives in it now. It has eleven rooms, including one circular drawing-room, which was a favorite feature of Stanford White's design. Almost every apartment has one, at least. Because of the extra thick walls this shape requires, the Ansonia has always attracted singers and musicians: the rooms are practically soundproof. Chaliapin stays there when in town, always in the same apartment. He likes it because it has three rooms in a row which can be opened to form one enormous room, as large as a hall. He likes plenty of space. Dozens of people from the Metropolitan live there —Volpi, Amato, Serafin, Danise, Basiola. DeWolf Hopper, the actor, has lived there for years.

The Ansonia barber, Mr. Mockel by name, is something of a celebrity. He has been with the hotel ever since it started, twenty-six years ago, and has shaved such eminent personages as Herbert Hoover, Jack Dempsey, John Bassett Moore, Senator La Follette, Charles Evans Hughes, and Charles M. Schwab, whose house is a block away. Babe Ruth is one of his regular customers today.

When White designed the hotel he made one gargoyle in a caricature of Stokes, emphasizing his peculiar beard. One look at it, and Stokes went down to the barber shop and told Mr. Mockel



"Aren't you jealous, us finding all this wood for our fireplace?"

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to shave him clean. He never wore a beard after that.

Montessori Methods

A LITTLE girl, who suddenly burst out crying in the middle of an aisle, shattered the quiet of one of our better-bred department stores the other afternoon. Shoppers raised their eyebrows. The child's mother pleaded. Nothing did any good: the little girl just stamped and yelled. "I'll give you something to cry about," the mother began, when a very gracious lady, sweetly smiling, intervened. "They always have some reason, you know," she said. "They have their little logic, just like you and me." She questioned the child; she found that in this case it was a large doll in the toy department that the little girl wanted. Still smiling sweetly, the lady, using words of one syllable, marshalled her arguments, pointed out that there were lots of little girls who had no dolls at all, that one couldn't always have whatever one wanted. The child, quieted, smiled. The lady moved away. Immediately the little girl burst out crying again, even more loudly than before. By patient questioning the mother finally learned what the new rumpus was about; but it didn't do her any good. This time, it was the lady the little girl wanted.

Three Times and Out

THE elevator went up, up, and came to a halt at the twelfth floor. "Look here!" protested a choleric old gentleman in the back of the car. "Why didn't you stop at the seventh floor? I told you seven, three times!" The operator looked around wearily. "Aw! I only heard ya once!" he replied, and shot up to the eighteenth.

Calder's Circus

CONVERSATION lagging one night at a dinner party in Paris some three years ago, Mr. Alexander Calder amused his table companion by making a chicken out of a piece of bread and a hairpin. A success story has grown from that idle bit of modelling. Mr. Calder's kangaroo is now one of the heaviest-selling gadgets in the Christmas toy lists; his bear, bull, and dog are also popular numbers. He has also had an enormous *succès d'estime* with a wire, felt, and beaver-board circus. These raw materials he took up when he abandoned bread and hairpins. The Calder circus is in town now. You can't buy tickets to it, but people who have seen it say it is worth getting a bid to a private showing. The circus is held in the drawing-room, or kitchen, of some friend. Mr. Calder sits on the floor, beside a miniature tanbark ring,

and is very busy. He keeps seventy performers doing incredible things with their wire joints and felt bodies—trapeze artists, high-divers, bareback riders, clowns, lions, horses, and dogs. The tricks are often ingeniously contrived. For example, the horses are mounted on a disc which Mr. Calder can whirl madly, by turning the handle of an old eggbeater. At the proper moment, a spring or something is released, a bareback rider in ballet skirts flies through the air, bursts through a hoop, and lands astride a horse. People scream. Calder seldom misses. For faint hearts, a net is spread beneath the trapeze performers. Clowns tumble about the ring, poodles sit up, a hoochie-coochie dancer brings down the house. It all lasts about two hours, and nobody ever walks out or even gets restive. Jean Cocteau, who is easily bored, saw the show in Paris at the studio of Foujita, the Japanese painter, and was enthusiastic. He wants to put it on the stage somehow.

MR. CALDER does this sort of thing on the side. He is a serious sculptor, the son of a serious sculptor, A. Stirling Calder, who most recently did the I. Miller marbles, Mary Pickford, Marilyn Miller, and so on. That shows how serious he is. The son can even do serious things with his beloved medium, wire. Two seasons ago he had a one-man show of caricatures and portraits in wire at Weyhe's gallery. His penetrating portrait of Calvin Coolidge shocked onlookers and gained considerable renown. His ballet-dancers (the serious ones, not the common circus women) are miracles of lightness and grace. For these he uses nothing but wire, which he bends with pincers and nippers. It was hard at first to interest toy-manufacturers in his lions, bears, etc. As a matter of fact he couldn't interest any of the old-line, suspicious toy-makers. It was a manufacturing concern of another sort, out in Oshkosh, which finally took a chance and made up some of the animals from the Calder pattern. As we said, they are selling heavily.

Addendum and Errata

WE have another anecdote about the Pratts, whose bookshop near the old Jefferson Market we wrote about a few weeks ago. It concerns a young book salesman who dropped in there one day on the chance of an order. Hardly had he closed the door behind him before: "Nothing today. Nothing today," a mysterious voice was repeating. Startled (he couldn't imagine how anyone might have guessed his business) he peered about and discovered Mrs. Pratt herself, sphinxlike among the books, regarding him. "How did you know?" he asked her. Her eyes closed, as of one weary of wisdom, and opened again. "A man that comes in to buy something," she retorted sagely, "he keeps his hat on. When he wants to sell something, he takes it off."

While we are about it, we will correct a couple of rather unfortunate misstatements we made about the daily life of Mrs. Pratt. She doesn't darn socks every day, but only, as she herself has pointed out, once a week. Moreover, she doesn't skip rope one hundred and sixty times every morning. It's two hundred and fifty times every morning.

—THE NEW YORKERS

"Greta Garbo's 'Kiss' ought to last two weeks."

Waiting for the
Colonial ladder-back chair

"Them andirons will bring
two hundred dollars, Shmulski. You
don't understand them andirons!"

"Say, listen, is this really good?"

THE AUCTION ROOM

"Ladies!
You astound me!
Only
twenty-three dollars
with the
pedestal.
Twenty-three dollars—
twenty-three dollars—
twenty-three dollars
with the
pedestal."

THE NERVOUS WRETCH

IT had been an evil day, a day of linkéd horror long drawn out. Mr. Purdy had been waked at half past one that afternoon by the telephone ringing in his room. To reach the telephone he had to cross the room from his bed, and to cross the room it was not possible to avoid treading upon the rug. Horrible, the dry, crinkly feeling of the thick pile on his bare feet. It waked his still drowsy nerves. Then, in reaching for the instrument he had caught the nail of his middle finger on the hook and bent it far over backwards —a shattering experience.

The telephone was from his dentist, reminding him of an appointment; and slave as he was to punctuality, Mr. Purdy had somehow, in spite of everything, made it on time. It lay in the dentist's power to torment him further, and this the dentist did—not with the drill, nor with the scraper; these Mr. Purdy minded comparatively little, but by means of little quilts of cotton wool packed cunningly about in Mr. Purdy's mouth with such strategic skill that the flow of saliva was completely blocked off. Mr. Purdy's mouth became filled with dust; his tongue, groping helplessly about in vain search for a drop of soothing moisture, became likewise parched, swollen, and ungainly; his lips, already chapped, came to feel like pieces of bark, brittle and crackling as the integument of a fallen elm tree. All this caused Mr. Purdy suffering, mental and physical, so intense that when the dentist finally with a bright forgiving smile withdrew his drill and twitched the mass of bedding out, Mr. Purdy was only just capable of reaching the healing aromatic fountain at his left elbow, and restoring life to the dead tissue that lined his mouth. Nor was that the end: when the dentist shook his hand in farewell, the hand that slid over Mr. Purdy's felt like the dry, scaly, discarded skin of a snake. Mr. Purdy cringed, and departed.

HE had decided the day before to have his hair cut that afternoon, and characteristically, in spite of his condition, he fulfilled that intention. As he sat in the barber's chair he struggled against the knowledge of the horror to come, the horror that always came in barbers' chairs, and that he was powerless to avert. A shy man, he could not bring himself to say to the barber: "Do not, when you have finished, wipe my ears out with a dry towel, or I will cut your throat." It sounded so silly, so undignified. And yet subconsciously he knew that the barber would wipe a dry towel round the back of his neck, over his ears, *into* his ears, as barbers have ever done and will ever continue to do, and that no mortal power was capable of preventing it. The snip-snap ended, Mr. Purdy's hair was moistened and lovingly brushed, the sheet unpinned from about his neck. The barber seized a hand towel and began to whisk it carelessly about. With one finger he thrust the towel down Mr. Purdy's neck behind his collar, apparently hoping that some mysterious power of magnetism would cause the vagrant hairs to cling to the towel and be removed. It was coming. Mr. Purdy shuddered in anticipation, grasped the arms of his chair, and hung on. The barber thrust his towel-clad finger into Mr. Purdy's right ear, gave it a full twist, sque-e-e-e-ak, and withdrew it. He walked leisurely round the chair, humming a little tune as he went, and presently attacked the left ear. Bright lights and red sparks danced behind Mr. Purdy's tightly clenched eyelids. The shudder grew; he trembled from head to foot, tottered from the chair, tipped the unimpressed barber his customary ten cents and, still shaking, made feebly for the custodian of his outer garments.

He had to wait until a lady, evidently a recent customer also, had received her hat and been brushed off. The little Italian attendant seized his whiskbroom and leaned over. *Sw-ssssh!* Mr. Purdy leaped, then staggered. The lady's dress, he perceived, was of silk; of all the sounds calculated to hasten the destruction of Mr. Purdy's nervous organization, none at the moment could have been more devastating than that of the dry rustle of a whiskbroom on silk. Mr. Purdy took his hat and coat and rushed from the barber's shop, dignity forgotten, his tortured ears still hissing with that horrible sound.

HE jumped into a taxi, slammed the door, and croaked the address of his favorite club. On the way he incessantly swayed forward and back, from the waist, his dry lips curled back in agony, his eyes shut achingly tight. Only once he opened them, and in that brief interval saw a tall, languid, negro boy in livery nonchalantly pushing a heap of dry dust across the sidewalk before a dry hair-broom. He closed his eyes again quickly, and resumed his rocking motion. As they drew up in front of the club, the driver put on his brakes too abruptly and the rubber scored the asphalt, causing a long, dry screech to shiver up through Mr. Purdy's soul. He flung a dollar bill through the front window to the driver and fled into the club, up to the library, and into his favor-

"What! Nobody will start the lady's sterling silver-handled hunting knife rolling?"

ite chair, where he sat breathing heavily.

Presently, from his upper left-hand waistcoat pocket, he took his silver cigarette case. From his lower right-hand pocket his gold match case, and from the lower left-hand pocket his gold watch, unhooking it from the chain. These in turn he laid on the small smoking-table at his elbow. Bang! He struck the bell. Crispin appeared. Crispin's left shoe squeaked faintly and rhythmically.

"Bring me an unopened bottle of whiskey and a bottle of Excelsior soda water."

Mr. Purdy unhooked from his watch-chain a gold penknife, opened the larger of its two blades, and laid it beside the cigarette case, the match box, and the watch. He closed his eyes. He wasn't thinking; he wasn't even feeling. He was listening, and what he heard was nothing but the sound of his nerves writhing and twittering as they tried to break through their delicate sheath. He knew their intention: it was to gain their liberty; to coil and twist until they made a breach in the tissue, then to swarm over him, lap him about, and strangle him in their fine network of living steel.

The rhythmic creak of Crispin's shoes was audible again and Mr. Purdy shuddered and opened his eyes. There was Crispin, the bottle in one hand, and in the other a steel tableknife, with which he was in the act of cutting the lead foil from the bottle's neck. Mr. Purdy watched in a daze of terror, and as he watched, the knife slipped and the keen steel scraped across the glass surface, eliciting a dry and ghastly screech. Mr. Purdy shuddered more terribly than ever before. He saw Crispin screw in the corkscrew—squeak—squeak—squeak; pull out the cork—sque-e-e-e-ak—*pop!*

MR. PURDY'S nerves separately and individually coiled themselves in tight spirals like watch springs, then at once let go, darted to their posts all over the surface of Mr. Purdy's body, and immediately began to scramble out through the pores; nevertheless his eye mechanically followed Crispin's hand as it placed the bottle gently on the table, and as Crispin turned to go, all unaware, went on and came to rest on the open penknife beside it.

And as Crispin walked away, his shoe, his left shoe, emitted a rhythmic series of squeaks, short, dry, and hard, but principally dry. He had not taken more than three steps on his left foot, however, before Mr. Purdy regained his presence of mind: one after another he took up cigarette case, match box, and watch, and hurled them at Crispin; then, seizing the penknife, in one bound he flung himself on the faithful old servant's back and with a scream of rage drove the slender blade deep into his neck.

Death ensued.

And I regret extremely being forced to add that Mr. Purdy was asked to resign from the club.

—DONALD MOFFAT

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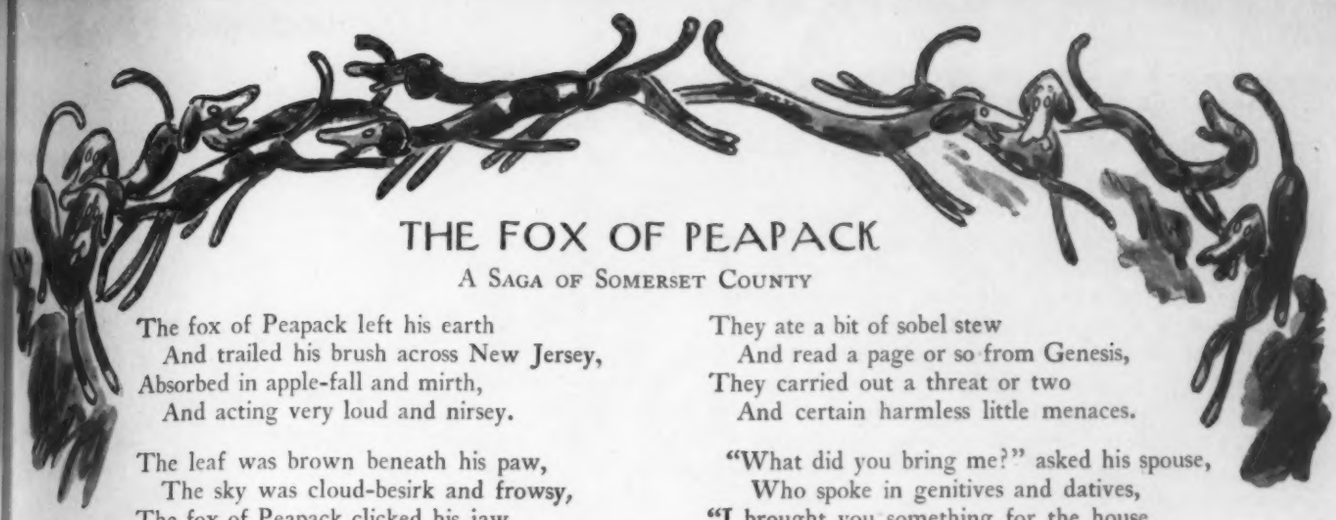
"Any you got left after Christmas, you can just take the 'Merry Christmas' bands off—see?"



THE FOX OF PEAPACK

A Saga of Somerset County

The fox of Peapack left his earth
  And trailed his brush across New Jersey,
Absorbed in apple-fall and mirth,
  And acting very loud and nirsey.

The leaf was brown beneath his paw,
  The sky was cloud-besirk and frowsy,
The fox of Peapack clicked his jaw
  And noticed he was feeling lousy.

Down wind he took his bushy way
  To buy his vixen wife a trinket,
And as he skirted Peapack Bay
  He stopped, at intervals, to drink it.

Forgetting what he'd gone to get,
  And falling in with thieves and planters,
He bought his wife a table set,
  A Mason jar, and two decanters.

Well pleased withal, he started back
  Through fen and weir and Lincoln Highway,
Quite anxious to avoid the pack
  That hunt in every Peapack byway.

Upon the funniest fen of all
  With Peapack still a mile aborning,
He heard the scarlet hunter call
  And knew it must be Thursday morning.

He smelled the hound, he smelled the horse,
  He smelled the Peapack store and steeple,
And lastly, as a matter of course,
  He also smelled the Peapack people.

Determined that he wouldn't let
  His Mason jar be confiscated,
He calmly burned the table set
  And watched the hunters while he waited.

Amused, he hung around a while
  At fifty or a hundred paces
To analyze the hunters' guile
  And note the curious Peapack faces.

He then went home, athwart with life,
  To wash and do a little fixin',
"I'm back from town," he told his wife.
  "I see you are," replied the vixen.

They ate a bit of sobel stew
  And read a page or so from Genesis,
They carried out a threat or two
  And certain harmless little menaces.

"What did you bring me?" asked his spouse,
  Who spoke in genitives and datives,
"I brought you something for the house
  "And news about the Peapack natives."

He showed his wife the Mason jar,
  Concealing it with quips and banter,
And managed, in the end, to mar
  The scene by breaking one decanter.

"I saw the hunt today," he said,
  "I saw the people plainly, honey;
"I saw the M.F.H. in red,
  "And listen, dear, it's pretty funny.

"I smelled the hound, I smelled the horse,
  "I smelled the Peapack store and steeple,
"And lastly, as a matter of course,
  "I also smelled the Peapack people."

They talked it over in a pet,
  The fox's voice grew loud and mannish:
"I now regard the hunting set
  "As disagreeable and clannish.

"There's this about it," said the fox,
  Dropping his wife a graceful curtsy,
"It seems to me a paradox
  "When rural folk go hurtsy-turtsy.

"I like the country hereabout,
  "The Peapack store, the Peapack steeple,
"But now it's time you found it out:
  "*I do not like the Peapack people.*"

"That settles it," the vixen said,
  "Get down our satchel and our *wee* pack,
"We'll put the Mason jar in bed
  "And get the devil out of Peapack."

Next day they went. They left their earth
  And trailed their brushes 'cross New Jersey,
Absorbed in apple-fall and mirth,
  And acting very loud and nirsey.

—E. B. W.

BOOT AND SADDLE

MISS SLOOP, who has always considered the horse a noble, ingenuous animal but has resigned herself without a struggle to the automobile and the airplane, is invited to a dinner party made up of the more active members of the Curb and Snaffle Club. Having got through the cocktails on the strength of an attentive smile and a new evening dress, she sinks into moody silence, owing to her inability to take part in a general and highly controversial discussion of something romantically known as a "running martingale." Wonders morosely what would happen if she were to ask them all to shut up so that she could tell a couple of stories. Wishes she dared inform her hostess that she has finished her soup and would like the next course served as soon as possible. Observes that the gentleman on her left is beginning to take notice and reflects that she had better do something to allay his obvious suspicion that she may be deaf and dumb.

MISS SLOOP—Do you ride, Mr.—uh—Bayes?

MR. BAYES (*with pleasing humility*)—Yes, I ride a little. (*After a slight pause during which he is forced regretfully to conclude that she has never heard of him*) I play a little polo.

MISS SLOOP (*who saw a polo game once but can't seem to remember much about it*)—That must be thrilling. (*With unnatural brightness, trying frantically to decide whether it's a good idea to ask about handicaps*) It must be awfully exciting.

MR. BAYES (*who would like to tell her a few things but is prevented by decent reserve and her inability to ask any good questions*)—Yes, it's a fine game. One of the finest.

MISS SLOOP (*wildly*)—I always think that football and hockey and polo—

MR. BAYES (*who is at his best on a fast horse*)—Yes, football and hockey are fine games too, but I think that polo—

MISS SLOOP (*beginning to feel that they may go on like this forever and growing desperate rather than tactful*)—Of course I suppose the game really depends on the horses— (*A little worried, but she has never learned not to struggle*) What I mean is that if you have well-trained ponies—

MR. BAYES—Well the player has to hit the ball. With the mallet, you know—

MR. PATCH (*on her right, coming to the rescue with an earnest promptness of which he is quite unconscious*)—Are you interested in horses, Miss Sloop?

MISS SLOOP (*wishing drearily that there were somebody who would like to talk about croquet or ping-pong or even the tendencies of the modern novel*)—Oh, yes. I think horses are marvellous.

MR. PATCH (*always planning nice things for people*)—You should come out for the hunt on Sunday morning. I know a horse you could get. He can jump anything—

MISS SLOOP (*trying not to think what would happen if she got on any animal that was really able-bodied*)—Can he really?

MISS BIRD (*a fine, breezy young woman in a red evening dress, shouting across the table*)—You must come out Sunday, Miss Sloop. The Flying Dutchman would give you a good ride. Only (*with great solemnity*) he doesn't like ditches. He sometimes refuses at ditches.

MISS SLOOP (*reflecting that she doesn't like ditches either, so maybe they could refuse together*)—How sensible of him!

MR. PATCH (*gently, but a little severely*)—You can always bring him over if you know how to handle him—

MISS BIRD (*with a merry laugh that causes the glassware to tremble slightly*)—Do you remember the day I went over his head and broke my collar bone?

MR. BAYES (*with a sudden animation*)—I'll never forget the day we were playing at Red Rock and my girth broke—

MR. PATCH (*simply jubilant*)—The time I went off over the hurdles—

AMID shouts of laughter at these happy memories Miss Sloop learns with horror that she is apparently the

"I—er—say, Auntie, how about a five-spot, eh?"

"We want to report a stolen car."

• •

only person present whose bones are still undamaged. Wonders whether by some hideous combination of circumstances she may actually find herself mounting the Flying Dutchman on Sunday. Remembers with unwonted affection the horse she used to ride, which had only one eye but could be trusted if it came to a ditch to walk quietly around it. Reflects that she probably wouldn't have to wait to be thrown but would just fall off naturally.

Miss Bird (*really a very jolly girl*)—If you do get tossed, Miss Sloop, Dr. Jones always rides with us.

Miss Sloop (*a cornered rabbit*)—I'm afraid I can't ride on Sunday. I really—

Hostess (*very dispassionate and soothing, like a benevolent deity*)—Would you all like to play some bridge? —Alice Frankforter

OF ALL THINGS

THE speeding up of the traffic lights has brought no visible change to afternoon Fifth Avenue. There you move six inches whenever the police department is willing. After a while you feel like the Rothstein case.

•

The Stock Exchange is now open for business again from ten to three. What a lot of banished Napoleons of finance want to know is: Why?

•

The President's idea of exempting food ships from the blockade is not doing very well. All hope he will have better luck in preventing the starvation of babies whose daddies were eaten by the bears.

•

Dr. Doran says that there will be little poison in holiday hooch, as the bootleggers now distill their own alcohol. (Advt.)

•

Happily the incident of the stolen fence will not result in strained relations between Yale and Harvard. After all, the *Lampoon* did not return the article with an insulting rejection slip.

•

Dr. Rogers of Boston Tech calls bridge the lowest depths into which a human being may fall, but professors do not get around very much. Bridge is an intellectual altitude record compared with watching a six-day bicycle race.

•

It is discovered that an old Illinois statute permits divorce, even to nonresidents, for cruelty committed within the state. We understand, however, that taking one's wife to Chicago is not cruelty within the meaning of the law.

•

A Peoria judge says that it is a felony not to tell on criminal drinkers, and this may be good, sound law. All we know is that America is going to look funny with everybody in jail except Brookhart and General Smedley Butler.

•

Leopold Stokowski of the Philadelphia Orchestra has become an enthusiastic convert to radio broadcasting. That man just loves a great unseen, unheard audience.

•

Paris reports that the skirt question has been settled by a compromise. The hemline goes down with the sun.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

•

"Gladys, take your leg off the table—
you don't see Mother's leg on the table."

WOMAN

Earth is his woman.
She will rouse
His thoughts to furrows,
His hands to ploughs.

Her he will sow
With deliberate seed,
His arm will steady
Her hour of need.

He may curse her,
Try to forget
The curve of her breast
And her dark hair wet

On autumn nights.
And he may turn
To other women
And cry and burn.

But Earth is a woman.
She will take
Him back at last
For his slow hands' sake.

—FRANCES M. FROST

PROFILES

KING OF THE BRONX

ONE night some fifteen years ago, Joseph P. Day, the master auctioneer, rose at a dinner of real-estate men to introduce the speaker of the evening. He had found a happy phrase for the occasion. "I want to present to you, gentlemen," he announced, "the Duke of Mott Haven, the King of the Bronx—Mister J. Clarence Davies!"

It is the sort of remark which ordinarily at such a gathering would pass for amiable exaggeration and would be duly discounted by its auditors, and perhaps when they saw the spry little gentleman who rose, peering shyly about and smiling deprecatively at this summary coronation, many of those present did so discount it.

But in this case the statement was very near truth. In fact—at least as realtors judge such matters—J. Clarence Davies might well lay claim to the additional titles of Earl of Melrose and Morrisania, Marquis of West Farms, Viscount of Port Morris, and Baron of Fordham. He is the man who took these towns when they were scattered crossroads communities, boomed them, developed them, and wove them finally so closely into the pattern of the city that now they remain only as names to identify the stations in the subway's course through that vast, sprawling borough, the Bronx.

Wholesale suburban development is no longer a novelty, as any Long Island traveller will testify, but long before Queens had been populated by any other than a few squatters—to be exact, twenty-five years ago—he had invented the whole technique of the modern land sale, and was rubber-stamping rows of streets and building sites over the empty acres beyond the Harlem River.

Pretty much alone, he pioneered the development of the Bronx, but whether he would want to claim a crown for the accomplishment is another matter. He has few of the airs of a potentate: Mr. Day might better have called him "squire" than "king." The Bronx is the most insular of the boroughs. Ignoring its allegiance to Greater New York, it is fond of calling itself "the sixteenth city in the United States." It has its own social life and characteristic amusements; you have the feeling that it might secede at any moment. In matters of real estate, at least, the man who built the Bronx still rules his domain with something of its own feudal stability. Most of his tenants have been tenants for years and years. In the course of forty years, he has moved his offices but once; when he moved, he moved next door.

HIS coming to the Bronx was the result of an accident, and one of those which seem to occur only to show how maliciously sheer circumstance can operate. It happened on May 1, 1889. He had been working all morning at his desk in his father's offices downtown in Walker Street, when suddenly he glanced at the clock and the calendar, and remembered his insurance policy. The premium payment was due that day at noon, which meant in about ten minutes. He bolted into the street, ran half a block, and found himself lying flat on his back, with a wrenching pain in his leg. His foot had caught in a loose sidewalk grating: his ankle was broken. He still limps slightly, as a result of the accident, and for a long time all he could think of was the ironic flavor of the whole affair; how his insurance had got him a broken ankle, while breaking his ankle had lost him his insurance. Now, however, it seems to him that this was the event on which his whole life pivoted.

It was during his convalescence that he first visited the Bronx. Every afternoon, his cousin Henry Phillips called with his mare and surrey. They would go driving out to Jerome Avenue, then newly paved from Macomb's Dam to Kingsbridge and a favorite run for trotting horses. The scene there had all the flash and dash of a color print: there would be sportsmen from the town in sparkling surreys; stablemen from the track at Morris Park driving blanketed thoroughbreds, turning, yipping away for a practice start, turning again; there were the glint of wheels, the glitter of harness trappings, the gloss of well-curried hides, and, beyond all, the green open meadows of the Bronx country. The two young men would join the parade, and as they drove, they talked.

Henry was working for his father, in the real-estate firm of L. J. Phillips & Company. Davies, after two years at C.C.N.Y. down in Twenty-third Street, had left college in 1885. Now he too was working for his father, in the Washington Rubber Company; most of the time he had been out on the road, selling mackintoshes and rubber overshoes. Neither of the boys was satisfied; both said they would rather be on their own. The result was that one evening, driving homeward through the gaslit streets, they struck up a partnership. Henry (he was always called "Had") knew real estate, so that was the business they chose. They had seen the vacant fields of the Bronx, and felt the chugging force of the city downtown; some day it was bound to overflow into the Bronx, so the Bronx would be their field. So two young men today, dreaming of airplanes and planning to forestall opportunity, might move to the fringe of Westchester, open an office, and wait for the city to gobble them up.

J. Clarence Davies

A CITY in its growth is a strange, amorphous thing. Having no form in itself, it fits its shape to its obstacles: a ditch hems it in; a hill defeats it. Manhattan was growing. Harlem, where a few years earlier the houses had been spaced apart like the pleats of an accordion, was closing solidly now. Pressure downtown was pushing the accordion shut, but still the Harlem River prevented its opening again, northward.

The Bronx remained open country. Along its spine, where the New York, Harlem & Albany Railroad ran through Mott Haven, Morrisania, and Bedford, there had been some development; the buildings had knotted in crossroads clusters here and there along

the highways from High Bridge to Melrose and Port Morris, from Fordham to West Farms. The pattern was that of a wide-spaced net; in its interstices was vacancy.

They had taken an office at Melrose, a village as rustic as the rest. Across the way was a bottling works, run by the mother of the present Bronx Borough President, Henry Bruckner. Next door was a blacksmith's shop; on the opposite corner, the pharmacy; a block above, the general store. Henry produced a "prospect" almost immediately, an old family nurse who had saved two thousand dollars and wanted to retire. She came out to Melrose, trudged with them up and down the dusty country lanes, and went back to town again. She bought a house in Hoboken.

Their first sale came on July 5, 1889. Davies had opened the office early, after the holiday; he was standing out on the sidewalk, still strewn with blackened squibs and the pink shreds of firecrackers, when the postman halted beside him: he said he had an idea he might buy a place.

"Wait till I get my hat," said Davies.

He walked the postman's route with him, showing him houses as they went along. He sold him a cottage in Tinton Avenue at last, towed him back, still with his pack, to the office, to sign the contract. He had no idea how a contract should be drawn up—Henry was the expert on such matters, and he had long since grown discouraged, gone down to the family's summer place at Long Branch. But he drew up an agreement, anyhow, and he and the postman signed it. Then he shut up shop for the day, and hurried off to the railway station, to send a telegram to Henry telling him the news.

Henry was not much impressed. He soon dropped out of the partnership entirely, drifted off to Europe. Davies stayed on. Contemporaries remember him, thin, wiry, indefatigable, marching through the country roads, jotting down notes in the pocketbook he carried. He got plenty of commissions to sell. All the owners of the great estates that had lined the banks of the Bronx River or stood along the heights of Fordham—the Motts, the Morrises, the Harpers, the Ogdens, the Lorillards, the Pells—were moving away to Newport, to Narragansett. He had all their properties listed, huge blocks of hundreds of acres, but few to buy. He never lost confidence. Passing a book shop one day in '92, he saw a print from "Valentine's Manual," showing New York as it had been fifty years before. He bought it and hung it in his office for an object lesson to customers. "How will the Bronx look fifty years from now?" was the moral he drew from it.

MEANWHILE, imperceptibly, pressure was accumulating again below the Harlem River. One by one, bridges were built, and the avenues of Manhattan poked exploring noses into the Bronx. The "L" was electrified, and came trundling out the Post Road, now Third Avenue. At last, with the completion of the West Farms subway in 1904, the boom began.

Lots leaped from five hundred dollars to five thousand literally overnight. Farms were dismembered; the Lydig estate, at the West Farms terminus, was almost torn apart by the bidders. Streets sprang out, twisting like the tendrils of some quick-growing plant. Boom traders cleaned up.

"Hell, you know me. I used to come down here with little Nina Carrington."

Householders went mad, sold lots on one street and bought on the next: won, lost. Through it all, Davies kept his head, and his confidence. In two months, his commissions on sales totalled more than a quarter-million dollars; he spent most of it buying land for himself. In partnership with Henry Morgenthau, later Ambassador to Turkey, he had bought large properties at the outset of the boom; when Morgenthau decided to sell and take his profits, Davies bought up his holdings and held on.

No one, conditions being what they were, could have stopped the boom of 1904; Davies' accomplishment is that he kept it going through the years that followed. The blocks of land he dealt in were huge, and he was shrewd enough to adapt his methods to their size. He advertised on a large scale, taking full pages when others were content with an inch or two in a column. It is not easy for the average man, except when in the excitement of the boom, to picture a community of houses where he sees only barren meadows; Davies helped imagination along by hiring workmen to lay down streets and mark off building sites, before the sales began.

A youngster named Joseph P. Day, with a hearty voice and a genius for enthusiasm, came to him looking for a job. Davies hired him. Between them, they developed the combination tent-show and revival-meeting method of land auction, by which every day is boom day, and every site a bonanza. It was nothing for them to sell off a hundred acres in an hour, to turn over a profit of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in an afternoon.

In a sense, this method is an application of the skyscraper principle, used horizontally: by the pressure of one, the city is made to spread out; by the other, to rise vertically. Davies induced a thousand investors to sit down side by side, while the promoter of an apartment house makes them sit one on top of the other. Much of the aims of both is blind; much of the growth that follows either is blind, too, but to the impetus of Davies is largely due the development of that surprising, long-lying, intricately patterned borough, the Bronx.

HE retired from active trading six years ago; his office in Melrose, now better described as being in Willis Avenue, down a door from the corner

"Oh, Gardner!
Mother's going to
have us measured for a carpet!"

•

of 149th Street, is maintained only to administer his own estate; he has another office at 43 Cedar Street, to take care of the holdings he has gradually accumulated in Manhattan. Curiously, he has never lived in the Bronx. Until two years ago, he lived at 15 East Fifty-eighth Street; after some trouble with his heart, however, his doctors made him move out of the old house; there were too many stairs to climb. He lives now at the Hotel Madison.

For some time interests other than real estate have engrossed him. Long before the print he bought in 1892 had proved its point as a real-estate text, it had awakened in him an interest in the arts, and became the nucleus of a collection that soon overflowed the walls of his office. It now numbers more than fifteen thousand items, and is one of the most complete collections of New Yorkiana in the world. It ranges from the earliest known view of Manhattan, a woodcut made in Holland in 1651, to a photograph of London Terrace in Chelsea, taken just before the wreckers began to tear it down. Until the fever for perfecting the collection got hold of him, he picked up most of the items himself, rummaging in secondhand stores on the way from one building site to another. It is now valued at half a million dollars; he is giving it to the Museum of the City of New York.

He is a bright, wiry man, past sixty—he was born in 1867—but full of energy, full of an alert, winning enthusiasm. His lame leg gives him a straddling, seafaring walk; he is deaf, but that doesn't bother him; he puts a little portable telephone on the table before him, and listens with his head cocked to one side and his eyes bright behind his nose glasses. He has two sons, the younger named J. Clarence, after himself. His own name is a curious compound: the Clarence is for an aunt, Clara; the J. is really nothing but J.—he had two uncles with different names but the same initial, and he took his J. for both of them.

Outside his print collection, he has two other hobbies: billiards and golf. Whenever he travels, he carries a bag of clubs with him, and in no matter what city he stops, throughout the East, he is almost sure to have a membership. He belongs, in all, to something over twenty-five clubs, including, around New York alone, the Arcola, Quaker Ridge, Westchester Biltmore, North Shore, and the Century Country Club. Two years ago, after his attack, his doctors made him resign from the Fairview, because the course there is too hilly. But he made up for that by joining a couple more, in Washington and Syracuse.—ROBERT M. COATES

• •

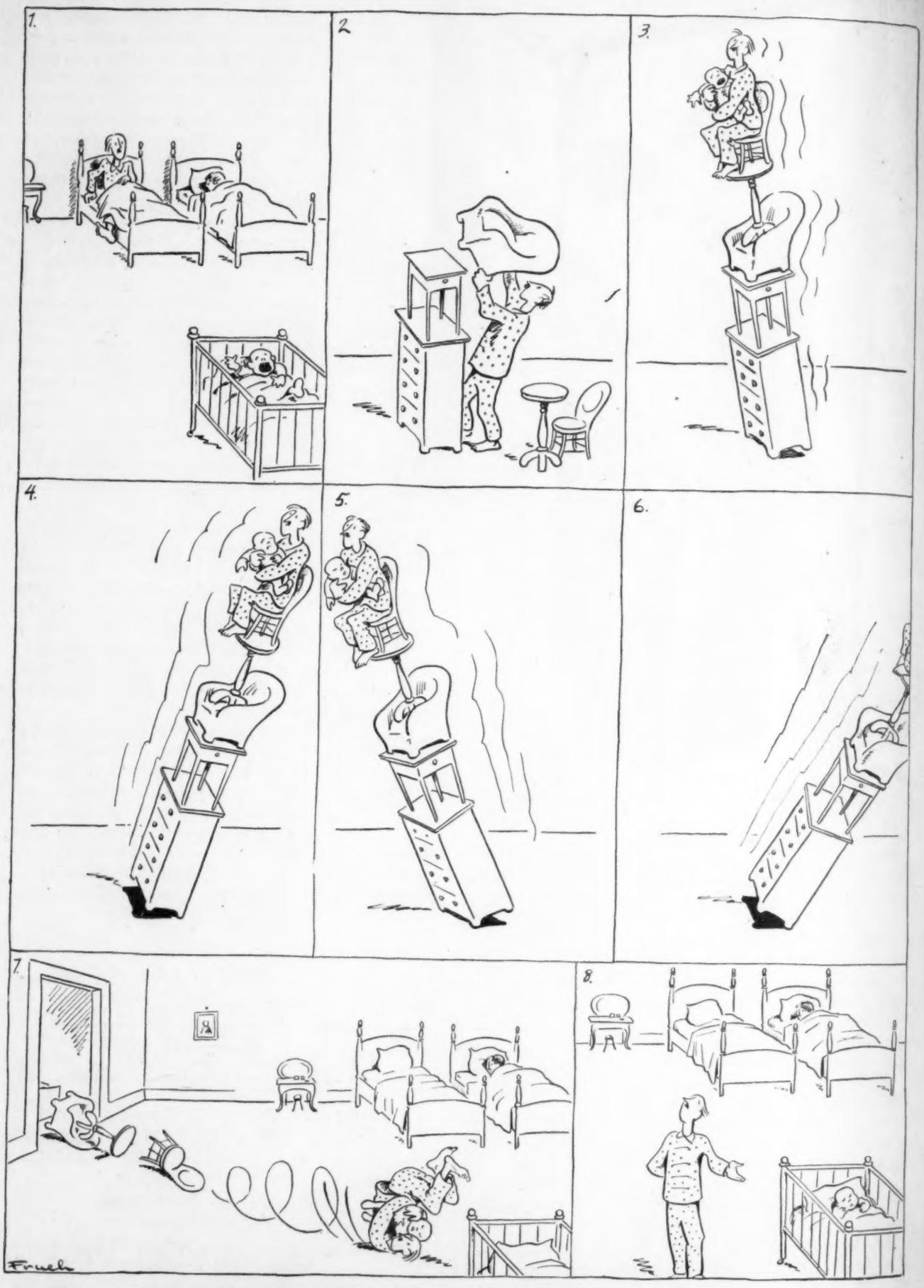
GREAT PERSISTENCIES OF 1929

Some of the More Astonishing Instances of Dogged Perseverance, Noted in the Daily Press

PERSISTER	PERSISTENCE
John Jacobs, Bloomfield, N. J.	Saved his pennies* until he had enough to buy a car.
Frank Ward, Johnson City, Tenn.	Wrecked two airplanes within 45 minutes. Started hunting for a third.†
Mrs. Liston Paine, New York City	Called her physician husband to his phone 204 times in one day.‡
Alex Smalak, Youngstown, O.	Was arrested on a charge of wife-beating for the eighty-sixth time.§
Prohibition Department, Chicago	Raided Mary Dugan's home 21 times, retiring with apology in every instance.¶

*63,500 of them. †Didn't find it. ‡He had her arrested. §"She deserved it."—S. ¶Finally discovered the fake tips came from a love rival.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN



A WINTER'S NIGHT WITH THE CIRCUS EQUILIBRIST

IS SHIRLEY INSULTED?

Y'KNOW, sometimes the funniest things happen to you and you stand around not knowin' if you should be insulted or not. Now you take me. For instance, in the office somethin' happened and now I dunno if I should get insulted. Why? Because I ain't sure if he tried to get fresh. If oney I was sure he tried to get fresh then I'd know he was insultin' me and I would go up and right straight to his face I would smash him one for insultin' me. Y'see, Mr. G., he took on a new man a coupla days ago—a sorta head bookkeeper. And the first day he was there he walks up to me and out of a clear sky, without no rhyme nor reason he says to me, "Good mornin', Miss Ecker." Well, y'know, there's all kindsa ways of sayin' good mornin', and I din know but what this here guy was sayin' somethin' that was like a crack. Y'know, sorta nasty like. So I din say nothin' to show him where he got off at.

Then when I was leavin' the office he was goin' down the elevator and he takes his hat off. He was puttin' on the ritz to see if he could get in good with me. No! That's just it. If he was han'some or, y'know, a snappy dresser, I wouldn't mind, but he ain't the lease bit good-lookin'. I wonder where he thinks he's gonna get off at anyhow. I ast him, just for the fun of it, if he was a college boy. Bein' as how he's the head bookkeeper—he says he's an accountant but that's a lotta applesauce because all he is is really a bookkeeper when you get right down to it. It's like me. For instance, when they ast me what I am I always say, "I'm a secatary," insteada sayin' a stenog'apher, because secatary is more ritzy like. Well, anyways I thought maybe he's a college boy who graduated a bookkeepin' course at some college. I thought maybe he had a fraternity pin like Mervyn. Mervyn, he's an accountant from N.Y.U. and he promised me his fraternity pin as soon as he gets it back. I think Dora Kaplan in the Underwear and Knitted took it from him but he's gonna get it back. So anyway I ast him what college he graduated and then he says to me he ain't no college boy. He took up accountancy he said at a business school because he was always inclined along the lines of figurin'. Yeah. I don't see how some people got the nerve to stand there and think they can get away with puttin' on a classy line of talk to make you think they're college boys when they ain't even college boys. They got their nerve, I'll say that much for them.

BUT the worst part of it was that this fresh feller—y'see, I don't even know his name. Mr. Miller, I think. Well, this here Mr. Miller, he goes downstairs to the sodar fountain and there I am sittin' down and eatin' a tamater-and-lettuce on rye. Well, with all them stools in that sodar-fountain place do you think he'd sit some place else besides alongside a me? No! He asts me if I mind if he sits down next to me. "Say," I says to him, "this is a free country, ain't it? Can I help it who sits down next to me?" For my part he coulda sat on the floor for all I cared where he sat.

And then he starts in talkin' highbrow. Say, has he got some line of talk! He wantsa make a hit with me so he starts in with his line of talk. He asts me if I read "Loose Ladies." I had a good mind to smash him one, oney I wasn't sure if it was a crack, y'see. He tries to tell me it's a book, and I know it's a crack oney I think that if it's a book he'll think he's puttin' somethin' over, so I din say nothin'.

Well, when we was leavin' he tries to pay for my check. "Listen," I says to him, "you don't pay no check for me. You din invite me out to lunch," I says, "and I don't see no reason why you should pay the check." I felt like givin' him a piece a my mind to show him where he gets off at. I says to him, "D'ye think I'd order oney a tamater-and-lettuce on rye if I was gonna let you take me to lunch?" I says to him. Y'see, I thought I'd kinder kid him along, too, w'ile I was at it to show him that two could play at that game as well as one can play at it. Well, one thing led to another and he's gonna take me to Schrafft's tomorrow just to find out what I would order.

Y'know, there's oney one reason I'm stringin' him along. I just wanna see, for the fun of it, how far he'll go. I dunno yet if I should feel insulted, but the minute he says somethin' that's a crack, I'll certainly lace it into him. Say, waddaye know? I made him buy a dollar's worth of raffle tickets for the silver cup for the raffle that Mervyn's fraternity house is runnin'. If Mervyn don't get that fraternity pin back from Dora Kaplan after all I'm doin' for him, believe me, I'll get good and sore. —ARTHUR KOBER

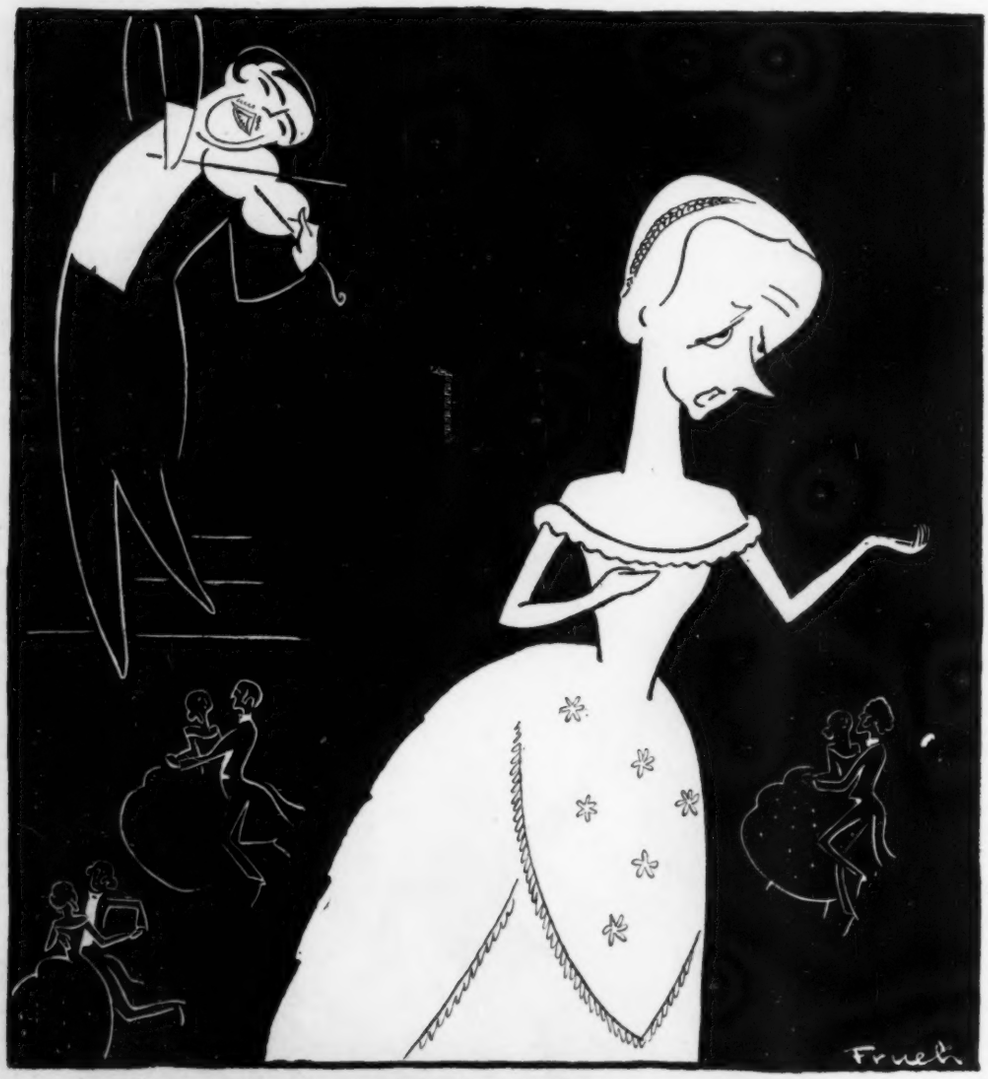
"Remember, Ma'am, even the richest child is poor wit'out a musical education."

THE THEATRE

OVERTURE!

THE tide seems to have turned in musical-comedy fashions, and it is now quite the thing to dress the characters as people dress today. It is probably just a fad, and soon we shall be back to the conventional bustles and bowlers bouncing up and down in the polka or swirling roguishly through the mazes of the rollicking blindman's buff; but just at present we seem to be favored with a succession of very good modern shows. In fact, it is hard to believe that New York would see the day when almost any musical comedy you might pick would be worth going to. And yet, darn it all, such is the case.

With "Heads Up!" leading the revolution to overthrow the bustle, "Sons o' Guns" and "Fifty Million Frenchmen" rushed in on succeeding nights with reinforcements, and now we have quite a respectable showing (maybe not entirely respectable, but certainly a showing) of beautiful young ladies, brisk tunes, and comical remarks of the post-Wall Street period. The new shows may lack some of the delicate charm of "Bitter Sweet," but it certainly seems good to be laughing again.



"BITTER SWEET"

The little lady in the above lantern slide is none other than the prima donna who has set New York by at least one of its ears, Miss Evelyn Laye. Mr. Gerald Nodin is seen playing the violin which lured her to Vienna, and the other little people are just polka dancers.

"SONS O' GUNS" has the incomparable Jack Donahue, which is all that any show need have. It is said that this is the first show in which Mr. Donahue has been starred, but my recollection is that he has been starred in every show I have ever seen him in. He certainly has been the star, regardless of where his name came on the program. He is here seen insulting army officers, an old rôle of his which never fails to delight the male element in the community. The fact that the Great War has now reached that stage of reminiscence where it can be made into a musical comedy without offence shows that either we are a gay people at heart or that we are almost ready for another war. At any rate, to see Mr. Donahue in his attempts to get rid of his three German prisoners, and their touching refusal to leave him (he finally compromises by letting them come along, but making them carry the firearms for him), is to realize that, after all, we had no quarrel with the German people. And also that someone (the authors are Fred Thompson and Mr. Donahue himself) had the inspiration to write a delicious comedy scene.

The heroine being a French girl, Miss Lily Damita's Gallic effervescence and sparkling smile are invaluable assets, and, although her singing is not of the robust type, who cares about singing in a French girl?

WHAT really is demanded of the French people by Americans is

MR. FEZZIWIG'S BALL
Illustration from Dickens' Christmas Carol

Above—The "PORTIA." In 14k white gold, engraved, with platinum top, and set with eight diamonds, $225.

Center—The "PIPING ROCK." A 19-jewel Hamilton. The numerals are part of the case—not of the dial. In 14k yellow or white gold, $125.

Below—The "MASTERPIECE"—Model C. In extra-heavy 18k white or green gold, 23 jewels, and dial of sterling silver, $250.

Other Hamilton watches are priced from $50 to $685

"HILLI-HO! Clear away!" Mr. Fezziwig's Ball was on! There was great excitement! The young folks skipped about with wonderful agility. The floor was swept and watered; the room was bright and snug and warm! The hours danced lightly by . . . ¶The excitement this Christmas, of course, will be over the presentation of these three beautiful Hamiltons—one for father, one for mother or sister, and one for the very proud son! Although the hours dance by only too quickly on *that* day, the rest of the year they will want to know the *exact* time many times a day. A Hamilton will tell them—*accurately!* Hamilton Watch Co., American manufacturers of high-grade watches, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Hamilton
The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

PACKARD

THE NEW PACKARD EIGHT DELUXE

The new Packard DeLuxe Eight, with its wheelbase of 145½ inches is the largest, roomiest and most perfectly appointed car Packard has ever produced.

It is outstandingly more advanced, more beautiful and more comfortable than any Packard in history.

Delivered prices range from $4710 for the smart Roadster to $5465 for the distinguished seven passenger Sedan Limousine.

We cordially invite you to inspect the model of your choice and to test it in any demonstration drive you may desire.

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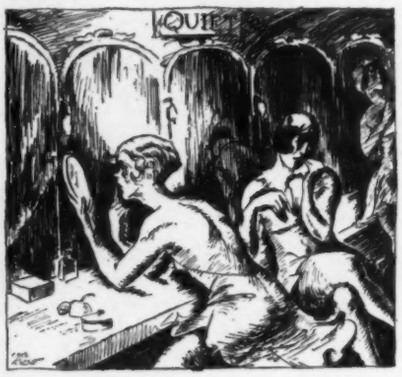
Broadway at 106th St.

PACKARD BRONX COMPANY, INC.
696 East Fordham Road
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st St.

Ask The Man Who Owns One

shown with almost photographic detail in "Fifty Million Frenchmen." Any American who has ever been to Paris (they tell me that there is a little colony of folks up back in the Carolina hills who have not, but that is probably because they have no shoes to wear) will sit aghast at the fidelity with which Mr. Norman-Bel Geddes has reproduced such shrines as the Ritz Bar (both sides), the American Express office, the Café de la Paix, and Zelli's. He will thrill with excitement at the little refinements of Parisian life which Mr. Herbert Fields has remembered to insert in the dialogue and will concede that Mr. Cole Porter, who did both tunes and lyrics, knows his Lutetia as well as his counterpoint.



It is the pace of "Fifty Million Frenchmen" which carries it bounding along through its eleven changes of scene. There are some spots where the Gallic flavor is perhaps a little high, and others where somebody's taste went pretty bad, but with William Gaxton changing his expression every two seconds and a lot of girls changing their clothes almost as often, there is hardly time to think whether you like what is being said or not. There is no doubt, however, about what Miss Helen Broderick is saying. Miss Broderick, in her attempts to get herself insulted, has some pretty ripe lines to handle, but, as by great good luck she happens to be one of the best comédiennes on the stage, they are changed into gems of high comedy the minute she utters them. This, I take it, is Art.

IT is a great tribute either to William Gillette personally or to his play, "Sherlock Holmes," that a modern audience, brought up on imitations and burlesques of this famous detective drama, can sit through it now and not get to laughing. It is probably a tribute to both. Certainly Mr. Gillette's quiet presence would be sufficiently impressive to remove the thing from the realm of comedy, but the old vehicle itself stands pretty well on its own merits.

Oddly enough, it is only in its big scenes that "Sherlock Holmes" shows its age. The famous Cigar-on-Window-Sill gag, which I have heard recounted with bulging eyes so many times by survivors (I am not so coy as to intimate that I was not old enough to see the original production; I just wasn't smart enough) turns out to be quite a flop what with one thing and another, while the disguise worn by the Master Dick in the last act would not fool my three-year-old boy even if he were still three years old. But moment in and moment out, Mr. Gillette and his play could open cold in New York today and give the rest of them a good beating.

The opening night of "Sherlock Holmes" was made somewhat depressing by the academic flavor imparted to it through the reading of a batch of literary messages from prominent educators and writers. One of the reasons for going to the theatre at all is to escape going to literary-society banquets. We must keep the stage free from this sort of thing.

FRANK CRAVEN is such an excellent comedian and the cast that he has gathered about him have been so well directed that there is grave danger of "Salt Water" being thought a good play. It is just an ordinary one, about a man with seafaring traditions who finds himself tied down to a ferryboat ("six minutes from here to there and back again," as he scornfully puts it), and along toward the end it isn't even as good as that. But it cannot be denied that, for an evening in which you just want to sit and laugh, it fills a certain need.

THE Theatre Guild has hardly redeemed itself for "Karl and Anna" by producing "The Game of Love and Death." The same three people, Alice Brady, Otto Kruger, and Frank Conroy have stopped being German and are now French, French of that period when *citoyens* were marching up with drums every few minutes to collect any old heads that were lying around loose, but even the stirring spirit of the Revolution cannot make the drama anything more than a clearly enunciated reading (Messrs. Kruger and Conroy at least don't have to wear beards this time) of Romain Rolland. Miss Brady certainly picked a poor

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(Above)

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season to lend her considerable talents to the Theatre Guild. She almost has reason to sue.

I AM very susceptible to any lines read in good Jewish dialect. It really makes very little difference what they are. The lines in "Mendel, Inc." are pretty elementary ("I once knew about a donkey—" "I don't want to hear about your friends") and the plot is so much like a lot of others that I am not sure that it *isn't* a lot of others, but the Jewish talk of Messrs. Smith, Dale, and Carr makes everything seem highly comical to me. Thus, when Mr. Smith describes himself as a surprising fellow who always has something on his sleeve, I am made very, very happy. So perhaps I should leave consideration of "Mendel, Inc." to others less excitable. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

PARYSATIS PAUSES

Oh I've a lover lithe and lean;
His hair is smooth and his eyes are green;
But the only line of his lovelorn lay
Is "Over the fence and far away!"

But over the fence is far, too far
For one whose ancestors scratched the Shah;
And floods less lovely than moonlight fall
When cat-chords echo from wall to wall. . . .

Over the fence and far away?
Never by night—much less by day!
Though my lover languish these starlit eves,
In vain with inveigling voice he grieves.

By the steampipes snug there's a cushion nice,
Where one may drowsily vision mice;
May stretch—and sigh with a yearning vast
For a vivid life and a checkered past,

For jealous suitors and shrill duets—
Then, dismissal of vague regrets,
Milk, fresh fish. . . . Let another stray
Over the fence and far away!

—HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

•

"He comes from Nevada and he talks funny. Says I'm the best scrapper he ever seed when he means I'm the best he ever seen." Terry liked to pick people up for their grammar.—*Joe Humphreys in Collier's.*

Yes, it's a lot of fun.

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(left) *A brilliant sportswoman, Mrs. Gunther excels at golf. During her residence at The Hague she was a familiar figure on the links and two years carried off the amateur championship honors of Holland.*

First, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times a day, and always after exposure. Pat on generously with upward, outward strokes, letting the light, pure oils sink deep into the pores and bring the dirt to the surface.

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Last, smooth in a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base. At bedtime thoroughly cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream, removing with Tissues.

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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

ADD BARRIEANA

FROM the House of Scribner there has begun to issue the Peter Pan Edition of the works of J. M. Barrie—notable volumes, generously made and beautifully printed. "The Publishers," says Barrie, "do me a special service by enabling me to say that only the works published here are recognised by me as mine, for various volumes purporting to be by me are in circulation in America which I do not recognise as such. I have seen several of them, bearing such titles as 'Two of Them,' 'An Auld Licht Manse,' 'A Tillyloss Scandal,' and some of them announce themselves as published by arrangement with the author. They consist of scraps collected and published without my knowledge, and I entirely disown them."

This pontifical edict is leveled against the little paper-backed prints with which unscrupulous fly-by-night publishers used to plague both Barrie and Kipling at the dawn of their fame, exhuming the uncelebrated, fugitive writings of their salad days, without the formality of either consent from them or payment to them. I suppose it was some such hanky-panky which wrung from Kipling his singularly brief but bitter biography of one American publisher, an item you will *not* find included in his collected works. It was most privately printed by Kipling himself who, for the first and last edition of this singular work, used a hand press and a few pieces of toilet paper. So-and-So, it seems, was born of poor but most disreputable parents. "This," the biography explains, "was done in the Rental Department without his knowledge. . . . Shortly after attaining his majority he was arrested for stealing a hymn-book from a dying missionary. He defended his action on the ground of past labors in behalf of American copyright."

I SUPPOSE that many of the pirated Barrie volumes still linger in the attics of country homes, battered, musty and fly-specked. I remember the one called "Two of Them," of which he now speaks so harshly. It took its name from the enchanting short story with which the collection began, and it contained another delightful short story called "The Inconsiderate Waiter," which I came upon many years later embodied in "The Little White Bird." Then there still lingers in my possession another of these volumes called "A Powerful Drug," published in 1892, and interesting now only because it contains a grave interview with an eight-year-old authoress, suggesting that Barrie was interested in Daisy Ashford five and twenty years before he solemnly sponsored "The Young Visiters."

In the old paneled library at Wits' End a shelf awaits the Peter Pan Edition, but once the pretty volumes are all in place I shall begin defacing them with heretical insertions of Barrieana not admitted to the canon. For instance, I certainly shall paste in that owlish and disparaging interview about Barrie which was obtained from his valet when the great little man was visiting us during the war. I remember that interview the more vividly because some of my friends were kind enough to suspect that I had written it. The *Times'* glee in printing it was tempered only by its solemn pledge not to reveal the fact, then or thereafter, that Barrie himself had written it.

Finally, I shall be pretty despondent if, when the Peter Pan Edition is complete, I can find in it no trace of a short Barrie play, for some manuscript of which I have been searching vainly ever since 1916, when, during the Shakespeare tercentenary, an account of it was cabled to America from London. You will remember that in Shakespeare's will he left his second-best bedstead to his wife. This Barrie sketch dealt with the finding of the *best* bedstead. It seems the immortal William had given it to Mary Fytton, and here, three hundred years later, it had come to light in Edinburgh, mattress and all, the latter stuffed with all the odds and ends of notes for plays Shakespeare was always meaning to write but never got around to. There was, for instance, a project for a magnificent quarrel between Elizabeth and Mary Stuart, wherein the fairer lady was to taunt the more powerful one with the fact that at least she had never had any lovers. Elizabeth was furious. What about Raleigh? Mary gave such a sniff as the meanest page at Holyrood knew meant, "Well, what about him?"

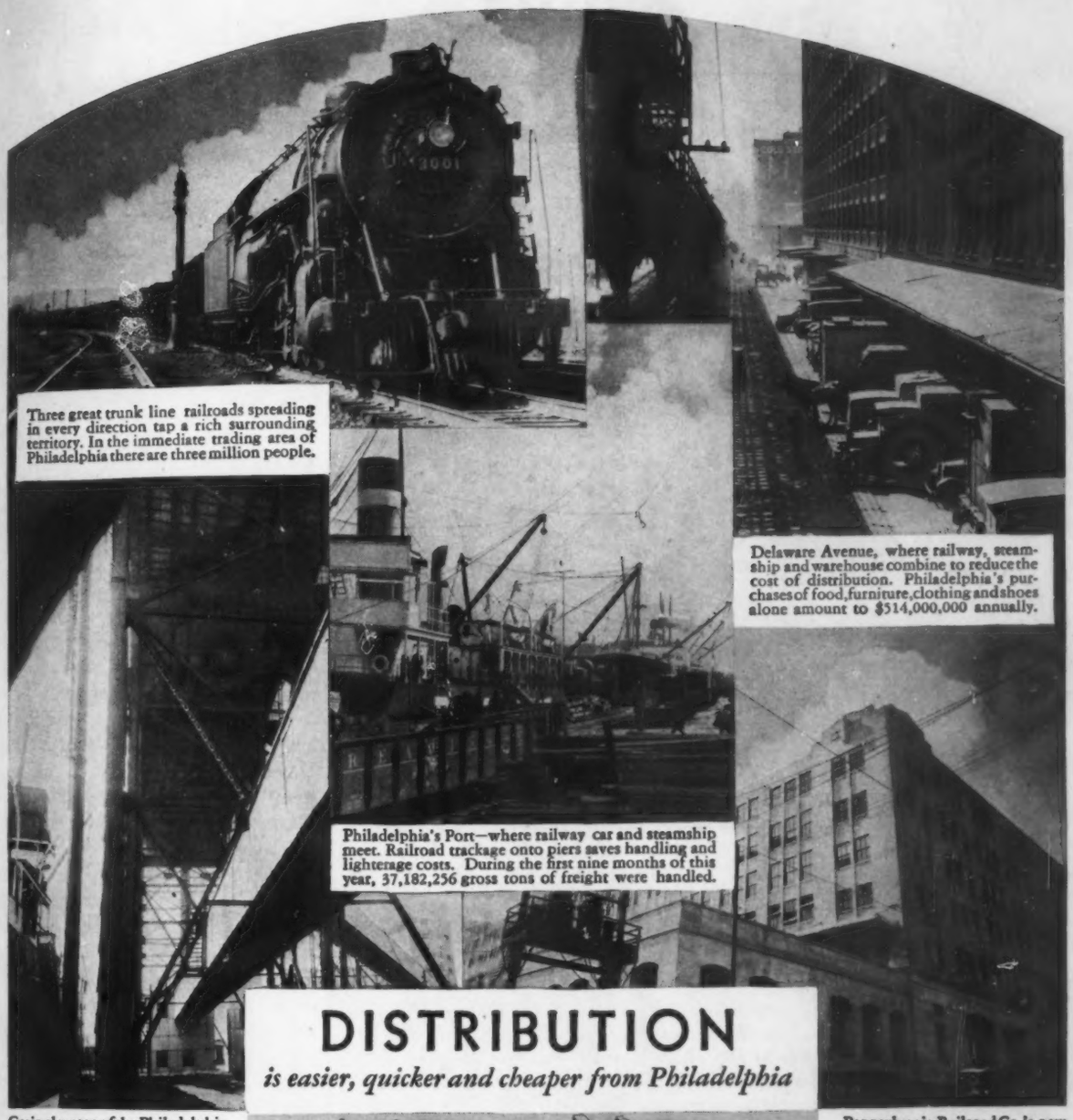
"Didn't he fling his cloak into the mud, so I could step into my carriage without soiling my shoon?"

"Ho," Mary replied, even if she felt it would cost her her head, "he would have *carried* me across."

IN jotting down these notes, your correspondent—ever a devout Barrieite—has been vaguely conscious of a half-acknowledged cooling off, a chilling process presumably of recent origin. Perhaps that origin was Barrie's complicity in (or at least identification with) the ghastly farce of Hardy's bifurcated interment, when the dead man's heart was buried under the yews in the Dorsetshire churchyard where he himself had wished to lie, while the remains of his remains, converted into ashes, were solemnly deposited in Westminster Abbey. I hope that one of these days John Balderston will take time off to write a piece about that procedure. If so, it will include a footnote about the pregnant moment when Edmund Gosse introduced two of the pall-bearers who had not ever chanced to meet before. But Kipling, perhaps still hugging a wartime bitterness, declined to shake hands with Bernard Shaw, whose impish relish of that contretemps kept his pink cheeks crinkled and his blue eyes twinkling throughout the obsequies.

But I suspect that my subconscious irritation at Barrie is of still more recent origin. It was when I heard of the wedding present he gave a few months ago to Jean Forbes-Robertson, latest of the long line of actresses to play Peter Pan in London. The present was a silver platter inscribed "To the only Peter." However invidious this inscription must have struck some of the early Peters in London, I assail it rather as irresponsible, a tribute by someone who didn't really know what he was talking about. For it so happens that Barrie never saw the performance of Peter Pan by the actress who played it oftener and with greater success than any other. I refer to one Maude Adams.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT



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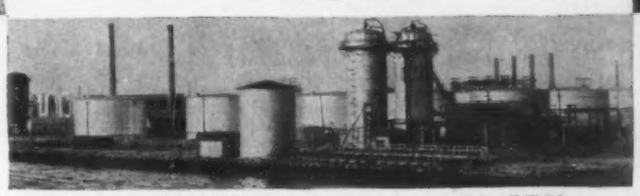

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LONDON LETTER

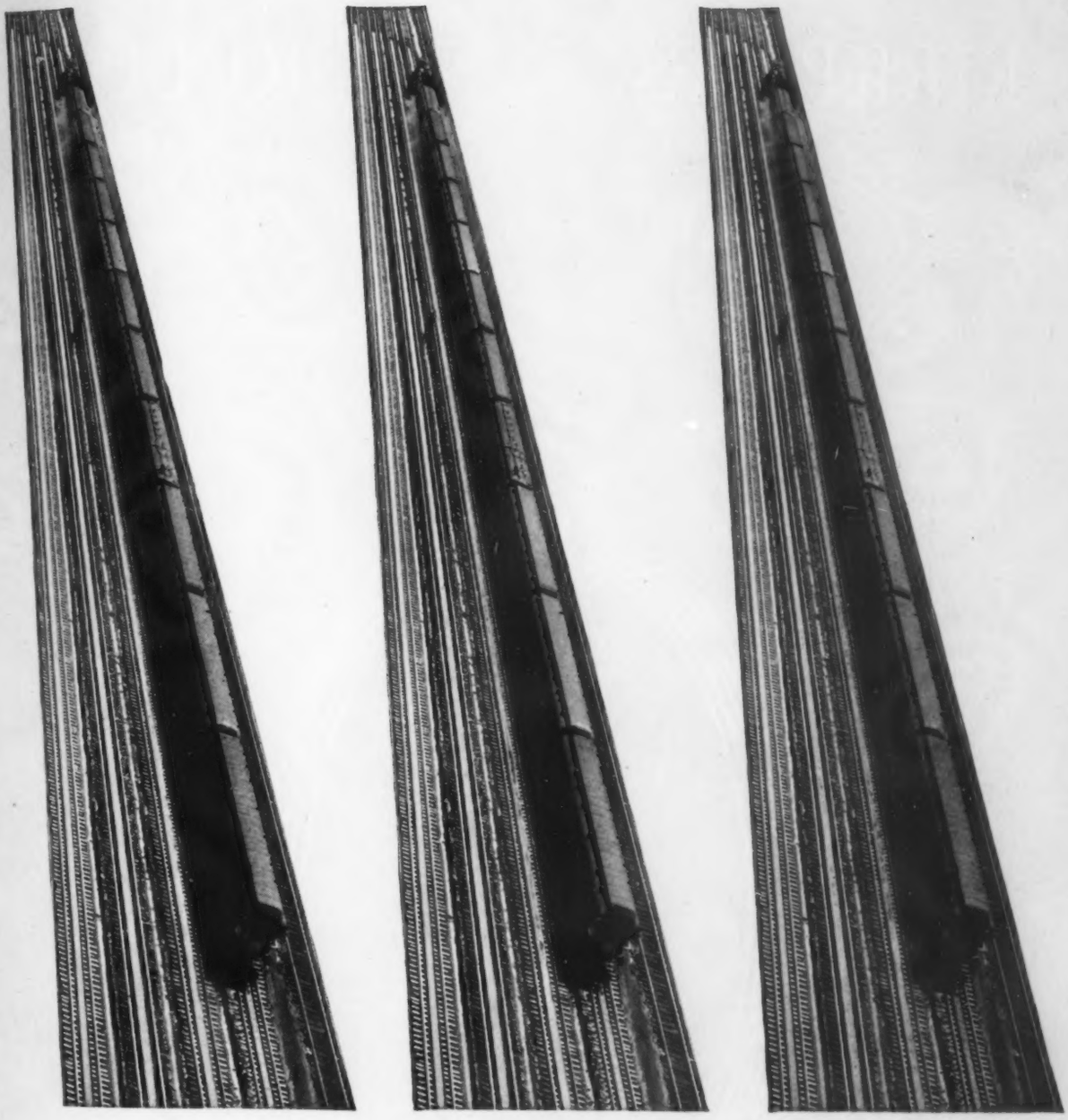
LONDON, Nov. 27

IT would be a pity if the Hotel Cecil were to disappear from the Strand. The Strand is very much a decaying thoroughfare, yet the name has magic still. Once the main street of London, with private lawns stretching down to the water's edge, it became to the Victorians the very embodiment of home. When men met in distant colonies they fell to talking of the Strand, of the last show but eight at the Gaiety, and of Romano's, Simpson's, and the Cecil. It was said that everybody in London passed down the Strand some time each day. Unfortunately the world moves westward, and today the refrain, "Let's all go down the Strand," moves few—though in the war you might have seen "Hotel Cecil" chalked up on a Nissen hut, or a London omnibus, or some wretched dugout. Haxell's hotel has been engulfed in the monstrous sham magnificence of the Strand Palace (in whose marble halls you may dwell for five shillings a day); and if the Shell Motor Spirit people do take it over for their offices, the Strand will have no more meaning at all.

The Cecil is not a modern hotel, and it has always been over-shadowed by the jazzy exuberance of its neighbor, the Savoy. The latter, by the way, now has a brand-new front in what looks like polished aluminum, achieving in one swoop that biscuit-tin appearance so cherished by the moderns; and there are more saxophones to the family there than in any other hotel in London. These things are not so very important, for they do say the people who know are rediscovering the little hotels, like the Hans Crescent, the Connaught, and the Cadogan, and that place in Suffolk Street which is so lugubrious that only the very smart can endure it. One must suffer to be exclusive.

THIS is all part of the growing tendency to surrender the old haunts to the mob. Publicity comes, and with it the suburbanites. In its way it is a revolution, for the suburbanites are so many that it is only by catering for their tastes rather than those of the eclectic minorities that es-

2 *o'clock* 3 *o'clock* 4 *o'clock*



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tablishments can be made to pay. One by one barricades are stormed and the positions handed over. Even Piccadilly Circus, for years the spiritual home of the bewhiskered and bemonocled dandy, has fallen to a Lyons' tea shop, a cash chemist's, and a hat shop with branches all over the suburbs. Swan & Edgar's still remains, but sells new things to the new people. The Criterion restaurant, whose East Room was once the smartest spot in town, and whose lounge harbored all the prettiest ladies (quite traditionally), has gone respectable. The London Pavilion is a cinema. So is the Empire. The Criterion Theatre, where Charles Hawtrey pottered pleasantly for years, shows only the most foolish of farces.

THE rebuilding of Regent Street has done much to kill the old London. The Café Royal in marble is not what it was when Augustus John and Epstein hung their hats on the old brass hooks and sprawled on the plush benches. Even the Albany, home of so many Wodehouse heroes, has a modern "man's shop" on the corner. Now Verrey's is to be modernized. In the eighties it was the haunt of the *gourmet*, dealing in the magic of Soyer and Francantelli. Its atmosphere was leisured and its food superb. In the yard, which at present is the main restaurant, the proprietor, Mr. George Krehl, bred Irish terriers, and the same table saw Mr. Arthur Frankau (Gilbert Frankau's father) every night for years. Verrey's does not pay, however, so bands are to be installed, and bright lights, and a three-course dinner for three and six. Only Kettner's remains untouched, and that is patronized almost exclusively by theatrical managers.

However, you can still buy a decent cigarette at Fribourg & Treyer in the Haymarket, whose bow windows are a hundred and sixty years old, and a good hat at Lock's in St. James' Street. One had to be careful at Lock's in the old days, for H. B. Irving had his hats made there with a peculiarly arresting sweep of the brim; and as this had to be just so, and he refused to accept the edifice unless it was right, unsuspecting customers were liable to be sent away in these misfits, looking rather like the cabman who fought Mr. Pickwick.

—A. G.

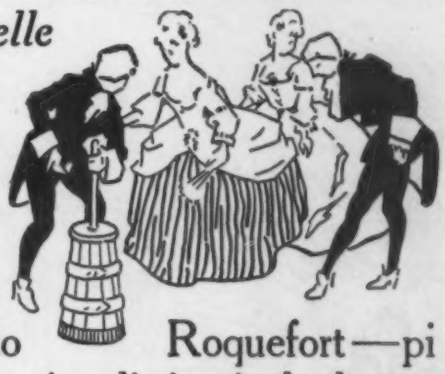
•

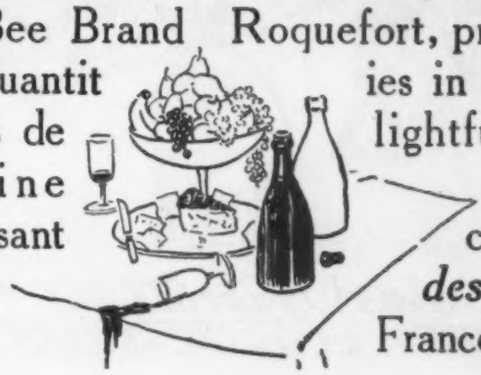
RETURNS TO BOYHOOD TOWN: ROBS BANK—*Headline in the Chicago Tribune.*

Well, it's an age of sentimentality.

Ah que j'etais poête!

Who indeed but a po et could describe the inimitable flavor of Roquefort Cheese? Alas, hav ing found the words and the me ter, suppose our poet tastes that Roquefort from the *Cave de l'A beille?* He is undone. You have not heard of the "Cave of the Bee"? *Quelle dommage!* Then listen my friend. It is the *ca ve* that makes the Roq uefort Cheese. It is here that insipid sheep's milk cheese is transmuted into Roquefort—pi quant, Queen of Cheese. As distinctively better than other Roqueforts as Grand Chambertin fro m other burgundies is Bee Brand Roquefort, made of the finest of sheep's milk, the *grand cru,* by masters, and then aged in the *Cave de l'Abeille,* the finest of all the Roquefort caves. Bee Brand Roquefort, produced in limited quantit ies in Roquefort, France, is de lightful with a bottle of fine old wine or a ple asant companion. *Société des Caves,* Roquefort, France.





THE WAYWARD PRESS

FOR OUR OWN GOOD

THOSE of us impressionable children who constitute what is vaguely known as the "Public" have found ourselves during the past few weeks the object of solicitous attention on the part of certain groups of our fellow-citizens who have taken it upon themselves to "reassure" us. It is evidently feared that our little nausea in the stock market has left us jumpy.

It seems funny to have so much attention paid to our well-being. We are actually being coddled and promised that if we are good boys and get well very, very soon, we shall be allowed to go to the pantomime at Christmas time. Little groups of official "reassurers" go into whispered conferences outside our bedroom door and decide to give us this and that, dealing it out in daily lots of a "prosperity conference" on Monday, a promise of tax-reduction on Tuesday, a "get-together conference" on Wednesday, and a big announcement on Thursday telling us that we never looked better in our lives. And, in all this pretty palpable campaign to influence the Public's state of mind, the Press is playing its customary rôle of copy-boy.

Not that it isn't exercising a salutary influence in helping to spread the good news as fed out to it by the little group of conferees. But somewhere in the theory of the thing there is a very dangerous element. That any group of citizens can get together behind closed doors and decide what is best for the rest of the citizens and then count on the Press of the country to help them to disseminate their propaganda (for it is nothing but propaganda) is somehow bad. Suppose that some time one of those little groups should not *know* what was best for the Public and should give out the wrong medicine. Even prominent citizens sometimes make mistakes.

Of course, the editors can say that they would not lend themselves as propagandists for any cause which was not a hundred per cent O.K. on the face of it, and maybe they are right. But the fact remains that certain citizens have so much prestige and power that they *can* go into conference and decide what the public shall know and what it shall not know. The fact that no great harm has yet come out of this condition of affairs does not make it any the less dangerous.

PROBABLY the most blatant example of paternal regulation of the

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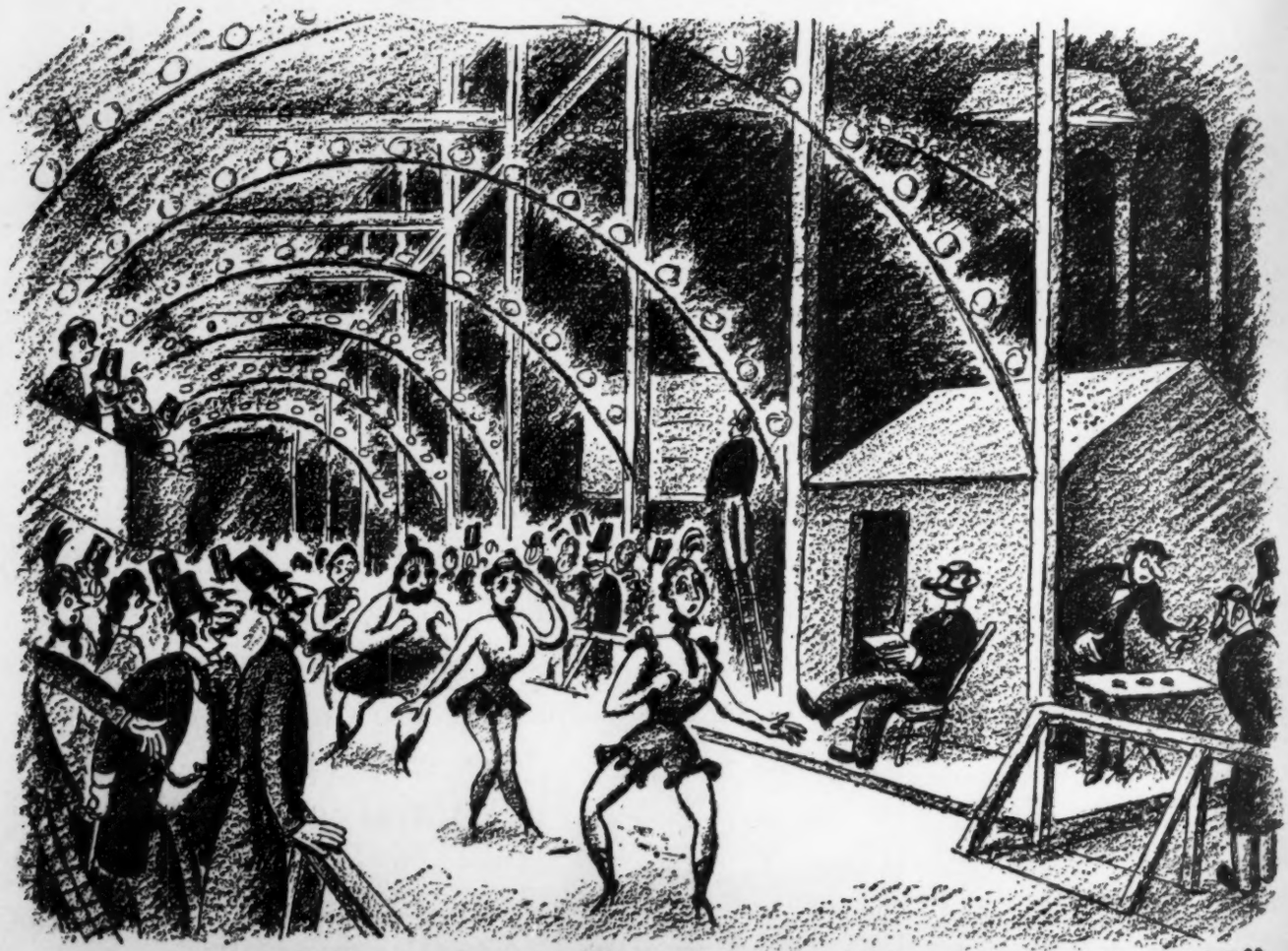
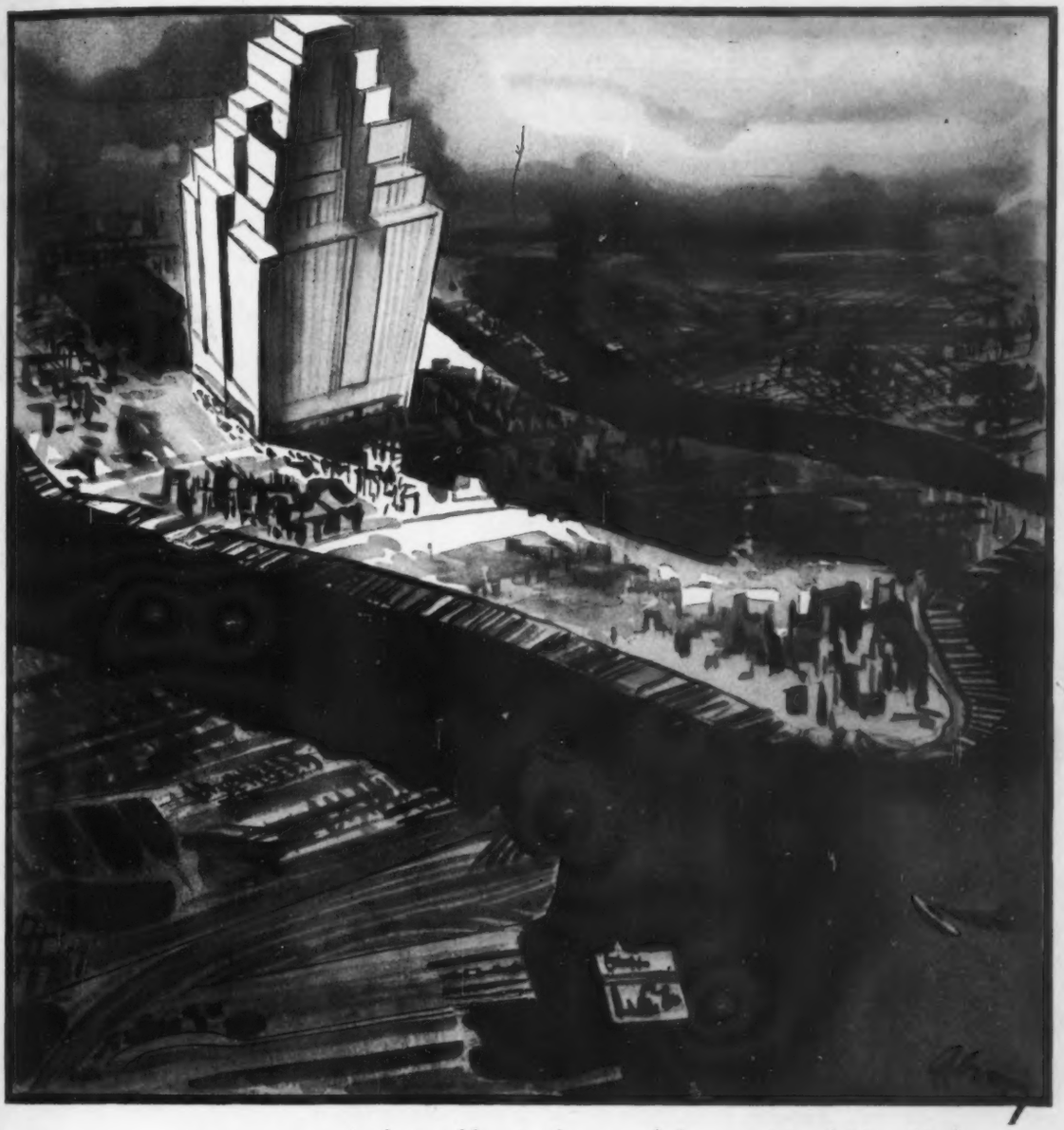
GOTHAM CHRONICLE.



The LADIES contest of the SIX DAY "GO AS YOU PLEASE" walking MATCHES at NIBLO's GARDEN.
(THE SPORTIVE 80's)



THIS, everybody, is a blimp's glimpse of the new Hotel New Yorker —down in the humming "Pennsy" zone. It's the world's tallest and New York's largest caravansary, as perhaps you've heard. And a vasty place it is, to be sure!

The New Yorker's carpet mileage, for instance, is—pardon this welter of superlatives—the greatest ever laid in a single building in this or any other country since time began and men slept from home. Ergo, if any somnambulant guest should feel disposed to voyage up and down all corridors and into every room, he'd cover exactly 85 miles—or the distance from the Battery to Poughkeepsie—and tread exclusively on Mohawk fabrics every inch of the way. Which is certainly treating guests to a very decent break, what!

MOHAWK RUGS & CARPETS

© 1929 MOHAWK CARPET MILLS, AMSTERDAM, NEW YORK

HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS

WHEN you hustle and hurry through your morning shave, if the razor skims over parts of your face—if it only hits the high spots of your beard — something isn't clicking. Like as not, it's the shaving cream. Then's the time to turn to Squibb's Shaving Cream — to the cool, smooth, thorough shave that Squibb's always gives.

Experts studied and experimented for four years to perfect Squibb's Shaving Cream. For months they tested it in a barber-shop. It's a great shaving cream.

The only way to get to know the bland shaving comfort that Squibb's gives you, is to try it. Drop into any drug store and buy a tube. Only 40c.

Copyright 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB

Public's news diet on the part of a self-constituted clinic of prominent men occurred after the suicide of Mr. James J. Riordan, president of the County Trust Company. Mr. Riordan killed himself during the afternoon of November 8. There was a hurried conference of his friends and officials of his bank and it was decided that the Public had better not know of this until after banking hours on Saturday, as it might cause a run on the bank. Ex-Governor Al Smith was one of the conferees, and anything that ex-Governor Al Smith wants done in New York City is pretty nearly as good as done. Fortunately, Mr. Smith would probably not want anything done that was contrary to the public good, but that doesn't alter the fact that the Medical Examiner was induced to withhold his report on the suicide until the following afternoon, by which time full statements of the bank's stability had been prepared, which were issued in the same news-story as the account of the death. For three days afterward the papers were full of follow-up matter issued by the bank officials, calculated to quiet any public apprehension. Some more powerful influence was also brought to bear to have the verdict of "temporary insanity" brought in, thereby making it possible for Mr. Riordan's church to allow his burial in consecrated ground. A bank, or a bank president, with less influential connections might not have fared so fortunately under similar circumstances.

There is no reason to believe that the newspapers knew of the suicide until the Medical Examiner was allowed to issue his report, and so there can be no charge of their aiding in the scheme. If one or two city desks were not aware on Friday night of what had happened, however, the usual efficiency of their district men must have been at a particularly low ebb, because there were plenty of people in the neighborhood (outside the self-constituted Committee of Public Safety) who did know about it. And it would not be beyond the bounds of possibility that, even if an editor had got wind of it that night, a request from Mr. Smith might have succeeded in holding the news over until the next day, since so clear a case of *res publicae* was at stake. Such things *have* happened.

IT is not so much the part that the Press plays in these little benevolent plots to keep the Public Mind in the proper channels as it is that there can be citizens who feel that they know

BEAUTIFUL PEWTER

ONCE cherished by antiquarians as lovable objets d'art, Pewter has *now* come into its own as a decorative feature of the modern home and as a durable and useful metal ware for daily use.

Pewter by Poole, made from a famous ancient formula has the soft satiny finish characteristic of old English Pewter at its best. Every piece lovingly reproduces the inspired designing of early American Craftsmen.

Ask for Pewter by Poole at any fine jewelry store or smart shop. The Poole trade mark stamped upon each piece, makes identification easy.

Write for illustrated catalog.

POOLE SILVER COMPANY
Taunton, Mass.

PEWTER BY POOLE

"Is there an Electrolux in the kitchen?"

That's the question apartment hunters ask today

IN the gay 'nineties people asked, "Is there steam heat?" Since then the question has varied—gas ranges in the kitchen, elevator service, closet space, extra bathrooms.

More recently, apartment dwellers have demanded automatic refrigeration. And today they're going even further, discriminating even more closely.

Today they're demanding that the refrigeration be Electrolux, the noiseless kind that works by gas, has no moving parts to cause trouble, or need attention, and costs so little to operate.

The advantage of absolute silence alone would be enough to make Electrolux more desirable than other automatic refrigerators. But in addition there's the extremely low operating cost. Five to ten cents a day is all. Compare that with what you are spending now for ice. The most modern form of automatic refrigeration at a saving so great that your Electrolux actually pays for itself within a few years.

This silence and economy of operation are possible only because Electrolux works differently from other refrigerators. In it a tiny gas flame and a slight trickle of water replace all machinery. Electrolux has no moving parts at all. The tiny gas flame and a mere trickle of water do all the work of creating cold; freezing ice cubes and desserts.

You can see this modern marvel at the showrooms of your gas company or other Electrolux distributor. Complete line of sizes and models. Prices no higher, size for size, than other makes—$210 to $430, according to model needed. Liberal purchase terms. Mail the coupon for complete, illustrated information. Servel Sales, Inc., 51 E. 42d St., New York City.

Electrolux Gas Refrigeration is the one item of equipment always stressed by renting agents when interviewing prospective tenants.

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts.

The Kitchenette Model Electrolux (above) is most suitable for the small family. Occupies little room, yet has 4 cubic feet of food space, and freezes 36 large ice cubes at one time.

12-7

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THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

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CLOTHES by WETZEL are the material response to the fanciful dictates of innate good taste.

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A group of 18th Century English silver

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WORKS OF ART

Fine pieces of old English silver make the most gracious of Christmas gifts. We have many beautiful things from which to choose: works of art in porcelain, in wood and in fabrics, as well as in silver; small pieces of English antique furniture suitable for gifts.

H. Douglas Curry & Company
33 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK

what the proper channels are. There is nothing particularly bad about a group of people like the Red Cross officials being assured that anything they may give to the papers during one of their drives will be printed as news. But these same Red Cross officials, who in their private businesses are connected with other less eleemosynary institutions, constitute a patrician oligarchy which thinks of itself as one division of the citizenry and the Public as another. In its way it is just as paternal as the less patrician but none the less powerful oligarchy of which ex-Governor Al Smith is a member. In times of war it runs the Liberty Loan campaigns and sets itself the task of keeping the Public war-minded. In times of peace it devotes considerable thought to what is good for the rest of the country to know and, while it may not find so ready an agent in the Press as when the National Defence is at stake, it nevertheless thinks of itself as being "on the inside" and, provided its cause is just, is pretty sure of landing a good story or two on request.

JUST at present this group of public servants is concerned with "reassuring." After the first break in the stock market the papers ran plenty of statements by prominent financiers designed to prevent a panic, and quite rightly, too. The only trouble was that some of them said that the trouble was over, and one expert, accorded a hearing on the Movietone News, recommended that the Public begin buying again as fast as it could, as he was convinced that prices would drop no lower. The next week prices reached a new low level, and later a still lower one, showing that even the experts didn't know anything about what was happening or what could happen. Before the Public is fed, it should be made pretty sure that the pap is pure. And that is where the difficulty comes. There are plenty of pap-dispensers, but no infallible pap-analysts.

As a matter of fact, the Press has been fairly cagey in its coöperation with the series of "cheer-up" conferences which have been issuing daily hand-outs from Washington. Nothing could be more guarded than the *World's* headline: "Railways *May* Spend Billion in 1930: Reserve *Hints* Lower Rates" (the italics belong to us). The editors have heeded the President's call for aid in restoring public confidence and are printing everything that is prepared for them, but in their own editorials and news-columns they have

DOBBS

EXCLUSIVE IMPORTED FRENCH LINGERIE

19.50 26.50

Very Specially Priced

Made expressly for Dobbs of pure dye silk crepe, entirely hand-needled, and daintily trimmed with Alencon or Breton lace. The laces are identical with those used on our more expensive lingerie. The few models shown can only suggest the wide selection. Sets are easily matched.

Dobbs Lingerie Room on the Second Floor is replete with dainty intimate apparel, for personal use and Christmas-Giving. Lingerie, Hosiery, Tea Gowns, Negligees, Robes, Boudoir Mules, Charming Accessories and Individual Gift Suggestions.

At 19.50
Chemises
Costume Slips
Bed Jackets

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Nightgowns
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FIFTH AVENUE AT 57th STREET

The unusual in GIFTS.

Fruit Basket—Park & Tilford's famous fruits $10.00

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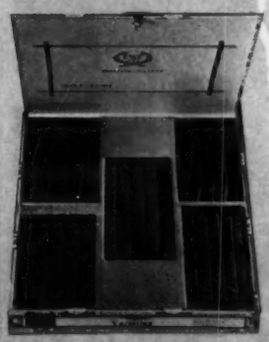
Rue de la Paix—A Park & Tilford Creation, Parisian assortment, the lb. $2.00
(also in 2 lb. and 5 lb. boxes)

Brass Candy Box—Packed to personal choice . . $18.50



Park & Tilford Varieties—box of 50, 5 sizes . $9.00

It is quite the usual custom of Park & Tilford to present the unusual in gifts. Indeed, this is the 89th Christmas for which Park & Tilford gift-suggestions have been offered. And, almost needless to add, they are always accepted by the ever-eager-to-please donor.

PARK & TILFORD

Fifth Avenue at 57th Street
Fifth Avenue at 37th Street
Madison Avenue at 44th Street
Grand Central Terminal

managed to maintain a modicum of integrity as diagnosticians and reporters.

In the meantime, all the rest of us at the children's table should eat what is handed out to us, confident that everything on the plate has been put there by loving hands for our own good.

THE sports-writers ran in rather bad luck this fall with their football heroes. Marsters was put out of the game in midseason, Cagle somehow didn't come through, and Albie Booth, built up in the sporting pages as the Superman among Supermen, played them a dirty trick in the Harvard-Yale game by staging one of football's most spectacular flops. The boys in the press-stand were left with no Great Name around which to weave their stories, except a few Harvard players whom they had never mentioned before. So they wove them around Booth anyway.

Nothing could have been stage-managed better for the press than the entrance of Mr. Booth into the fray. Many of them must have started writing their leads right there on the spot: "A small, hooded figure trotted on to Soldiers' Field today and stood under the shadow of Harvard's goal-posts. With unerring accuracy he removed a pair of mittens, a becoming raglan, and finally a sweater which covered the magic number on his back. Seventy thousand pairs of eyes strained to see. And seventy thousand pairs of lips formed the name 'Booth!' as a great roar went up from the Yale stands. 'It's Booth! It's Albie Booth!' And Booth it was.

"Up until now the game had been anybody's. But with Yale in position for a drop-kick, and Albie Booth standing with hands outstretched, the hearts of Harvard's hosts sank and the sons of Old Eli rose to their feet in confident acclaim of their Midget Marvel . . ."

Unfortunately for the sports-writers such a lead had to be discarded, for, after an entrance such as is usually reserved for Mussolini or Mrs. Fiske, and after a tense moment of dramatic expectancy, the Midget Marvel was able to get the ball only as far as a Harvard man's chest. Furthermore, owing to a mix-up of some sort, instead of his presence exerting the customary galvanizing influence on the Yale team, it turned the Harvard team into a small-sized army which proceeded immediately to march eighty-four yards to a touchdown, over, through, and around Mr. Booth personally.

The various alibis offered by the

smooth it on . . .

wash it off . . .

now powder—and—

LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR AT THE MIRACLE . . . YOURSELF

Hours of complex massaging? Shelves of bewildering labels . . . unguents —"cleansers"—"toners"? *No!*—for out of one of the world's great laboratories has come this modern miracle: a facial treatment—perfected by the House of Pinaud after 15 years' research—rapid as a lingering smile, amazing as Science itself. PINAUD'S CREAM—*the cream that washes away.* Miraculously compounded in this one tender silken Cream are elements which set to work like a whole staff of deft experts: *cleansing* deep, deep in the pores . . . *suppling* the tissues with delicate, swiftly-absorbed oils . . . then *washing away* with all the clogging, aging accumulations gathered from your skin . . . Additional astringent? Additional powder-base? Not necessary! You are ready instantly for a touch of Pinaud's new Powder—that almost-incredible Powder specially blended for your individual type of skin . . . Cleansed, toned, suppled as never before, your profile smiles as cameo-clear as Youth itself. And Youth's soft radiance is safeguarded . . . enhanced . . . renewed for you . . . as day by day you *wash* the threatening years away!

This is the Cream: *tender, silken, liquefying instantly . . . Then, in clear fresh water,* washing *away! Dollars and dollars and hours and hours have never given you such instantly-visible and wonderful results!*

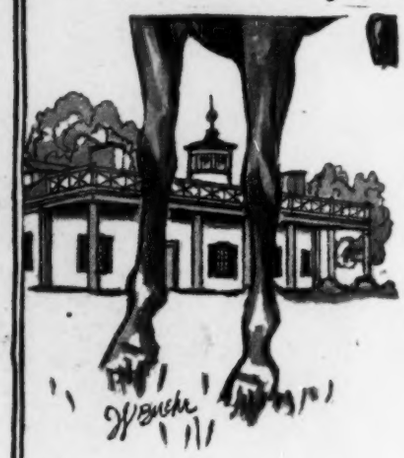
This is the Powder: *blended to give, not just a powder coating, but a loveliness which is really You! Type 1, for the skin inclined to oiliness; Type 2, for the skin inclined to dryness . . . Six flattering shades.*

© 1929 Pinaud

MAKERS OF FRENCH TOILET PRODUCTS FOR MORE THAN 150 YEARS, INCLUDING PINAUD'S CREAM • PINAUD'S LILAC VEGETAL • PINAUD'S EAU DE COLOGNE • PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE • PINAUD'S SHAMPOO • PINAUD'S POWDERS.

RUGGED TRUTH..

Colonial history reads us a mighty lesson of "no compromise"



KRANICH & BACH, applying this principle to the building of quality pianos, have designed historically correct Colonial mahogany cases, to fittingly house the marvel of an unforgettable tone.

There IS no better Piano than a Kranich & Bach

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Please enter my subscription to THE NEW YORKER for—
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newspapermen on Sunday and Monday for their fallen idol were ingenious if unconvincing. His sweater was too large at the neck, allowing a strange Harvard man named Ticknor to grab him and prevent a touchdown. "Booth missed being a hero by two inches of sweater," was the favorite phrase among the scribes. Then, too, he had been injured, and limped as he came on to the field. (He did not seem to be limping during the first thirty yards of what was intended to be an eighty-yard run, but probably his leg got well.) The field was slippery. It was too cold. Everything was thought of, except the fact that Mr. Booth was playing against some boys who had played against him before and knew that he was something less than divine. George Trevor, in the *Sun*, seemed to be the only writer who caught on to the idea and gave expression to it. Otherwise the impression given was that Albie Booth really won the game for Yale but that, owing to Harvard indifference, the real score wasn't recognized.

It is too bad for Mr. Booth, or for any other young man, to be taken up by the sports-writers in midseason and turned into a god. Mr. Booth himself has probably never made claim to any such status. But you must say this for the newspapermen: when they make a god, they *keep* him one, at least until the end of the season.

WE have been asked by the editors of the *Talk of the Town* department of THE NEW YORKER to request, through this column, that Mr. O. O. McIntyre be a little more accurate in lifting material from this magazine for his column in the *American*. As a rule, he gets things pretty straight as they were printed in THE NEW YORKER, with perhaps a slip in one out of every fifty paragraphs he makes use of. But the joke about the news-photographer who asked for "the big smile, please" was not directed at Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, as Mr. McIntyre had it, but at a quite imaginary cardinal. That is just slipshod reporting, Mr. McIntyre, and you know it.

—GUY FAWKES

•

Hanover township's oldest resident, Mrs. Elizabeth Lance, 98, native of Germany and former resident of Plymouth, is dead at her home in the township of general debility.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

That's where everybody on the street is run down.

This Christmas give a Ciné-Kodak

simplest of home movie cameras

CHRISTMAS . . . it's a day of happiness that shouldn't be allowed to slip into the forgotten past . . . and needn't.

A home movie film will keep it for you...permit you to re-create at will your holiday festivities...enable you to throw on your own home screen during future Christmases the treasured incidents of this one.

How easy it is!

With the Ciné-Kodak, it's simplicity itself—movies are actually as easy to make as snapshots. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so simple, now have made home movie making equally simple for you.

You merely sight the Ciné-Kodak, press a lever, and then send the film to the nearest Eastman processing station. In a few days it comes back to you all ready to show, and your Kodascope, the Eastman home movie projector that operates as simply as a phonograph, flashes the pictures on your screen.

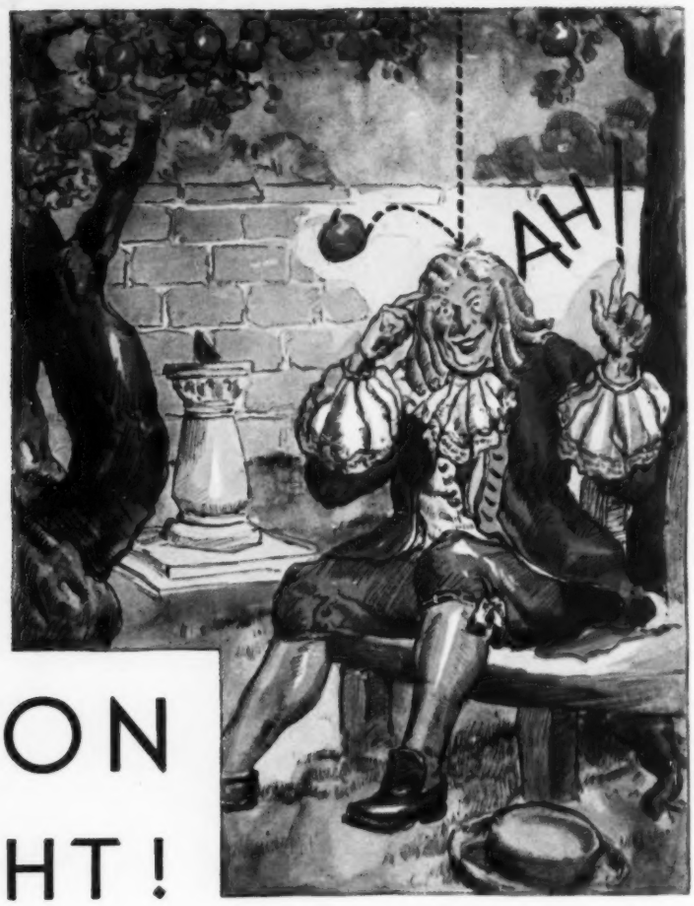
Ciné-Kodak, model BB with f.1.9 lens, in blue, gray, brown or black—the last word in home movie cameras.

Take them in Color, too!

It is just as easy to take and show movies in beautiful, natural colors—from the most delicate tints to the most brilliant hues. The same Ciné-Kodak (f.1.9. with B or BB model) that takes black and white movies, takes color. The same Kodascope (model A or B) that projects black and white, projects color. You simply use the Kodacolor Filter and Kodacolor Film when making or projecting Kodacolor.

Also, to supplement your own films, Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-, 200-, and 400-foot reels of comedy, travel and cartoons are available at your dealer's. They cost only $7.50 per 100 feet.

Don't let another Christmas go by without making a picture record of your family. See a Ciné-Kodak dealer today. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.



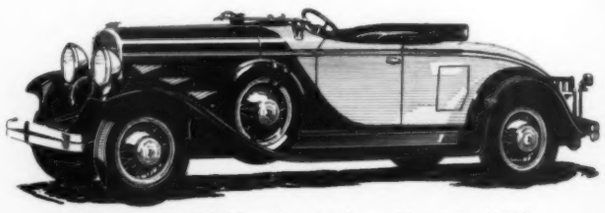
NEWTON WAS RIGHT!

The second great discovery that involved the apple (for we mustn't forget Mrs. Adam), led to Sir Isaac Newton's investigation of gravity. Sir Isaac chose an orchard for his laboratory, and as he mused under the redolent trees, he was struck simultaneously by a winesap and an idea —that the surest, quickest way to get from one place to another is to DROP! Working under much less pastoral conditions, Chrysler engineers applied the same principle to the fuelizing system of the new Chrysler "77" and "70".

In these cars, gasoline, in going from the carburetor to the cylinders, runs down hill, following Nature's law. The result is an incomparable improvement in fuelization with an actual gain in horsepower and an economy of operation that increases the efficiency of these cars some 18%.

Down-draft carburetion has long been used in airplanes because it is positive. For when the carburetor of an airplane fails, it's usually inconvenient to call a service station.

So, too, these new Chryslers are built to operate just as efficiently and unfailingly as if the garage man were miles—even a planet—away. It is one of the many engineering advancements that make Chrysler owners even more enthusiastic about these new cars than they were about the progenitors of this illustrious family.



New Chrysler "77" Roadster (with rumble seat), $1625
(Special equipment extra)

Simons, Stewart & Foy, Inc.
1425 Bedford Ave., Sterling 2800, BROOKLYN

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1226 Broad St., Terrace 6900, NEWARK

CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCTS

LIQUIDATION DAY PARADE

ON Armistice Day, as you may recall, Mr. Hoover made a speech on peace. The next day the *Evening Post* commented on the speech somewhat petulantly. It was one of the best speeches of Mr. Hoover's career, said the *Post*, but after all peace was centuries away and the big crash in the stock market was right here, and with everybody cleaned out or worried to death over prices, a speech on peace was "exceedingly inauspicious."

There seems to be something the matter with this idea. The editor of the *Post* ought to be old enough to know that presidents always have to make speeches on peace on Armistice Day; and if he thinks it would be simple to tuck into a speech on peace a few pungent words on the trend in common-stock prices, let him sit right down at his typewriter and try it. Yet after all it seems to me that the editor was right on the edge of having an inspiration. Suppose he had gone a step farther and suggested having *another* holiday, in memory not of the end of the war but of the end of the Big Bull Market?

THE more I think about this scheme, the more I like it. Any suggestion for another holiday will always get my vote, especially at this time of year when the blood stream is thin and vacation seems so far away. And after all, the late Bull Market was a grand one while it lasted, and deserves some sort of formal interment with full honors. I therefore propose that an early date—say a week from next Monday—be set aside as a day of public lamentation and remembrance, to be known as Liquidation Day, or perhaps as Cursegiving Day; with a parade in honor of the Unknown Investor, and community singing of such old Bear Market Spirituals as "Go Down, Motors," and "Swing Low, Sweet Kennecott," and (just to satisfy the *Evening Post*—you and I wouldn't even have to listen to it on the radio) a speech by the President in which he would express the hope that this has been a bear market to end bear markets.

I haven't got very far with my plans yet, but the order of march for the parade will probably be something like this:

BAND

Margin clerks.

Messrs. John J. Raskob, Arthur Cutten, and W. C. Durant, marshals.

Margin clerks.

Strong police guard.

Men who said, "Buy and hold on."

Men who said, "Never sell a good stock."

Men who said, "This stock will go to a thousand."

Men who said, "This is a new era in investments."

Men who said, "Stocks haven't begun to discount prosperity."

Men who said, "Investment trusts will be a stabilizing influence."

Men who said, "Buy it and put it away and forget about it."

Bulls on America.

Strong police guard.

Margin clerks.

Grover A. Whalen (perhaps he doesn't belong there, but after all it's a parade, isn't it?).

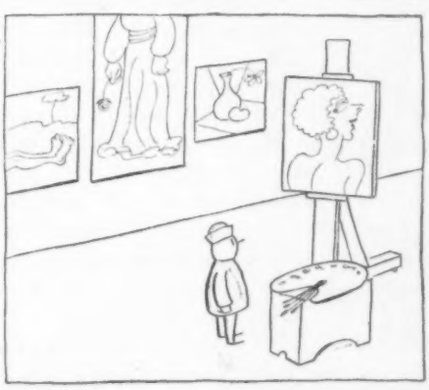
Margin clerks.

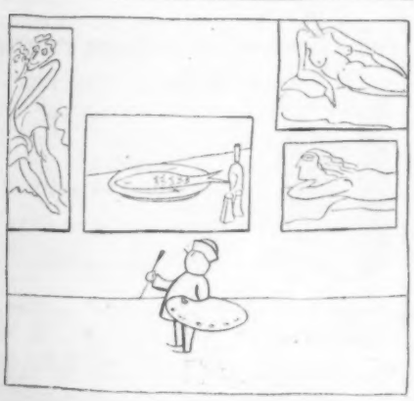
Men who bought it and put it away and tried to forget about it.

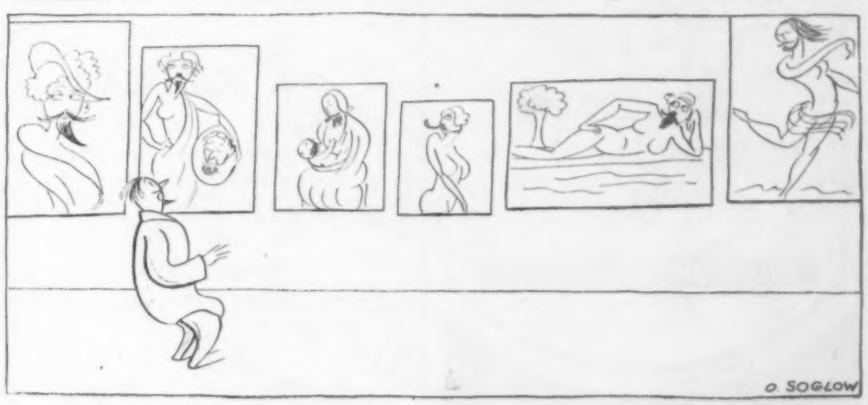
Men who bought for the long pull in September.

Men who bought for a quick turn in September.

Men who bought on October 24 be-







Someone must have "passed the box around"

WHEN we first started to make Chocolats Brévard, we tried to be exclusive. You know, "a small business among the very best people".

But someone must have "passed the box around". Because suddenly business boomed. Everyone who had a single taste of Brévard immediately wanted more. All the best shops insisted upon carrying it.

Well, it's our own fault. We shouldn't have made Brévard so good to begin with. We shouldn't have designed our packages so daintily. And we should have known better than to price it at only Two Dollars the pound!

DIRECT MAIL ORDERS TO 551 FIFTH AVENUE
TELEPHONE INQUIRIES MURRAY HILL 10014

cause prices had "scraped bottom."

Men who bought Steel at 261¾.

Men who bought General Electric at 403.

All others who bought at the year's high.

Public mourners.

BAND

The Federal Reserve Board.

THE UNKNOWN INVESTOR

Secretary Mellon, who said conditions were fundamentally sound.

Assistant Secretary of Commerce Klein, who said ditto.

The Bankers' Pool, who said ditto.

Mr. Charles E. Mitchell, who said ditto.

Lots of other Big Men who said ditto.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, leading the Optimists' Chorus in the Rockefeller Anthem:

Don't say the country's going on the rocks!
This is the time to purchase Steel in blocks!
I have looked about and found
That conditions still are sound
So my son and I are buying common stocks.

Margin clerks.
You.
Me.
Everybody.
Public mourners.
Margin clerks.

BAND

AS I said before, this is only a tentative order of march. So far, I have been unable to find a place in it for Mr. Roger W. Babson, who said early in September that a crash was coming. Perhaps he will be allowed to sit in the reviewing stand and watch the parade and throw ticker tape. There will be plenty of room there for him. For the reviewing stand, you see, will be reserved for those who sold everything on September 1 and went off for a three months' vacation.

—FREDERICK L. ALLEN

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THE BEGINNERS

The footstep of a weanling fawn
Is hers on concrete or on grass;
With what a tread she tramps upon
The gas!

With straightedge and with ruling pen
He plots the plumb, high-girdered tiers;
But see the epicycloids when
He steers!

—JEROME BARRY

THE BEARD RACKET

PRETTY tough on the old skin, this beard racket every morning.

A lot of men are doing this:

Rub Hinds Cream into your beard—vigorously—for a few seconds. Then, while still wet, lather up right over it. That's all. But what a *difference* it makes in your shave—whether your beard is heavy or light!

If the family hasn't a bottle on the bathroom shelf, just clip the coupon below.

HINDS CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Before and After Shaving

Copyright 1929, by Lehn & Fink, Inc.

LEHN & FINK, INC.
Sole Distributors
Dept. 919
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, I want a smooth, quick shave.

(Print name and address)

Name.....

Address.....

This coupon not good after November, 1930
Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Ave., Toronto

(Mail coupon to *Bloomfield* address)

THE ART GALLERIES

Mob Scene—Up from Washington Square—Both Clay and Wire

THE second exhibit of the Museum of Modern Art will open December 12: a group of about twenty contemporary Americans. It is certain to be a contentious show and to contain a good many surprises; from what we can learn, some of the twenty will be of the first rank.

OUR second and third trips to the Museum were made against great odds. You fought your way into the place and elbowed your way around through the rooms. To be sure, the Museum's first show was one of the finest ever staged in New York, but nevertheless we were surprised to find the attendance so much greater than similar exhibitions have had. Those who know the public that galleries draw tell us that the secret of this particular popularity was the word "museum." The timid members of the public, loving art but having the national inferiority complex, dislike entering galleries where the stuff is on sale, lest they should in some way disclose the fact that they are not collectors. As a matter of fact, they needn't worry at all. For four years we have traipsed incognito in and out of the best of the velvet-hung places, and only once met anything like a high-hat attitude. Next to selling a picture, there is nothing a dealer likes as much as having his pictures enjoyed. Ninety per cent of them are in the business because they love art, and most of them are, in a way, public benefactors. They all know their three or four big customers by name, and have no illusions about the buying power of the art-hungry mob that shuffles through their halls. Its presence encourages them, though, and while they wait for their big man to make up his mind about his annual purchase, they crave your society and your comments.

While we regret that the Museum of Modern Art will do nothing for the contemporary American artist in the way of purchasing his work, the place has justified itself by proving the

RAGLAN

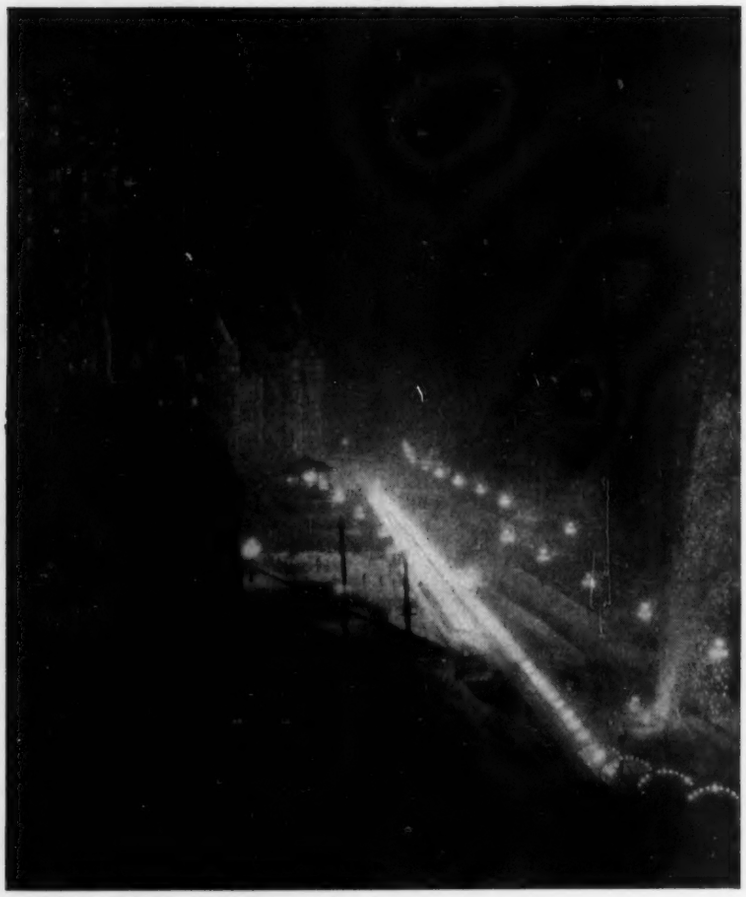
CUT WITH FULL REGARD FOR THE TRADITIONS OF ITS TYPE AND TAILORED FROM WEAVES OF ROUGHISH TEXTURE AND RATHER CHEERFUL COLOURING.

PRICES MOVE FORWARD FROM
SIXTY-FIVE DOLLARS
READY-TO-PUT-ON
TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

THE
FINCHLEY
Establishments

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO

Enjoy a Chateau Christmas *....in old* QUEBEC



GAY AND BEAUTIFUL . . . *joyeux Noël* in the old Norman city. Heart of it all, the great warm Chateau, spicy with fir and holly, snapping with log fires. Christmas dinner a grand ceremony . . . family gatherings . . . French-Canadian youngsters shining-eyed over horns and funny hats . . . the traditional procession of Chateau chefs bearing the boar's head, the baron of beef, the Christmas pudding . . . everybody young . . . young as Christmas! All during Christmas week a spirited, laughing wintersport crowd gathers. The Chateau is getting ready for them now . . . icing the Triple Chute toboggan . . . polishing the skating rinks . . . planning new ski-jumps . . . training the ski-joring horses . . . scheduling the hockey-matches. ¶Plan your Christmas party, eat your Christmas dinner, at Chateau Frontenac this year . . . it's like one great house party of the nicest kind of people!

Chateau Frontenac

Expert wintersport instructors . . . kit rentable or buyable in city . . . through express service from New York and Boston . . . reservations at Canadian Pacific, 344 Madison Avenue, New York; 405 Boylston Street, Boston; or write Chateau Frontenac, Québec, Canada.

overwhelming interest there is in such painters as Van Gogh, Gauguin, and Cézanne. We, for one, think that more good would come to the world through a daily viewing of Van Gogh's "Winter Street" than through a thousand shouting preachers.

ANOTHER modern exhibition will be on this week at Brummer's. It is the collection that usually slumbers amid the law students of New York University in Washington Square. Some very good men are represented by their lesser works, and as N. Y. U.'s museum—called the Gallery of Living Art—does help artists by buying their works, it deserves all your support.

The great American renaissance, by the way, has been postponed, owing to the Hoover panic. Dealers wail about cancellations, and art returned without being unwrapped. The one consolation seems to be that the big buyers were patrons of expensive foreign painters.

ELSIE DRIGGS is one of those who possess plenty of the qualities one must have to belong to the Daniel Group. She goes in for refinement and delicacy, virtues much valued by the sponsors of Blume, Dickinson, and Kuniyoshi. The current show, on until December 11, gives the full range of her somewhat precious talent. The early studies, made when she was with Sterne, do not count for much. They are like the master's work but without his color blatancy, a sort of Pascin purified. In her "Oxen" she has reached about her highest expression—a rhythm and tonal sequence that have nothing that will offend and not much that will stir you. Some of her industrial studies, such as the "Queensboro Bridge," have more strength. We feel, however, that it takes some revolution in the soul to do justice to the sweep and rush of this

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Isabey aids to loveliness
Incomparably smart, and so appropriate for the personal gift... the Isabey Ensemble of Vanité Moderne and Lipstick. Distinguished its silver-toned martelé finish... with modern motif of crimson or jade. For the woman of sophistication, perhaps preferring her own rouge—the single Vanité, for loose powder alone. For the more carefree debutante—the double Vanité, with rouge. Indeed, for all discriminating femininity... this lovely gift-ensemble, in a special suede-finish box. . . . .
Gift-ensemble $7.50
Vanité Moderne 5.00
Another Isabey gift-aid to loveliness is the new Double Compact. Similar to the Vanité Moderne in finish... filled with compact powder and rouge... perfumed with Isabey Gardenia. Powders obtainable in ocre, mauresque, rachel and naturelle. Rouge in bright and medium shades. The swagger Isabey Lipstick, matching either vanity, is sold singly, or in the special gift-ensemble. . . . . .
Double Compact $5.00
Lipstick 2.00
Isabey-Paris, Inc.
411 Fifth Avenue, New York
isabey

How's Your Waistcoat?

Next time, before you go out in evening clothes, look at yourself in the mirror

Is your waistcoat quite satisfying—or does it give you a vague feeling that it belongs to the days of Little Egypt, the bustle and the horsecars?

If it does, then slip around to the merchant who outfits you and slip on a dress waistcoat tailored from one of the new Catoir Vestings.

You need have no further worries. You will *know* your waistcoat is correct.

CATOIR SILK CO., INC.
257 Fourth Ave., New York City

CATOIR
[Pronounced "KAT-WAH"]
VESTINGS · FACINGS · LININGS

age of steel. Miss Driggs is essentially a poet, timid and delicate, at home with her cabbages and mullen leaves.

We liked her Derain-like portraits, the "Sullen Boy" and "Girl's Head."

WEYHE prepares for the holidays with a show of Flemish and Dutch prints. These are by men seldom seen here, and were brought over this summer. All of them are contemporary, from Masereel to Van Gelder, so the exhibit should be of special interest to collectors.

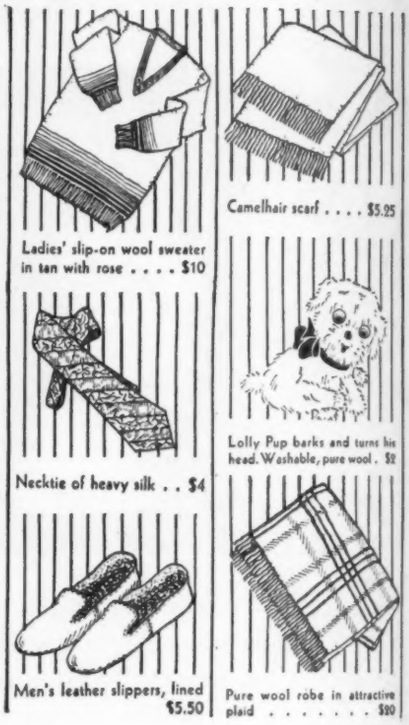
THE Potters' Shop is a little out of the beaten path, but is well worth a trip. It has just been showing the amazing glazed sculpture of Carl Walters, and now has in stock the latest works of Varnum Poor.

Carl Walters, to our mind, makes a great contribution to American art. While there are many thousands of people busy painting, there are only one or two who go in for the forms that the Chinese found contained immortal beauty. Walters' "Zebra," "The Pig," and "The Mule" might be considered only as amusing pieces of pottery—we think they are high art.

SOME sculpture of great seriousness is found in the show of José de Creeft, at the Ferargil Galleries, that closes Saturday, December 7. We feel the artist has set himself a Herculean task, and sometimes comes off second-best. Most of his things are tragic and some of them dour. He does not seem to be moved by the singing beauty that inspires Despiau, but is intent on earth-bound motifs. However, all of his work is well-intentioned, and of a quality that shows a lifelong devotion to his medium.

Upstairs at Ferargil's are some gay

GIFTS FROM JAEGER ARE WORTH WHILE


Ladies' slip-on wool sweater in tan with rose $10
Camelhair scarf $5.25
Necktie of heavy silk . . $4
Lolly Pup barks and turns his head. Washable, pure wool. $2
Men's leather slippers, lined $5.50
Pure wool robe in attractive plaid $20

LET the warmth of Jaeger woolwear speak for the warmth of your Christmas greetings . . . Give useful, lasting, smartly attractive Jaeger sportswear in hose, sweaters, scarves, camelhair coats, caps and gloves.

JAEGER
The VOGUE in WOOLLENS

590 Fifth Avenue
at Forty-eighth Street
New York

sketches by Frederic Soldwedel. Mr. Soldwedel, who always has a good time with water colors, recently made a name for himself with a series of swan designs; this year he has gone in for the colors and rhythms of Honolulu. He has a virtue that is also his Nemesis. Now and then he achieves something nice in balance and poetic softness by a sort of whirlwind technique, but this same manner of painting often leads him into subjects a little too diffuse for his racing brush.

HERE AND THERE: The strange wax caricatures of Hidalgo have given way at the Fifty-sixth Street Galleries to the amazing wire sculpture of Alexander Calder. Mr. Calder is one of this country's geniuses, but his works have to be seen to be appreciated. . . . The Agnew Galleries have an exhibition of contemporary British artists. . . . Phyllis Blundell, sculptress, will have a show at the Newhouse Galleries, beginning December 9. . . . Water colors by Roy Brown will be at the Arden Galleries during December. . . . Maurice Fromkes will show at the Milch Galleries during December. . . . Carl Milles, Swedish sculptor, is exhibiting at the Fifty-sixth Street Galleries until December 14. . . . Gabriel Garcia Maroto has a show at the Delphic Studios. . . . The second exhibition of the National Association of Women Painters is at the Association's rooms, 17 East Sixty-second Street. . . . The American Federation of Arts exhibition of prints in color for home and school, at the Russell Sage Foundation Building, 130 East Twenty-second Street, closes December 7. . . . Everett Hamilton will have a show of water colors, linoleum cuts, and drawings at Montross until December 14. —M. P.

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RHYME TO JINGLE IN THE PURSE

It's smart to be seedy,
It's style . . . to be needy,
  It's fashionable now to be poor,
And they who were greedy,
And swanky and speedy
  Are trembling and far from secure.

I never was speedy,
I've always been needy,
  With nothing but faith . . . in the bank,
So poorer and poorer,
And *more* insecurer,
  I'm sunk . . . but I'm frightfully swank!

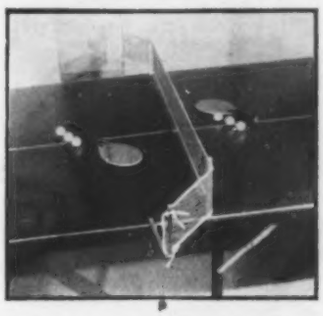
—PATIENCE EDEN

GIFTS Janet Gray

SAW AT LEWIS & CONGER

I ALWAYS start early with Christmas shopping because it gives me a better chance to select things that are really appropriate.

Jack and Betty, for instance, have a gorgeous fireplace in their living room. So what more appropriate for them than the Canvas Wood Carrier! This handy affair is made of sturdy canvas, and it has riveted handles of solid leather. It carries logs with surprising ease—and without soiling the clothes. Folds when not in use. $3.00



PING PONG has certainly come back strong this year. So for Christmas the Big Chief and I are getting a Table and Set for the youngsters. They'll be keen about it because it'll be a good way to entertain their friends. And, of course, the Big Chief and I expect to enjoy it, too. The Table we like is painted green with white lines on the edge and down the center to mark the courts. It has folding legs and a hinged top that folds the table in two. It's 4 x 8 ft., $35.00. There's another size too, 5 x 9 ft., $42.00. Ping Pong Set with four racquets to go with it, $5.75

ONE of the things I'm giving the Big Chief for Christmas is the No-Battery Flashlight. He'll love it for his fishing and camping trips, and for use in the car. You see, it never goes dead. Has no batteries—and needs none. It generates its own electricity, and so the light just can't wink out at crucial moments. The one I'm getting is bright red, but they also come in green and khaki color. $10.00

THE BIG CHIEF is buying several Zig Zag Corkscrews for his various friends. "That Zig Zag is a real man-size corkscrew" he says, "and it certainly pulls corks easier than anything I ever saw." It is the jointed extension handle that does the trick. All you have to do is screw in the corkscrew, pull out the handle full length and out comes the cork without any fuss whatsoever. $2.00

AUNT MARY is a dear, but she does get a bit cross with Uncle Lee when he fills the living room with smoke. The Big Chief declares he's going to give her a Smoke Consumer for Christmas. "Why not to Uncle Lee," I suggested. However, whichever one gets it will certainly find it useful. Uses alcohol and a platinumized ring to absorb smoke, keep the air sweet and prevent the odor from clinging to curtains. Only 4½" high, bronze finish. $5.00

Janet Gray

© Lewis & Conger, 1929

Sixth Ave. & 45th St. LEWIS & CONGER New York City

A VOYAGE TO PURILIA—IX

AMNESIA, ALWAYS EPIDEMIC ON THIS BIZARRE PLANET, PLAYS ITS PART IN THE TRIUMPH OF SPIRITUAL LOVE

FOR some days after leaving the tropical shore we kept Millwood's yacht in sight, but one night in a heavy fog we lost her and were unable to pick her up again. We cruised about for many hours, scanning the horizon in vain for some trace of the vessel. At length the captain of the cruiser, who had just received word of an insurrection among some desert tribes, declared that he could no longer delay. He had hardly given the order for the cruiser to put about, however, when one of the seamen dashed into the cabin bearing a bottle which he had happened to observe bobbing up and down in the waves close to the ship.

Upon investigation, it was found that the bottle contained a note in Pansy's hand divulging the fact that Millwood's destination was the gold-mining country in the far north (where, it seems, he had extensive claims), and imploring the finder of the bottle to come to her rescue.

In answer to our entreaties, the captain of the cruiser obligingly agreed to delay putting down the insurrection until after he had conveyed us to the shore for which Pansy was bound.

Arrived in the northland, the captain bade us a cordial farewell, and sent us ashore in one of the ship's boats. We sought to persuade him to allow a detachment of marines to accompany us, in the event that help would be needed in rescuing Pansy, but this the captain sorrowfully but firmly declined to do —not because of a lack of interest in Pansy's welfare, but merely because a nice question of military punctilio was involved. It seems that the duty of rescuing Pudencians, in the region where we now were, belonged by tradition to the mounted police of the district and that the latter, sensitive of their military prestige, would have considered it an affront if the marines had encroached upon their prerogative.

WE found ourselves, now, in a land of ice and snow where, as the Presence expressed it: "Nature seldom smiles and even the stoutest hearts sometimes quail, until, spurred on by the golden lure, they take up the bitter struggle anew." It seemed to snow incessantly, and the roads, piled high with drifts, were passable only by means of dog-sledges. At sunset, one could see great numbers of these sledges proceeding along the crest of a distant ridge, their dark outlines sharply silhouetted against the sky.

The region is a mountainous one and is, we were led to believe, rich in mineral deposits (as one elderly prospector expressed it: "Thar's pay dirt in them thar hills"). But although there was much bustling about and going back and forth, it all seemed to the casual observer to have very little relation to gold-mining. Indeed, nowhere could I find any evidence whatever of mining activity, nor did I see how it was possible to keep the land clear of snow long enough to penetrate even the surface of the soil.

There was, however, much emotional activity. Many of the miners had come out under a cloud, others were wanted by the authorities, and yet others had come because they wanted to forget. In some cases the Pudencians, who were always at the source of these mining expeditions, found their way to the gold country, and naturally enough distracted the attention of the miners from the laborious task of delving for the precious metal. In most cases, however, the miners spent their time in gaming and drinking, until the receipt of news from home assured them that the particular difficulty which had caused their departure was cleared up, and that it was practicable for them to return to the Pudencians, who had discovered that they had gravely misjudged the absent ones.

Most of the activity of the region centres about the large dance-halls, which are the most prominent feature of every settlement. "Here," as the Presence explained, "Dame Fortune and the Demon Rum take their heavy toll, and sin rears its ugly head." Whenever one entered one of these infamous resorts, one was certain to find in progress a drunken brawl over a game of cards, a fight to the death, with knives, for the possession of the favors of some pretty dancing-girl, or the attempted murder of a Paragonian by a band of ruffians, who sought to rob him of his mining claims.

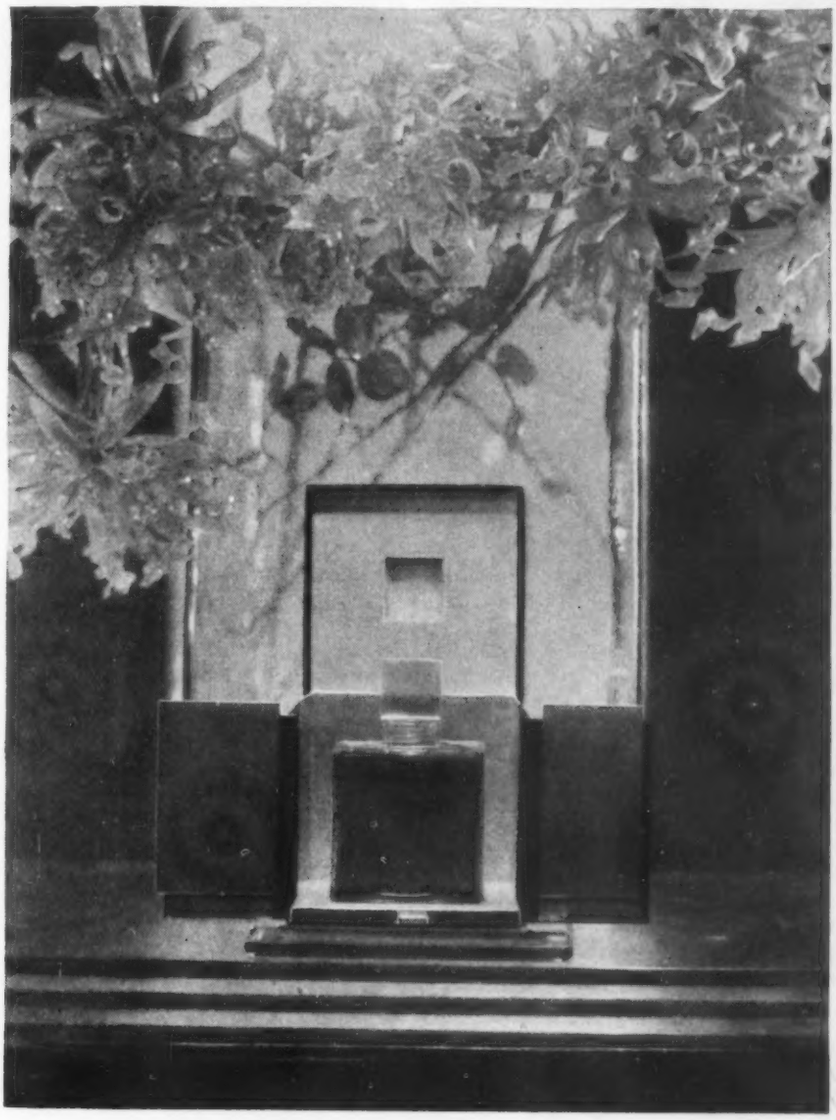
We made the round of these resorts, in the hope of finding some clue to the whereabouts of Millwood and Pansy. But all our inquiries elicited nothing until, one night, chance took us to a particularly disreputable barroom known as the Red Dog. As we stood at the bar and ordered our drinks (which in accordance with the custom of the country are swallowed at a gulp and in rapid succession) my attention was attracted to one of the bartenders, a fine-looking youth who seemed singularly out of place in these rough surroundings. Too, there was something strangely familiar about his appearance. Somewhere I had seen those features, but where, I could not recall; nor could Johnson aid my recalcitrant memory, although he too recollected having seen the boy's face before.

WHILE we were still trying to establish the identity of the lad, a great, bearded prospector strode into the resort and, after brushing the snow from his eyebrows, advanced to the bar, smote it with his gloved fist and, addressing the youth, bellowed: "Gimme a whiskey and make it quick, you ——!" Although I did not hear the epithet uttered, I could tell by the man's expression that he had called the lad's paternity into question. The boy's eyes flashed fire, and drawing his revolver he levelled it at the burly ruffian and exclaimed between his clenched teeth: "When you say that, smile!" For a moment the prospector stared at the lad in incredulity, and then, as he saw the forefinger ready to press the trigger, his features broadened in a great grin. Instantly the boy lowered his revolver, the two shook hands heartily, and the prospector insisted upon the young man joining him in a friendly toast.

Then all at once I recognized the youth. He was Charlie, the long-missing brother of Pansy, over whose photograph we had seen Mrs. Malone shed so many tears of yearning! I communicated this startling intelligence to Johnson, and his opinion corroborated mine. We eagerly addressed the boy,

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFTS

the world ever knew were perfumes borne across the desert by three wise men



WITHOUT beauty, life would be a desert, trackless and empty. Beyond the famous red door-way of the Elizabeth Arden Salon are gifts of beauty, for beauty. Perfumes which in their fragrant loveliness, symbolize the most beautiful of human relationships and moods.

Mon Amie Elizabeth—the perfect gift of a friend to a friend. L'Amour d'Elizabeth—the glory of love in fragrance. Le Rêve d'Elizabeth—the perfume of dreams. La Joie d'Elizabeth—the joyous ardor of life.

Delightful imported gifts personally selected by Miss Arden, with the same warmth of interest she would use in choosing them for her own friends. And the Beauty Box—filled with the loveliness which every woman longs for. Who could resist one of these perfect gifts from Elizabeth Arden! Could you?

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BOSTON: 24 Newbury Street SAN FRANCISCO: 522 Powell Street LOS ANGELES: 600 West 7th Street ATLANTIC CITY: Ritz-Carlton Block
BIARRITZ: Arcades du Grand Hôtel, Place Clémenceau CANNES: 3 Galeries Fleuries MADRID: Calle Alcalá, 71 ROME: Via Condotti 65

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545 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

speaking of Pansy and of his mother's anxiety concerning his safety, but he merely stared blankly at us. It was evident that he did not understand a word of what we were saying. All our efforts failed, and we should have remained completely mystified by the boy's strange behavior, had not the Presence obligingly explained: "Amnesia, caused by a blow upon the head, had made Charlie lose all recollection of his former existence, and chance, or some unknown force, had directed his wandering footsteps to the gold fields."

WE saw, now, that it was useless to attempt further conversation with Charlie until he had been cured of his malady. In the course of my inquiry into the pathology of the Purilians, I had obtained a great deal of information concerning amnesia, which is one of the few ailments to which dignity attaches. It is a common disorder, and as far as I was able to discover, is always the direct result of a blow upon the head. The victim, his memory completely destroyed, always feels an irresistible impulse to journey to some remote and inaccessible region, and to engage in some occupation totally alien to his former mode of life. There is only one known remedy for the disease, namely a second blow upon the head, which invariably results in instantly restoring the sufferer's memory and awakening in him a yearning to return immediately to his distracted relatives.

Johnson and I retired to a table in the corner of the barroom and debated our course of action. While we were convinced that a sharp blow upon the head would restore Charlie, the remedy seemed so drastic that we hesitated to administer it. While we were still weighing the pros and cons of the matter, an elderly man in the dress of a prospector sat down beside us and greeted us courteously. Johnson and I almost sprang from our seats in startled recognition. The elderly prospector was none other than the governor!

He turned only a blank face to our eager questionings, and it soon became obvious that he too was a victim of amnesia (the result, as we later learned, of an attack made upon him by a grafting politician whose chicanery he had courageously exposed), and that chance had directed his wandering footsteps to the gold fields.

We were still marvelling at the governor's presence here and rejoicing that, at any rate, he was still alive,

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The World's Most Completely *Automatic* Toaster

No Toast Turning or Watching —No Burnt Toast

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It is called the Toastmaster. It is the world's most completely automatic toaster. Protected under U. S. Patent, there is no other like it. Automatic even down to discharging the toast and turning off current when through. Which cannot be said of any other toaster made.

All you do is put in a piece of bread, set a lever at the *kind of toast* you want, and forget it. In a minute there's a Pop!—toast is automatically discharged from the machine and current turned off. Both sides have been toasted at once—a revelation in speedy toasting. So you get toast moist and tender inside, crunchy and crisp outside—with all the *flavor* sealed in!

In the last two years, the automatic Toastmaster has supplanted all other less modern toasters in thousands of homes. Buy no toaster without seeing the Toastmaster work; thus save future regret. Demonstrated and displayed by all stores in the United States and Canada. 221R

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219 N. Second St., Minneapolis, Minn.
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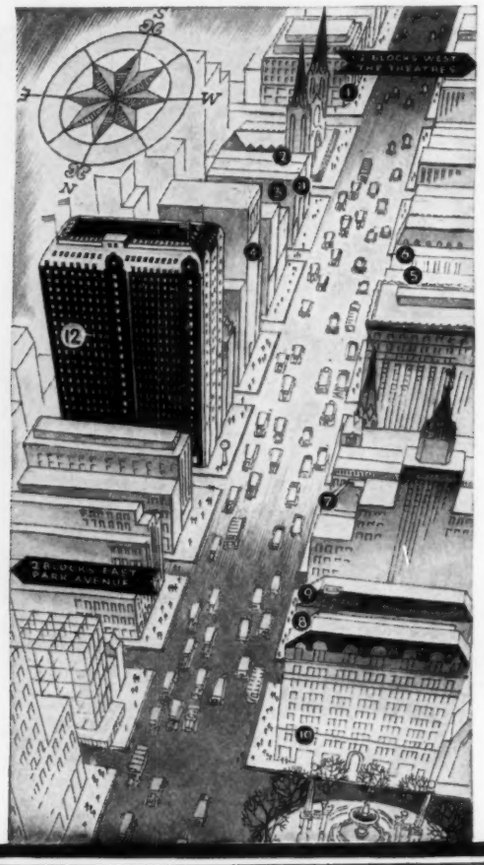
All Toastmasters now Chromium plated—No advance in price!

TOASTMASTER
AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC TOASTER

HOTEL ST. REGIS

FIFTH AVENUE at 55th STREET



Unquestioned hub in the gay wheel of smart New York's activities is the Hotel St. Regis. It centers where Fifth Avenue is important . . . the exclusive shops, the authoritative galleries, the right clubs. Within the hotel, the nightly brilliance of the Seaglade . . . the exquisite calm of the Salle-Cathay for more formal lunching and dining . . . the secluded charm of St. Regis residence-suites with full call-button and floor-secretary service. Thus, is the St. Regis sought by the city's discriminating visitors . . . a long-established graciousness founded by smart New York itself. Rooms, due to doubled facilities, at rates hitherto unavailable.

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7. DUVEEN BROTHERS
8. LOUIS SHERRY & DOBBS
10. BERGDORF GOODMAN
11. WILDENSTEIN

12 . . HOTEL ST. REGIS

when our attention was attracted to the rude stage at the end of the barroom upon which a dancing-girl now appeared. Judge of our amazement when we saw that the girl was none other than Mollie.

From the blank stare with which she regarded us, however, we soon realized that she too was a victim of amnesia.

WHILE Johnson and I were still deliberating upon the most effective means of restoring Mollie, Charlie, and the governor to an awareness of their true identities, the door of the barroom swung open again and the fur-clad figure of Millwood strode into the room. Pointing an accusing forefinger at us, he turned to a great, bearded fellow, who sat at an adjoining table, and said: "Sheriff, arrest these men. I charge them with the murder of Pansy Malone and Mollie St. Claire."

Taking a folded paper from his pocket, he handed it with affected nonchalance to the sheriff. As the sheriff opened the paper, we saw to our amazement that it was a confession written in a very fair imitation of my handwriting, and signed with both our names.

The sheriff read the confession through and then, shaking his head gravely, said: "Looks purty bad to me."

In the minds of the sheriff and the bystanders, there was now not the least doubt of our guilt. And in less than five minutes, a jury was impanelled from among the bearded giants who surrounded us. In another five minutes, the evidence was presented and we were pronounced guilty and condemned to be hanged, forthwith.

Nooses were now placed about our necks and the sheriff opened his lips to order us to be led forth to execution. At this moment, however, Mollie, in whom our imminent peril apparently had awakened some faint stirrings of memory, cried "Stop!" and hurried across the room toward us. Then

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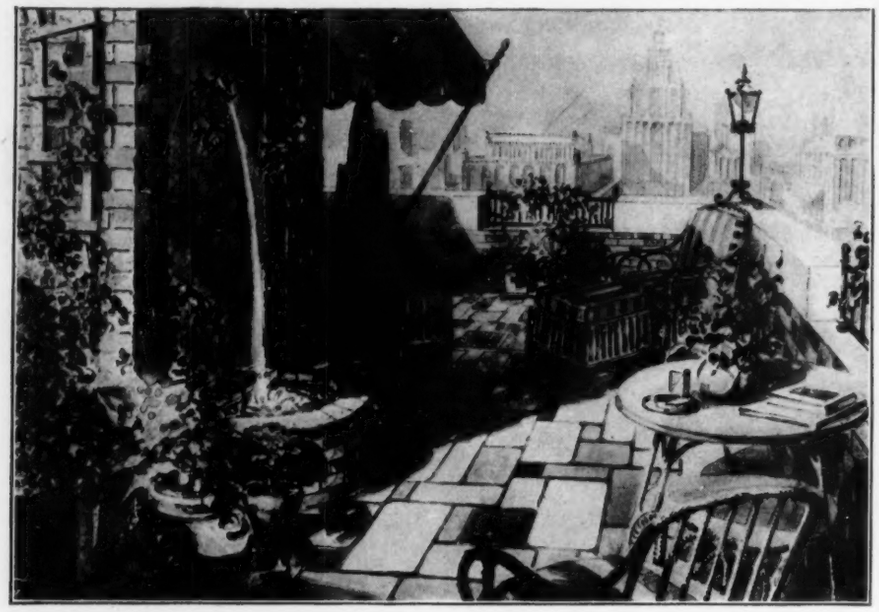

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Eminent New Yorkers can find but few apartments continuing the home traditions of their predecessors. Among these few are those to be available in August, 1930, at 895 Park Avenue.

Noteworthy are the height and spaciousness of rooms, the painstaking attention to arrangement, the prevalence of corner rooms. Each apartment is favored to an unusual degree with light and air.

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PARK 895 AVENUE
Corner of SEVENTY NINTH *Street*

Architects: Sloan & Robertson S R Builders: Thomas O'Reilly & Son, Inc.

suddenly she faltered, swayed for a moment, and fell heavily to the floor, striking her head against the edge of a table.

The men gathered about her and soon restored her to consciousness. She opened her eyes and, looking about, gasped: "What has happened? Where am I?" Then she uttered a shriek of terror as she saw the now unfamiliar bearded faces that bent over her (for the blow she had suffered had completely restored her memory).

She now recognized Johnson and me and, apprised of our danger, told them who she was and affirmed the impossibility of our having done away with Pansy. For a moment the tide seemed to be turning in our favor. Our judges were obviously impressed by Mollie's recital, but Millwood was not so easily defeated. Nodding his head with affected sympathy, he turned to the sheriff and said gravely, "Just delirium—caused by the shock." This diagnosis so impressed our mercurial judges that they again ordered the execution to proceed at once.

As we moved toward the door, in the midst of our executioners, the attention of everyone was attracted by the sound of whining and scratching at the portal. The door was flung open, and a superb sledge-dog dashed into the room, panting with exhaustion, his thick coat glistening with particles of frozen snow. The sage beast soon made it clear to us that someone was in dire need of succor. In the face of this emergency, our execution was temporarily postponed and, leaving us in the custody of Millwood and two or three stout fellows, the sheriff and the prospectors set off behind the dog, who could not curb his impatience to lead the way to the object of his solicitude.

SOME hours elapsed—hours which we believed to be our last—and then the men returned, bearing with them the unconscious form of a young woman. When the recumbent figure was placed upon a table, we were amazed to see that it was Pansy.

Restoratives were quickly applied, and before long she opened her eyes and, looking about, said faintly: "Where am I? What has happened?" Informed as to her whereabouts, she proceeded to tell her story. Millwood, it seems, still determined to force her into marriage, had kept her closely confined to his cabin in the hills. For days she had vainly sought some means of escape, and that morn-

How to be *Generous* to a man at Christmas

JUST how does the Gillette Fifty Box qualify as the ideal Christmas gift for a man? Here's how—on these eight counts:

It is practical . . . Man, famous for his practical mind, insists on useful gifts.

Yet he probably wouldn't buy this for himself . . . From long habit, he is used to getting his blades in packs of five and ten. This will be a new and refreshing idea for him.

He'll be sure to use it . . . Blades are a daily necessity in every man's life. The Gillette Fifty Box is the most convenient way to have them.

It is personal . . . It's all to himself, for his own intimate, bathroom use.

It is good looking . . . Packed, as you see, in a metal box, velvet lined, with a spring-hinge cover. Blades are enclosed in brilliant Cellophane.

It is truly generous . . . With fifty smooth, double-edged Gillette Blades in easy grasp, a man can look forward to more continuous shaving comfort than he has probably ever enjoyed before in his life.

It will last well beyond the Christmas season . . . For months his mornings will be free from all thought of buying Gillette Blades.

It is reasonable in price . . . Five dollars buys this *ideal* gift. On sale everywhere.

RADIO—Tune in on "The Gillette Blades" every Saturday evening, 9:30 to 10:00 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, over the National Broadcasting Company's Blue Network, WJZ and associated stations.

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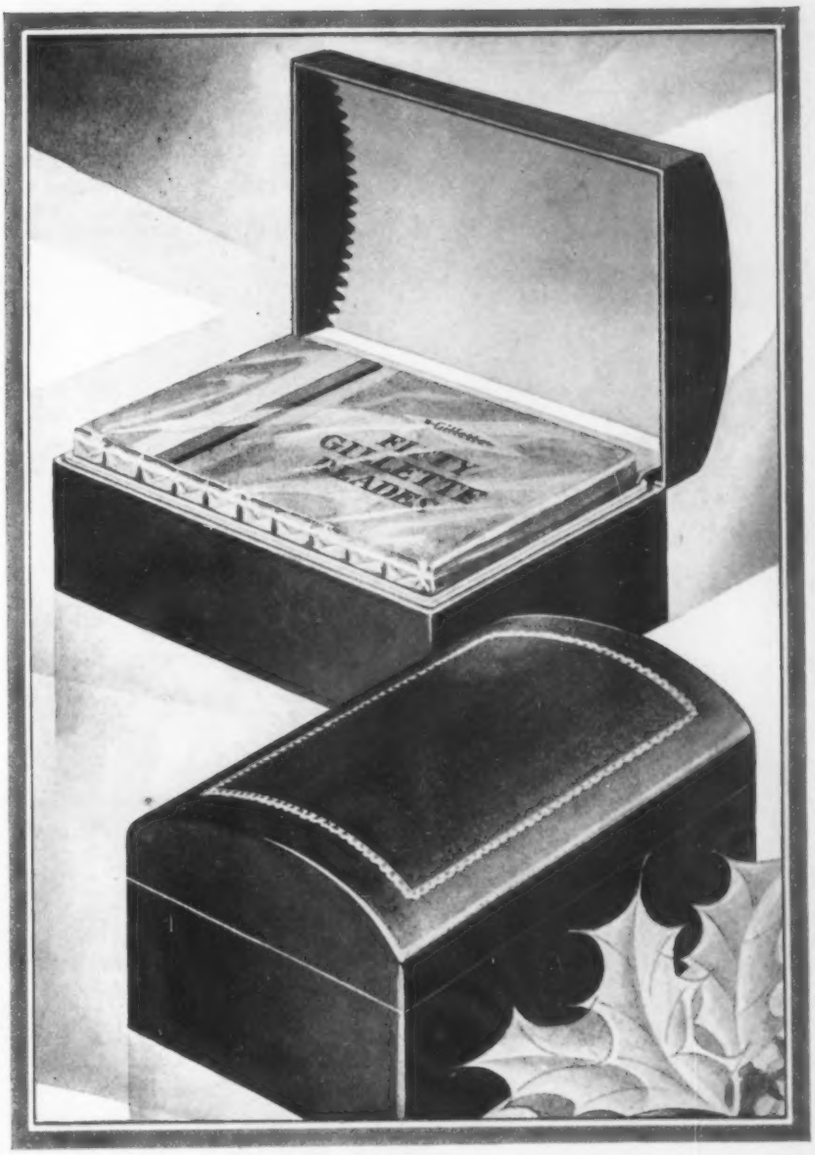

Five Dollars

Gillette

Gillette

GIVE HIM shaving comfort in abundance with the famous Fifty Box of Gillette Blades.

A Merry Holiday

GIFT TO YOURSELF

Be selfish for a change. You know you would love to sail through tropical seas—visit flower-laden islands—meet interesting people. And, most of all, get away from northern sleet and snow. Well, then!—be a Pleasure Pirate. Join the jolliest group sailing the southern seas. You'll find them on the RELIANCE and RESOLUTE the ideal cruising steamers *leaving New York on December 17* for 16 day luxury cruises to the West Indies. Celebrate the Holidays on the Caribbean. Visit Port-au-Prince or Nassau, Kingston, Colon, Havana—colorful ports of the Caribbean.

Other Pleasure Pirate Pilgrimages
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Branches in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Montreal, Winnipeg, Edmonton or local tourist agents.

What's Home Without "HORSES"?

Less than nothing these nights when a party has to move fast to be stayed-at.

Stable, race track, ponies, betting board, chips—mean anything to you? Yes! They'll mean a lot more when you've had your first evening of "HORSES"—the game *not* recommended for the sewing circle girls. Not like Bridge—any number can play. It's awfully noisy—but did you ever have a real time at a quiet party? Neither did we!

$5.00 buys this life-injector—at your game dealers or from us when you place your money. Don't wait—these "HORSES" won't park long. All-Fair, Incorporated, Churchville, N. Y.

HORSES

ing Millwood had left her alone, and her opportunity had come. He had taken the precaution to lock the door of the cabin behind him, but for some reason he had overlooked the fact that the window offered a convenient means of egress.

Pansy's story completely exonerated and vindicated us, and popular feeling was now directed against Millwood. Seeing that he was defeated at last, he sought to slip out unnoticed through a door at the rear of the barroom, but he found his way barred by Charlie and the governor. For a moment, he seemed about to surrender. Then, suddenly, he seized a chair and, swinging it high in the air, brought it down successively upon the heads of Charlie and the governor. They fell unconscious to the floor, and Millwood, drawing his revolver, fired at the single oil-lamp which illuminated the barroom, and plunged the place into complete darkness.

A scene of prolonged and unparallelled confusion ensued. There was much overturning of furniture and a great deal of indeterminate hustling about. When light and order were at length restored, it was seen that Millwood had escaped.

Happily, however, both Charlie and the governor emerged from their coma with memories completely restored; and there followed many affecting scenes of joyous recognition and reunion.

Our trials now were almost ended. But there still remained Millwood. We suspected that it was his intention to hurry back to the Malone homestead with all possible speed, evict the poor woman from her beloved hearth, and rob her of the valuable oil deposits. Our one hope was to arrive at the homestead in advance of Millwood. Accordingly, our party (consisting of Mollie, Pansy, Charlie, the governor, Johnson, and myself) set off at once in a determined effort to frustrate this last desperate scheme of the scoundrel who had occasioned us all so much inconvenience. —ELMER RICE

(*Continued next week*)

•

WANTED—Professional utility woman, cooking, mending, housecleaning, polishing furniture, cleaning silverware, shopping, shampooing, reading aloud, writing letters, taking care of children, teaching French and piano, playing accompaniments, typewriting manuscript; all by the hour. Address Mrs. Reed, Room 309, 5 West 91st.—*Adv. in the World.*

Yes, all by the hour after hour.

FOOTBALL

Luck and the Army—Notre Dame's Big-Time Troupe—Rockne, Himself

IT was altogether fitting that a season which has had so many surprises should have had one more as it went to its frozen death in the concrete icebox of the Yankee Stadium. The game between Notre Dame and Army furnished a final sensation, one more topic for post-mortems. For weeks, New York had scrambled after tickets to the greatest show on earth, which had been a riot all over the big-time circuit; and then New York sat through a performance in which the headliners gave a very human exhibition.

It was extraordinary the way luck consistently went against one team. In order to lose, Army had to throw an attacking forward pass and have it caught by one of the fastest men in the world. Not merely one of the fastest American football players, but one of the fastest human beings alive. Almost any other Notre Dame player might have been stopped, for during the course of that run, six Army men came near Jack Elder.

CERTAINLY there can be few disappointments more bitter than the one the loss of this game brought to Biff Jones, to the rest of the Army coaches, and to Frank Wandle, the trainer—not to overlook the players themselves. For a long time they had been quietly fashioning a team that was to be, on this day, one of the best in the country. They had worked hard and well, and had set the stage to wipe out, with one grand gesture, the record of the early season. Physically and mentally, they were perfect. And incidentally, it was gratifying to the downtrodden East to find a team strong enough to play eleven men through an entire game. That is not often done.

After the game was over, however, the only subject of comment was the extraordinary way Army lost opportunities. The West Pointers could not complete their attempts to score. Apparently the forward pass had been expected to do the work; on two occasions Army did manage to get the receivers clear of the great Notre Dame

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FOR FORMAL AND INFORMAL EVENING WEAR

Formal and informal evening clothes may be worn with propriety only when the garments are correctly styled for the occasion and tailored with utmost perfection

Our evening clothes are made for us by specialist tailors of the Hickey-Freeman organization with exact knowledge of detail and finish required in the finest apparel for gentlemen

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

Outfitters to Gentlemen · Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET · NEW YORK

Holiday Cheer With European Flavour!

You won't find anything more delightful for Christmas and holiday hospitality than these world famous flavours—all imported. For the banquet table, buffet or serving tray they lend perfect enhancement to holiday cheer and spirit.
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At All Good Grocers
Recipe booklet N. for mixed drinks on request
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Holloway's London Dry

Direct from London where it is especially distilled for the American market. Blends well with drinks.

NUYENS' FRENCH DRY VERMOUTH

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EXPRESS STEAMERS *to*

HAVANA

For fifty years "Ward Line" has been synonymous with "Havana." All the genial, joyous spirit of the New-World Paris is captured beforehand on the great sports decks, the friendly verandah cafés, the well-filled dance floors of these American liners. Their menus, their specially ventilated accommodations, their niceties of service—all bear the stamp of long experience in the Havana run.

10-17 DAYS—$155 ALL EXPENSES

All shipboard and hotel expenses together with interesting automobile sightseeing trips in and about Havana included.

HOLIDAY TOURS
10 DAYS—$170 up. All Expenses. Leaving New York Dec. 21, Dec. 26, Dec. 28.

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25 DAYS—$275 up. All Expenses. Sightseeing Trip at Havana, side trip to Merida. Hotel accommodations and sightseeing Trips in Mexico City.

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WARD LINE

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AGWI LINES

defence, only to have them miss their catches on the frozen surface of the field.

Army has finished its eastern season without a single victory in any of its big games, yet it certainly cannot be called a poor team. There are few anywhere in the country that have played as well as this one did last Saturday. No team ever showed more clearly in its record the uncertainties that make up a modern football season. Yale and Illinois, as well as Notre Dame, have beaten it, and Harvard has tied it; but, given a decent ground to play on, Army could conceivably meet any of these teams tomorrow as at least an even-money bet.

SUPERLATIVES are easy, but unquestionably in this game both sides were playing the nearest thing to perfect football that man and the weather would allow. And it was a magnificent struggle. There was whole-souled tackling, and plenty of bitter remarks were passed, but every now and then, when you expected a fist fight, field glasses showed the pair grinning.

IT has been tiresome to read of the endless success of Notre Dame teams, and for that reason this year's eleven will probably never receive the credit due it for making those fortunate seven points bring it out on top. Certainly, it was a splendid team. When Notre Dame finished this game it had played before half a million people in Georgia, Indiana, Illinois, Maryland, and New York. It was this college which practically invented the intersectional game. To Notre Dame should go the credit for bringing about the amazing sights—that is, they would have been amazing eight years ago—of a Yale team playing in Georgia, a Harvard team in Michigan, and an Army team travelling across the continent. It is beating about the bush, though, to say merely Notre Dame. What is really meant is Knute Rockne, a man who must be called the greatest of football coaches, and one who has seen to it that coaching became worthy of the something akin to genius which is his; Rockne, lying on a hospital cot and listening by radio to a game played by his team thousands of miles away—a tremendously sincere, fiercely intent man who has made himself ill by his devotion to football.

HALF a lifetime ago, the Rockne family emigrated from Norway to head toward the west of this new

HOW to be clever at CHRISTMAS!

IF you want to make a really brilliant escape from the giving and getting of stockings, handkerchiefs, towels and the like . . . *choose the Perfu-Mist!*

It's the smartest, daintiest, most perfect perfume atomizer imaginable—tiny enough to carry in your purse—like a compact or a lighter—and as instantly ready to serve you.

It looks like a Lighter, but Press, Presto—*and out floats Perfume!* Not in jets, in drops or in sprays, but as a delicate thin *mist*—the proper way to apply these precious extracts.

Fill it with your finest perfume or toilet water. It cannot leak, evaporate or spoil. *And carry it with you always!*

Made and guaranteed by the makers of Ronson DeLight—The World's Greatest Lighter.

ART METAL WORKS, INC., Aronson Square, Newark, N. J. *In Canada:* Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., 64 Princess St., Toronto, Ontario.

The Perfu-Mist comes in two sizes, for purse and dressing table, and a great variety of beautiful coverings, finishes and designs.

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RONSON

TRADE MARK REG..FULLY PATENTED. OTHER PATS. PENDING

Perfu-Mist

THE PERFECT PURSE-SIZE PERFUME SPRAY

AN *After Dinner* SPEECH

"MY word, what a dinner!" he exclaims as homeward they motor. "How does Ann do it? That *spread* brought back memories of the Riviera."

"There's your answer", says Sweetness. "Ann knows, from travel far and wide, where the choicest and rarest morsels come from—told me her *secret* too.

"Those lovely surprises—Anchovies, Caviar, Artichoke Hearts and all the rest, come from the four corners of the world, and are put up by CRESCA.

"Ann says it's not how much food you serve, but *what you serve* that counts."

For smart New Yorkers and out-of-towners, CRESCA is the answer to the entertaining problem.

CRESCA products are sold by quality grocers everywhere.

Be modern! Write today for the CRESCA BOOKLET "Adventures in Flavor." Full of ideas on smart entertainment.

Cresca Anchovies in Butter
Cresca French Vegetables
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and many other CRESCA Palate-Tickling delights

CRESCA COMPANY, Inc.
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CRESCA *Food Delicacies*

country. They went as far as Chicago, where young Knute began the difficult process of growing up. They say the fearsome flat nose and swollen eyebrows came by way of preliminary bouts, during his early youth, in small fight clubs around Chicago.

Before he graduated from college, he had made up his mind to teach football. He stayed on as assistant coach and instructor in chemistry. Then the ill-health of the head coach opened the way for him. He began at once the building up of a state of mind which made it unsafe for a large young man at Notre Dame to remain away from football. Notre Dame is a place where everybody plays the game. House teams meet each other under the watchful eyes of assistant coaches, who send promising material to the varsity. Two or three second teams play regular schedules of their own. Twenty-four head coaches of football throughout the country have been trained here. There must be almost that many graduate assistant coaches. No other sport has ever had anything like this record in American college life.

YOU either like Rockne with a blind zeal or you dislike the things he stands for. You cannot be without respect for a person so obviously sincere. In addition, he has a quick wit, somewhat deadened by a mania for "hard guys," but backed by a poise that has none of the strident ego of Bob Zuppke, who likes to see himself referred to as "The Little Napoleon," and has his pictures taken with a lock of hair over his forehead.

Rockne has coined expressions and started famous football stories. It was he who applied the term "mezzanine hurdlers" to those incomprehensible souls who prefer social to football careers. His influence on football—his revolt against the Rules Committee, his perfection of forward passing, and the introduction of speed to the middle of the line—is well known.

His reaction to the Carnegie report was typical, and revealing. He condemned it, said it was striking at the democratic foundations of the country, for it implied that no poor but honest boy ought to have the chance to play college football. —R. F. K.

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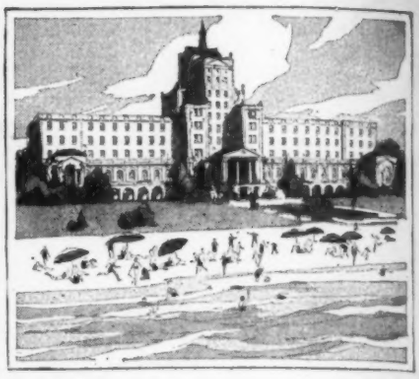
BREAKS BOTH LEGS TURNING OVER IN BED—*Headline in the World.*

Usually it's worth it, though.



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THE OPENING, IN JANUARY, OF AMERICA'S FINEST YEAR-'ROUND RESORT—

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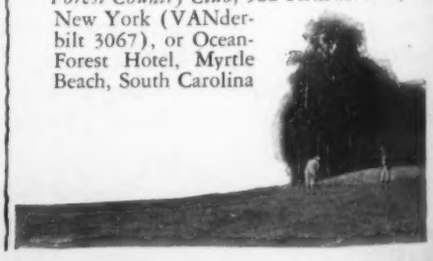
Right on the ocean, and adjoining the 6,560-yard Ocean-Forest Golf Course, designed by Robert White. Grass greens, in perfect condition, seasoned by two years' use. There is also a sporty 9-hole course.

The hotel, built of steel and white brick thruout, has 220 outside rooms, with salt and fresh-water baths. Superb equipment, cuisine, and service. The country club house, with 40 guest rooms, is already open, and is unexcelled in beauty and comfort.

Here are the best in golf, tennis, bathing, fishing, riding, driving, hunting, motoring, aviation—in a sportsman's paradise of 66,000 acres (104 square miles), including fresh-water lakes, majestic forests, and 12 miles of unrivaled smooth beach—in a mild, bracing climate, ideal in winter and summer. 17 hours from New York by Atlantic Coast Line Railway. Excellent motor roads all the way.

For reservations or information, consult any authorized travel bureau, or ROBERT WHITE, *Secretary Ocean-Forest Country Club*, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York (VANderbilt 3067), or Ocean-Forest Hotel, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina



The man who thought he was *Slipping . . .*

because his mind worked . . . like this:

"We've got to crack that distribution problem in Des Moines . . . who banged that door? . . . *and double up on advertising in St. Paul . . .* drat those taxi horns . . . *um-m, that advertising ought to start between . . .* won't that stenographer stop yelling! . . . *but we're behind production on Item 216 . . .* if they'd only stop that anvil chorus of typing . . ."

Concentration cracked, by noise! Thoughts splintered . . . by noise. Plans scrambled by noise! No wonder he thought he was "slipping."

For the clackety-clack of noisy typewriters cuts 30%, say experts, from the thinking efficiency of the average executive! Wears down nerves. Burns up reserve.

REMINGTON NOISELESS Typewriters blot out office din at its source! They silence the anvil chorus of whacking keys on clacking rollers with a wholly different mechanism for swift and quiet typing.

The keyboard is unchanged . . . the controls are unchanged . . . but the whole principle of hammer-blow typing is scrapped! With a feathery touch, noiseless keys kiss the paper in a cushioned impact. They can't hit hard, no matter how hard you hit them. They can't make noise . . . there is no place for noise to start in the patented leverage of Noiseless type-bars!

Smoother, cleaner work flies from the quiet carriage of a Noiseless. Mistakes are fewer. Pressure more even. And the temper of your typists, too. For the silence that speeds your own thoughts lightens every job in your office!

A phone call will bring Quiet to your office . . . for a free demonstration. One, or a dozen Noiseless Typewriters will gladly be installed for your approval.

Remington Noiseless

It takes the *Bedlam* out of Business

REMINGTON RAND BUSINESS SERVICE INC.,
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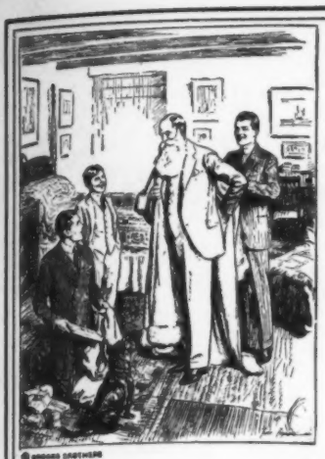
HOCKEY

Innovations and a New Game—The Penalty Face-Off—In Rinkside Seats

IT seemed reasonable to expect that the new rules, allowing forward passing in all zones and penalizing teams for defensive tactics, would make the game different. I don't believe that anyone, before the season opened, realized what this difference would amount to. People who knew hockey well found to their surprise that they were watching an entirely new game. The attack that had once moved up and down the rink in familiar, strictly stylized formations had narrowed to a single, informal line. The line was furiously and continually wriggling toward each goal in turn, broken up here and there by individual scraps. A wild spirit animated it. Ends and tangles kept blazing into fisticuffs, like a rope touched by sparks. It was harder to watch than the old kind of hockey. It was, of course, faster, but whether or not it was better fun was hard to say.

NOW that the season has got on a little, one thing about the new rules is clear—they have succeeded in what they were designed for. There is more scoring. One evening not long ago, when five games were played on various parts of the circuit, a total of forty-two goals was scored. It is not uncommon now for a winning team to have nine or ten points to its credit. Last year a winning score of three was pretty high—often when half-a-dozen games were played, three would end in scoreless ties, and the goals scored in the rest wouldn't add up to ten. The men who have watched hockey all their lives are not impressed by these statistics. They miss the tensions and restraints of three-man combinations—all the old tricks of the game, with players adjusting their pace to fall back or come up level with a passer. The new, rib-breaking, all-attack hockey looks like crude stuff to them, though they will admit that it may be different when the teams get accustomed to the new conditions. The players themselves don't bother to consider whether these innovations make the game better or not. The job of finding adaptations for whatever rules the Hockey League sees fit to pass leaves them without perspective for criticism. The crowds, however, that have jammed the Garden for these early games like the new arrangement. There is no question about that. Hockey is faster and rougher, and there is more scoring and less to understand about strategy.

PROBABLY the most dramatic element brought in by the new rules is the penalty face-off ten feet in front of the goal when a goalie has held the puck longer than the referee thinks he should have. No member of the defending team can stand between the penalized goalie and the centres who are facing the puck. This gives a sharpshooter a great chance to score, and creates a lot of suspense as the two teams jockey for places around the referee and the crouching centres, digging their skates into the ice for a quick start. No matter how the face-off breaks there is excitement in it—all the more if the defending centre snaps the puck out and his own team gets hold of it, as the Rangers did



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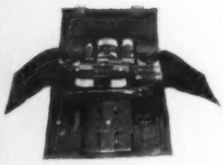

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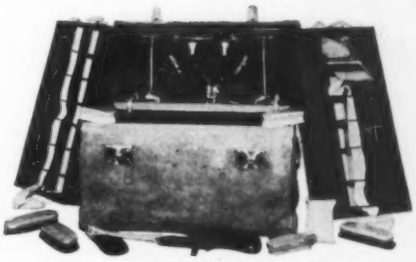
Others 9.00-275.00



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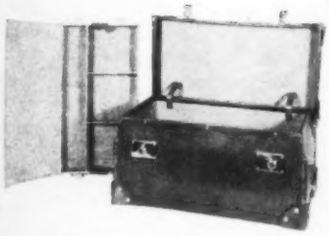
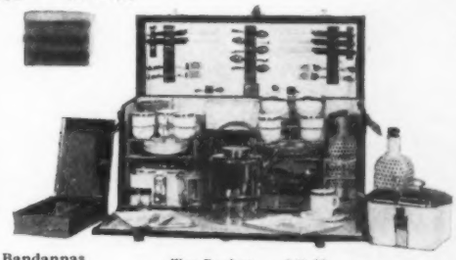
Pipes in Case 18.00
Others 14.00-45.00
Single Pipes 5.00-10.00

Fitted Bag 110.00
Others 110.00-250.00



Leather Shirt Cases 45.00-106.00



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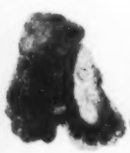

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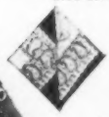

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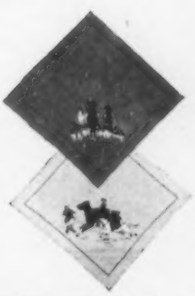
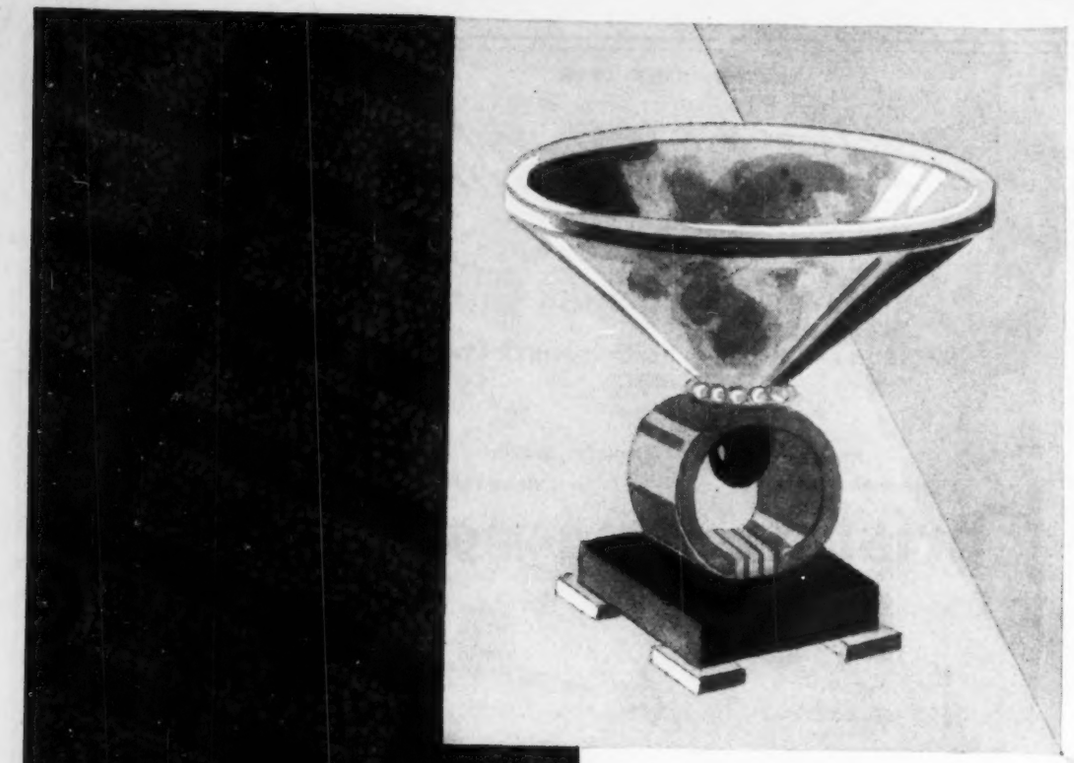
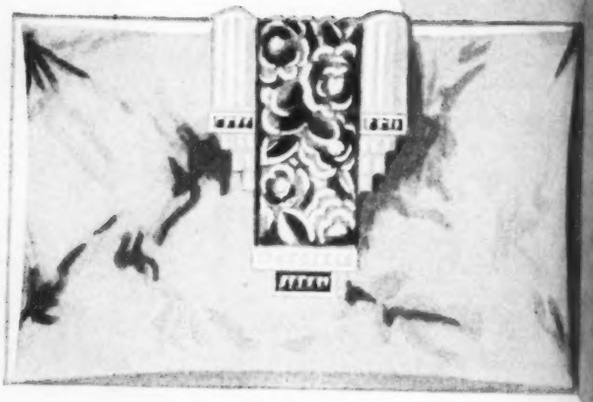
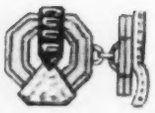


Sporting Handkerchiefs 2.50
Others 2.50-6.50







Modern jewelled gifts designed by an illustrious French house to give new brilliance to the costumes of smart American women . . . . . And in addition to these are "Fantasies" to delight the hostess who seeks original favors and gifts—— Cigarette cases and holders, as

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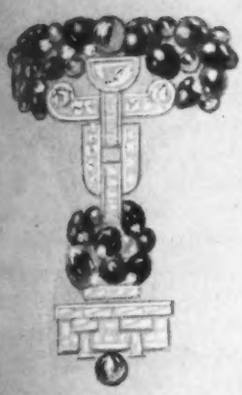

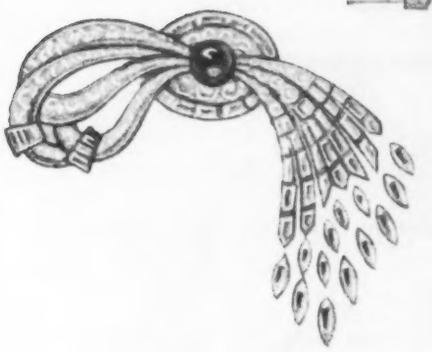

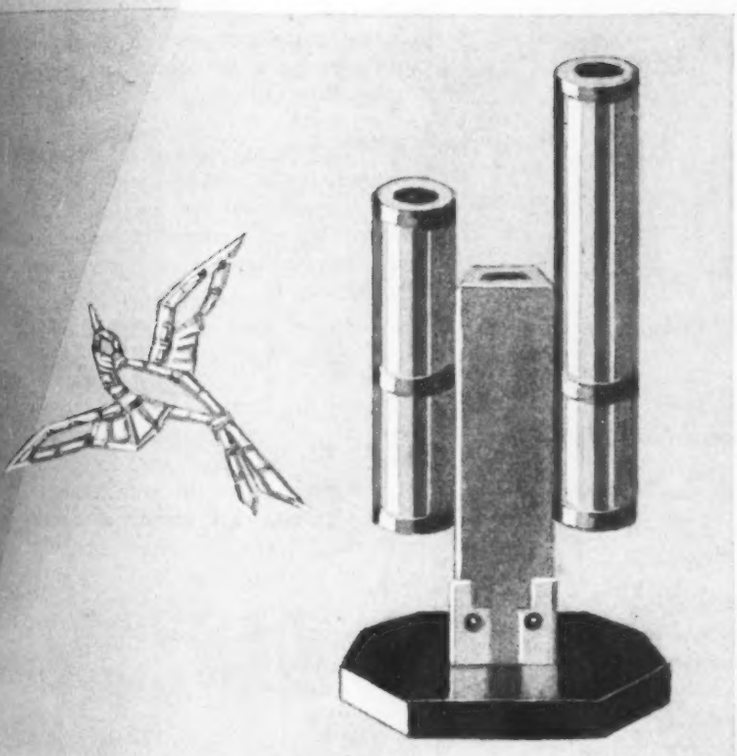

trays, tiny jewelled clocks, photograph frames —charming novelties in jade, lapis, crystal, coral, onyx, enamel and gold... appealing bits of art that bring refreshing originality to holiday giving.

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regular breakfast six to eleven
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last week exactly in front of the Toronto goal.

Forward-passing in all zones exercises all the acrobatic talents of the best goalies. John Ross Roach and Roy Worters have grown used to tumbling in strange attitudes and finding themselves the next second at the bottom of a pile of wildly mauling players. Oddly enough, the new kind of hockey is even harder on forwards than it is on goalies. Coaches who understood this have provided themselves with three alternate forward line-ups instead of the two that used to be enough. Lester Patrick of the Rangers has tried the experiment of bringing the third-string line-up intact from the minor leagues, defying the hockey tradition to the effect that all rookies should be broken in by letting them work with veterans. Boston was not handicapped by the necessity of having several shifts of wings and centres; Chicago, entirely rejuvenated, cleaned up the Americans like world champions playing an exhibition game at home, an event that made impressive the Americans' comeback against Ottawa.

THE present league standing shows which team-owners took the new rules seriously and which did not. The Americans were naturally put in the hole, because they are a defensive team, and because their small squad was cut down still further by injuries in practice. The Ottawa Senators, a team which in spite of repeated championships has not been able to fill its own arena for several seasons—so little do the citizens of Ottawa care for defensive hockey—began this year at the top of their group. The smartness of their new coach, Newsy Lalonde, and the

scoring ability of Kilrea, are not enough to account for this power. The Senators are a dangerous bunch, good enough to win another Stanley Cup and make even Ottawa people pay to see them.

FLASHES of recent games include Babe Ruth and his wife in a box next to a party of débutantes. . . . Normie Himes' beautiful shot from the blue line that beat Ottawa in the overtime—the longest goal made in the Garden this year. It hit the ice in front of Connell and bounced past his padded elbow into the net. . . . Gloria Gould Bishop in a little red hat. . . . The strange antics of the bagpipe band of the Canadian Railways, which gathered in a circle in the middle of the rink and played a tune that sounded like the inimical drone of a lot of big mosquitoes. . . . The brawl in the penalty box at the end of the Ranger-Maroon game. In a moment half-a-dozen fights had started and officials were climbing over the boards to quiet things down. . . . Georges Carpentier with a movie actress. . . . General Ely gravely tossing in the puck. . . . The gallery booing the fancy-skating acts. . . . The new electric ads beside the scoreboard. . . . Frank Boucher having his cigarette after the game. . . . The glance meaning "Did you see that?" which Ching Johnson aimed at Coach Patrick after taking the puck through Toronto, and Patrick's return glance which meant, "Yes, I saw it, and what of it?" . . . The names of the Toronto players embroidered above the numbers on their new white jerseys.

—N. B., JR.

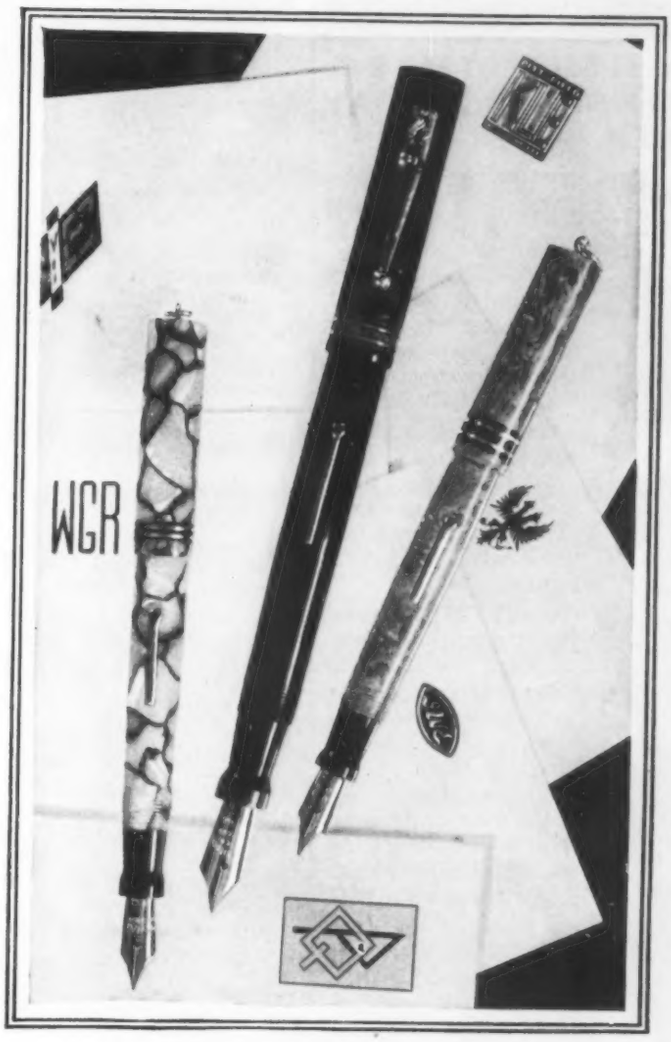
•

QUAKE WELL BEFORE LOSING

I wish my pious little soul
Were just as black as jet black coal,
As black as ink, as black as night,
For then, my dear, perhaps it might
Not fetter me in heavy chains
And give me horrid shooting pains
For just a slight indulgence in
The tiniest approach to sin.

I wonder why I was equipped
With such a conscience that it's nipped
Each happy impulse in the bud.
Is Cotton Mather in my blood
That I should rigidly eschew
The pleasures I'm entitled to?
Oh kiss me quickly, dear, before
I get a chance to close the door.

—MARGARET FISHBACK



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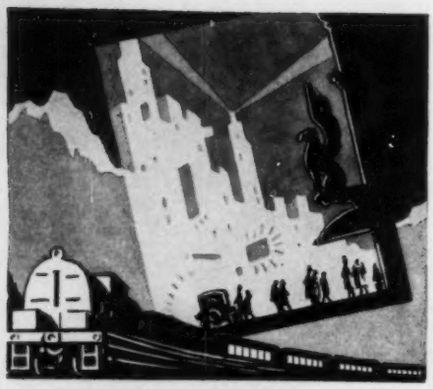

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THE AUTOMOBILE SALON

First Prize—Pastels under the Hood—Snakeskin and Epstein — The Return of Black

WE respect the British conservatives and doff our cap to Dietrich of America, to the Fishers, Locke, and all the rest of the home talent, they represent the best tradition; but nevertheless we hold that the convertible coach by Hibbard & Darrin of Paris is the most provocative car in the Salon.

You can find it on the mezzanine floor any time before the end of Saturday evening, December 7, when the Salon closes. It is a cream-colored affair with running-boards shaped like the wings of a dragon fly. The fenders are a complete departure from the usual conception. They are more like sections of airplane wings, only with the flat surface parallel to the sides of the car.

The two extra tires are carried at the rear. This is not new; in fact it is as old as elbow-gloves. It ignores the current style of having tires in the fender-wells, but we like it. The construction is all steel. One detail which lends swank is the rear trunk. This is of metal, covered with white cloth, trimmed with nickel, and shaped like the rear deck of a roadster.

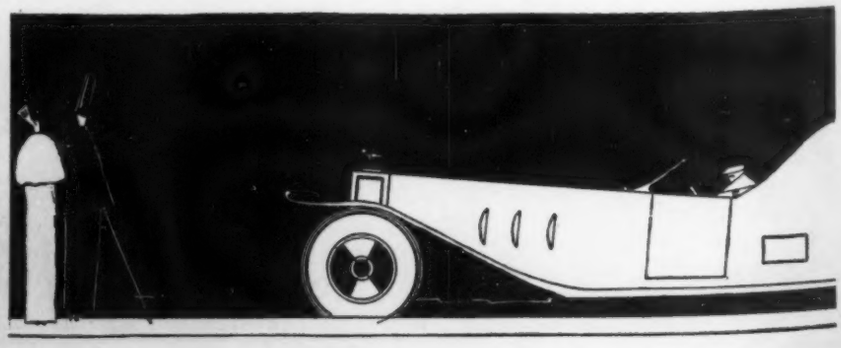
Inside the car, the folding arrangement of the front seat operates at a touch, and leggy folk will be glad to know that there is a generous depression in the flooring so that those in the rear may have foot room. Also, there is large pocket space under the rear. It holds four in coonskins, six in broadcloth.

WE, who are never helped much by the knowledge that a screw turns in clockwise, and out counter-clockwise, welcome the Fleetwood policy of marking their hub-caps with "off" and "on." Chauffeurs and garagemen are sometimes no brighter than ourselves, and the idea may save time in a pinch. We judge that hub-caps will continue large if Fleetwood has anything to say about it, and it will. Incidentally, this house has one of the most effective roadsters at the exhibit, a Cadillac in tomato-bisque, with terra-cotta trimmings. The front cushion is recessed to allow room for the gear-shift lever.

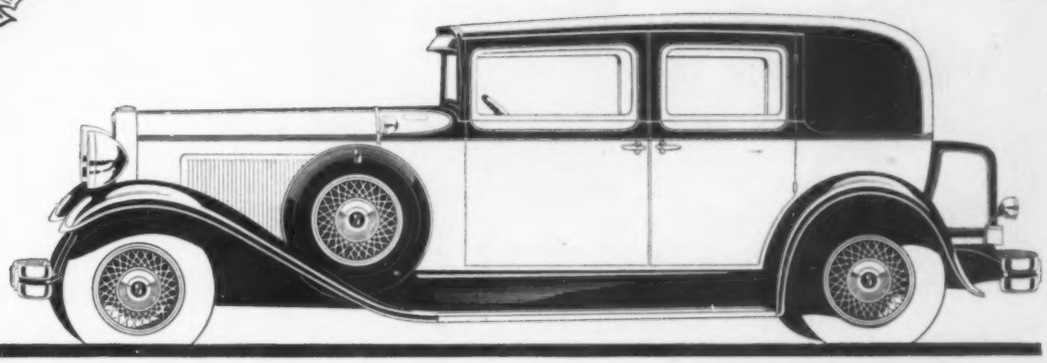
Another bright vehicle is one on the Franklin chassis by Locke, a convertible model in Burgundy, with cream fenders. The cream overflows on to the lamp-brackets and everywhere, a rather striking example of the use of color wherever possible. Speaking of color, stop for a moment in the lobby and see the blue-and-silver sedan by Murphy on the Duesenberg. The thing we like best about this is its delicacy of line in a show which leans a bit toward the mammoth.

AMONG the most sizable machines, both in wheelbase and price, are the two $22,500 items. The one is a blue-gray town car, Isotta chassis, carriage by Castagna. The hinges are visible, the radiator cap is an ominous-looking snake poised for action, and the radiator and lamps are protected by a metal netting. The whole thing is a bit lavish.

The Rolls-Royce, which is the other car in this price class, has basket-finish all over the exterior of the body. The hood is glistening black with visible rivets and visible nickel hinges. The interior woodwork is inlaid in pastel patterns. Our special salute, however, is reserved for the boat-line Rolls roadster with all-white sides and horizontal hair-line black striping. The rear deck is black, and there is a wide recessed molding, finished in chromium. Ameri-



THE 1930 NASH "400"



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FOR the one gift which is more important than all the rest, the one place to go to get it is the Nash showroom. If only the best is good enough—if only the finest will do—the car you can choose and know you are right, is the 1930 Nash "400." The Twin-Ignition Eight, the Twin-Ignition Six and the Single Six all bring to motoring new features not found in other cars which compare in price. When you drive one you will know instantly that there is new enjoyment to be had from motoring. You will also know that, for the one most important gift, your shopping is finished—a 1930 Nash "400"!

A PARTIAL LIST OF 1930 NASH '400' FEATURES

New Body Designs—Long Wheelbases—Radiators with Built-in Automatic Shutters—7-Bearing, Hollow Crankpin Crankshafts—Self-Energizing, Cable-Actuated 4-Wheel Brakes—Fuel Feed Pump—Centralized Chassis Lubrication—Double Action Hydraulic Shock Absorbers—Adjustable Front Seats—Steel Spring Covers, with Sealed-in Lifetime Lubrication—World's Easiest Steering—Starter Control on Instrument Panel—Insulated floor board and dash—AND THESE ADDITIONAL FEATURES IN THE EIGHT: Straight-Eight, Twin-Ignition, 16 Spark Plug, High-Compression, Valve-in-Head Motor—9-Bearing, Integrally Counterweighted, Hollow Crankpin Crankshaft—Aluminum Connecting Rods—Steering Shock Eliminator—All windows, doors, windshields, Duplate Non-Shatterable Plate Glass.

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Counselors in the selection of Diamond engagement rings
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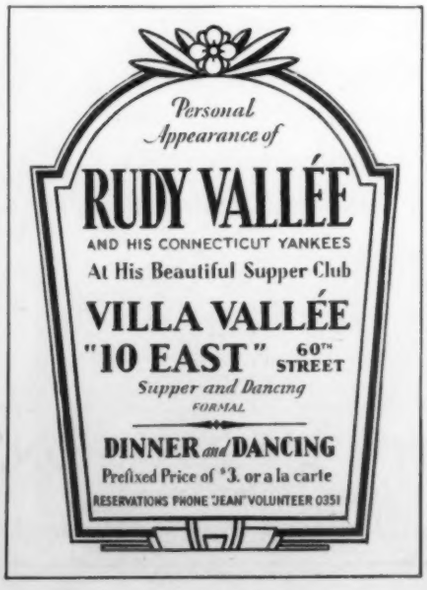

can Rolls has undoubtedly shaken off some of the shackles of the Empire.

WHEN it comes to the mysteries under the hood our vote goes to Mercedes-Benz. The chassis of this car should be washed only in the most delicate soapsuds. The sides of the motor are pale blue and its head is chromium. There is a vast array of carefully nickelled parts, but the wires to the spark plugs are still decently swathed in rubber.

Though colors are straying to the machinery, we do not see as vivid interiors as we expected. Wiese has quite an elaborate display in one corner of the exhibit telling everyone where colors come from—the birds, pebbles, the prism, and all that. Instructive, and with lantern slides, too; but when you look at the exhibit of the actual fabrics at the entrance to the show, you see decorous pastels and conservative weaves.

WE spoke last week of that du Pont roadster by Merrimac. There are some more points about it: the upholstery is red snakeskin, the fenders are out on brackets, and the extra tires are also carried on brackets at the sides. The treatment of the louvers is unusual, running back along the base of the body sides; but our especial cheer is reserved for the positively Epstein lamp, shaped like the head of a Neanderthal man.

Quite in another mood is the Waterhouse design on the same chassis, a black town car, bulbous, high, dignified.

Black, in fact, is definitely back in style. Fisher is showing an all-black limousine relieved primarily by ivory stripes which run along under the roof as well as under the windows. The nickel door-handles, the parking lights out on the fenders, and the chromium door-handles and running-boards, prevent it from being too austere.

Lancia likewise has a black car, a sedan-limousine which is brightened with huge, convex nickel disc wheels, and has the merit of a very ample rear trunk. Brunn completes the roll-call of the chaste in a black Pierce-Arrow with pearl-gray trimmings.

—NICHOLAS TROTT

•

Now you may partake, after the opera and theater, of dainty sandwiches prepared at the fountain, lolling in comfortable chairs.—*Adv. of a Fifth Avenue fruit store.*

Club sandwiches?

to the young new yorker who wants to fly

READ THIS PAGE . . . AND SHOW IT TO THE FAMILY BEFORE THEY'VE HAD TIME TO BUY YOU A LOUNGING ROBE OR A NEW CAR OR A FLOCK OF TIES FOR CHRISTMAS

How to give me *what I want* for Christmas

DEAR FAMILY—

I have long had a more or less suppressed desire to *fly*. No telling what may happen unless you very tactfully and wisely arrange it so I can learn under the best conditions.

Take the Curtiss-Wright Flying School at Valley Stream, Long Island, for instance.

Do you know:

1. That this is the first government approved flying school in the metropolitan area.

2. That the instructors are not only expert pilots, but expert *teachers*—trained in the famous Curtiss-Wright Instructors School, the only flying instructors' school in the country.

3. That the Valley Stream flying field has been found by Government inspectors to be free from hazards, well kept up, and amply large for flying on the part of beginners.

4. That the planes used are the *Fledgling*—adopted for training by the U. S. Navy—and the *Robin*—sister-plane to the St. Louis Robin, world's endurance record holder . . . 420 hours in the air.

5. That in a Curtiss-Wright school—there are 40 of them!—I would learn the *theory* of flying as well as the *practice* of flying.

6. That I would receive a complete working knowledge of all types of engines and ships, and learn to *service* a plane for myself.

In short, by learning to fly in a Curtiss-Wright school I would be learning to fly under *experts*, in planes that are mechanically sound, and practically *fool-proof*.

Incidentally, I would come into contact with all the Big Boys of the Aviation Industry in all its branches. Now all that *you* have to do, dear family, is to give me a Curtiss-Wright *Gift Certificate* for Christmas.

But in order that you will have *all* the information you need about the Curtiss-Wright Flying Schools and the coveted Gift Certificate, would you mind mailing in the accompanying coupon—*today*—so that I won't be low on Christmas morning?

YOUR LOVING,

☐ SON ☐ DAUGHTER ☐ NEPHEW

☐ NIECE ☐ GRANDSON ☐ GRANDDAUGHTER

P. S. Incidentally, this Gift Certificate might eventually lead to my becoming an important *executive in aviation—the* coming industry.

CURTISS-WRIGHT FLYING SERVICE

the world's oldest flying organization

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Dear Sirs: I am interested in finding out in detail about your Christmas Gift Certificate entitling a young man or woman to enter your Ground School ☐ Private Pilot's Course ☐ Limited Commercial Pilot's Course ☐ Transport Pilot's Course. Please send information privately to

Name_____

Address_____

"caught short,

as all suckers are who bite prematurely." "fight shy of the lurid broadway baits and hook up only with

the criterion

paramount's "love parade." maurice chevalier in one pajama after another in negligee, jeanette macdonald . . . a lubitschassignment.

the rivoli— united artists

mary and douglas in "taming of the shew"... just before the battle mother by will shakespeare and united artists.

the rialto

last week of "the trespasser"... gloria swanson's successful intrusion into the talkies with united artists swinging wide the gate.

the paramount

"half way to heaven" ...not the top of the paramount tower... but an acrobatic talkie with "buddy" rogers falling for jean arthur. ben black performing on the stage and crawfords on the organs.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Four Versatile Fairbankses

A NUMBER of popular favorites —and Shakespeare—honor us this week in the movies.

Of the new offerings the Shakespeare piece comes out very well. "The Taming of the Shrew," with Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, the Sothern and Marlowe of the screen, appears at the Rivoli as an amusing, somewhat gentle comedy, presented with a nice degree of taste.

It is not a long picture, as pictures go nowadays, and not a showy or spectacular affair. A good deal of common sense, I feel, has been used in the adaptation from the play. Adequate lines have been culled from the original version; and, incidentally, no others have been added by contemporary geniuses to indicate that there are in Hollywood those who aspire to Elizabethan rhythms. Where the screen demanded a departure from the continuity of the play, pantomime only has been substituted, and some of it is funny; notably in the wedding of Katharine and Petruchio.

It is more Mr. Fairbanks' play than it is Miss Pickford's. He is a stalwart and active Petruchio, one who might well dare such a bride as he chooses—though there are fewer of those prodigious leaps and bounds than we are accustomed to in the Fairbanks interpretations. Miss Pickford is a frail Kate, a lovely, rather dainty Kate, who it is hard to believe would be so savage with the furniture or swing the whip so fiercely on occasion.

The Italian settings are decorative and near enough to what we expect of a sixteenth-century Padua to seem correct. Altogether, I should say that this movie is an estimable, respectable, and quietly agreeable offering.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., appears in "The Forward Pass," the football picture of the moment, a picture that has less substance and is more prolonged than his father's, one which seems less fresh than Shakespeare's play. It is about the football player who can barely stagger around the gridiron at the big game because of his emotional complications, complications which are solved in the last half so that he can make the forward pass which titles the picture, and can win the game. There are some songs, and comic numbers rendered by freshmen, and some love affairs involving "frat" pins.

THEN there is Joan Crawford (does this family ever rest?) in "Untamed," at the Capitol. It is not the most becoming vehicle Miss Crawford has had, besides being a silly, tedious story, as she has to wear calico throughout a large part and act like a little savage. Her wild jungle nature is not tamed even by Park Avenue, where she appears as an heiress; and the conscientious scruples of her improvident lover exasperate her until she pulls a gun on him and nips him in the shoulder, whereat he capitulates, and all ends happily.

A SHOOTING also solves the dilemma in "Hearts in Exile," the latest Dolores Costello picture, and the lovers then face a prospect of a lifetime in Siberia, though I suppose Siberia can be an Eden to those who love. Of course, this is drama of Czarist times, with pleasant, chill vistas of snowdrifts and, in general, quite bad acting.

RUDY VALLÉE, the popular *minnesinger* of the day, is now at the Globe in "The Vagabond Lover," and when he is crooning his little ballads he is entertaining.

THE little theatres continue to lead their own lives. There are nice eighteenth-century sets in "Figaro," at the Little Carnegie, and a subdued Krafft-Ebing overtone in "Pandora's Box," at the Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse, for the benefit of the Wedekind group. —J. C. M.

•

BROOKLINE. A cosy home, congenial people; an environment of plants, music and friendly animals; all that is required to complete the picture is a pleasant business man to occupy the attractive room next to the bathroom. Tel ASPINWALL 8174.—*Boston Transcript.*

Come live with me and be my pleasant business man!

Prince Matchabelli PERFUMES

THESE subtle perfumes, once created for his intimates by Prince Matchabelli of Tamarasheni, are today Grand Prix successes in the realm of international society. ✣ ✣ *Odeurs* . . Princess Norina, Ave Maria, Queen of Georgia, Duchess of York and Royal Gardenia . . in the Coronet Flacon. ✣ ✣ Empress of India . . in the Pyramid Flacon.

PARIS . . . HOTEL GEORGE V ✣ ✣ ✣ NEW YORK . . . 754 FIFTH AVENUE

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

PAGING MR. CLAUS

HERE is another one of our huge lists that we hope will help you in your search for things to put under the Christmas tree. Please don't phone us for information, and if it's peace you want, shop early in the morning.

Index:

November 2 . . . Christmas cards, fitted cases, monogramming, and boxes, to order.
November 9 . . . Photographers, lingerie to order, rare books and bindings, prints and pottery, frames and framers.
November 16 . . . Secretaries and shoppers, caterers, entertainers, musical gifts, animals and their accessories.
November 23 . . . Perfumes, soaps, and such; jewellers, furs, antiques, dining-room things, custom-made shirts, tips on mailing.
November 30 . . . Book stores, rare and fine editions, what the well-dressed mind will wear, the big, bewildering stores, semiprecious jewelry, men's jewelry, for children (Part I).

This week:

More big, bewildering stores, below
Children's clothes, page 102
Beauty, page 106
For the house, page 111
For children (Part II), page 121
Sticks and umbrellas, page 130
Leather things, page 132
Sporting goods, 134
For the motorist, page 138
Gifts for servants, page 141
Christmas wrappings, page 141
Afterthoughts, page 142

For recent publications don't forget the *Among the New Books* column on page 165.

MORE BIG, BEWILDERING STORES

BERGDORF GOODMAN:

Bedjackets of crêpe de Chine or satin lined with white fleece, very new; $50. Also pajama and beach coats, fleece-lined, of satin, crêpe, or velvet. Tremendously chic.

Boudoir clock, painted antique scenes include tower with real clock, and two silver gnomes see-sawing to make it go. For those who can see a small clock in the morning; $25.

Scarves: huge squares of soft taffeta in pastel plaids, very chic; $20. New scarf in heavy silk, broken checks, for sports; $20.

Pajama hats, imported big hats of rough straw with bright horizontal stripes, for the beach.

Among the excellent handbags, look at one of suede, with natural wood and gold making the bar across the top and the chain handle.

They do marvellous pajamas here. Among them, look at a one-piece affair, the trouser part pleated, with long sleeves lined with layers of chiffon. Over this goes a little vestee tying in front with three bows. The princesse one-piece pajama is the very latest, and should be made to order.

Costume jewelry of the antique type, using real Chinese pearls, topazes, and amethysts in antique-gold settings, most unusual.

HOLLANDER:

The place, of course, for all the soft, warm, delightful things to give ladies who aren't cute and don't want to be. Of this sort, bed-jackets and shawls of lace-knit Shetland wool, exquisite handkerchiefs, and evening accessories of the type so smart and dignified that there is no argument. Also —some surprisingly chic things for the young worldly ones.

Beney Table Lighter; don't groan. Round thing like a muffin with flint that pulls out and flares; never fails. Copper or bronze, $10; nickel finish, $15. Rubber vacuum cups on bottom to stop slipping.

Jewel case, colored crushed leather; single drawer, pulled out by burglar, is empty; by owner, reveals tray of jools. Trick; $15.

Gloves: exactly the eight-button length in fine suede that the whole town is desperately seeking. All pastel shades and—

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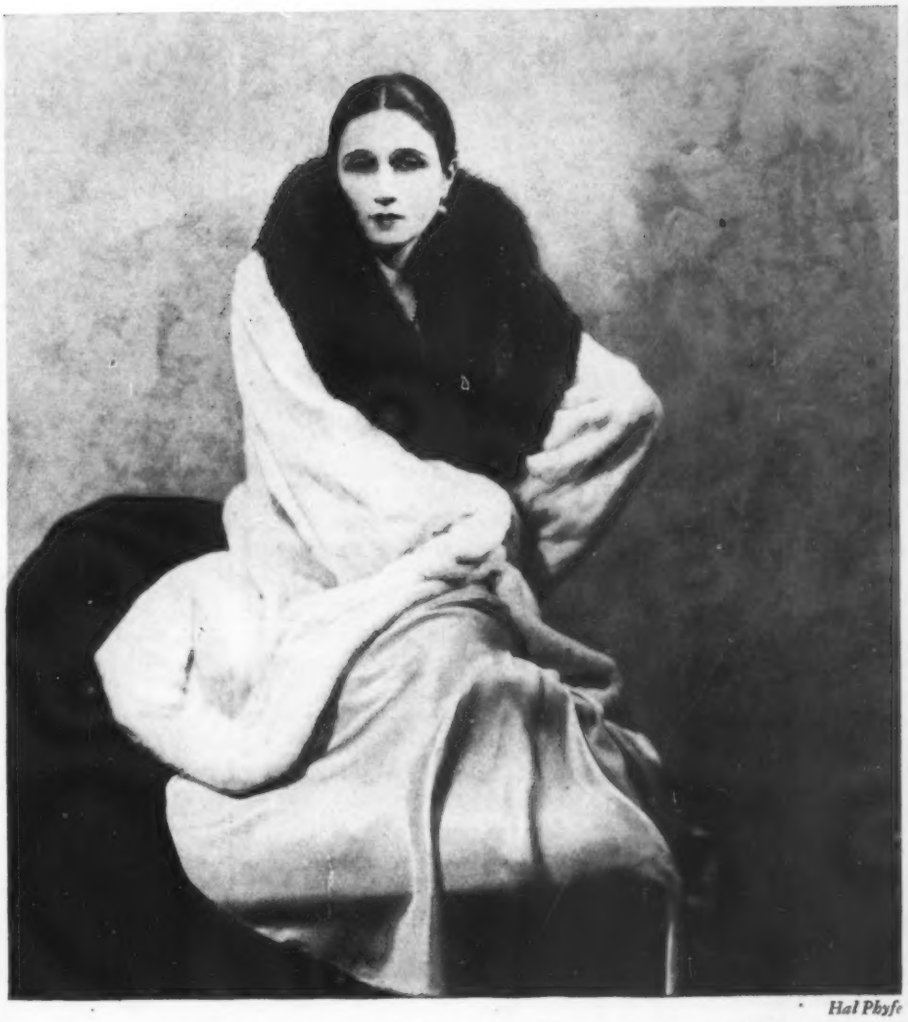
"I know I took size four last time but I was feeling exceptionally broad-minded."

ON THE PLAZA



Hal Phyfe

THE CHARM OF ERMINE FOR EVENING

Made still more important with a Russian sable collar, it is the embodiment of subtle evening chic. Obviously a revolution in fur fashion is taking place. More luxury is indicated. More lavishness. More richness. From the most magnificent of evening wraps to the smart creations for daytime in fox-collared caracul and broadtail, Bergdorf Goodman furs have the extravagant beauty which is essential in the new mode.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

NEW YORK

A sweet answer to the golfer's Christmas prayer

12 Silver Kings in the Christmas Putting Box

HOW many times and oft have the golfer's fond expectations been shattered on Christmas morning? And yet how simple the solution!

When you can gladden a golfer's heart with the peerless gift of a dozen Silver Kings, why wander afield for novelties?

A box of a dozen Kings has long been an outstanding Christmas gift to the golfing man or woman. With the introduction of the putting box, which opens to form a convenient device for putting on the carpet — the Christmas giving of Silver Kings has achieved even greater favor.

You can send a box to every golfer on your list and rest secure in the knowledge that no one could choose a gift more welcome than yours. The price, complete, is only $10.

A striking new modernistic design has been created for the Silver King Christmas package of six balls. Shipments have been made from England in time to meet your Christmas requirements. The price for this half dozen size—which does not carry the putting feature—is $5. Place your orders early!

The Silvertown Co., London

• • •

John Wanamaker

NEW YORK

Sole United States Distributors

hard to find—black; $6.50 the pair.

Couturier and Matchabelli perfumes.

JAY-THORPE:

Excellent Lingerie Department:

Hand-knitted warm dressing-gowns with sleeves, practical but attractive, for maiden aunts; $29.50.

Bed jackets of white bunny, the utmost of something; $89.50.

Pajama sandals, medium heel, of crêpe de Chine in bright colors for beach or boudoir; $10.75.

Velvet hangers for fox fur, very new; $1.25 each. Boxed velvet shoe tabs; 6 pairs, $7.50.

Vionnet negligee, of crêpe satin, with full sleeves, and tight cuffs, a fitted line through the waist; $85. Teagown of satin and crêpe with tie sleeves, a bow tying in front and another at the back of the neck; absolutely perfect; $39.50.

Downstairs, on the dazzling first floor and in the Lalique room:

Sultan pearls, much favored by ladies with real ones safely in the vault; $69.50 up.

Jewelled clips, about an inch and a half long, colored stones and rhinestones; to clip in a V-décolletage, on a corsage, on the back of a hat; the newest wrinkle; $13.75 up.

Candlesticks of silver and clouded glass, very modern—the electric light diffuses through the colored glass; $45 a pair.

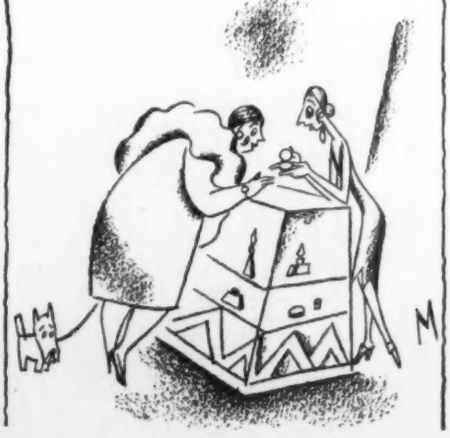
Perfectly grand boxes of Chantal soaps in enamelled cardboard boxes divided into layers.

Also lovely costume jewelry.

KURZMAN:

Paste jewelry reproductions of the court type beautifully done and chic with new *fin de siècle* frocks; $25–$125.

Cigarette boxes of mottled thuya



JOHN DAVID

Fashions For Men

STEIN-BLOCH CLOTHES
KNOX HATS

FOWNES GLOVES
MALLORY HATS

OVERCOATS

¶ We bring to Overcoats above-the-ordinary skill in cutting and fitting; a natural feeling for line, curve and balance as expressed in the squarish set of the shoulders; the sweeping grace of the lapels; genuinely smart fashion without flashy ostentation; in short, the style signature of New York.

$50 TO $150

Broadway At 32nd St.
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Broadway At Warren

Fifth Avenue At 43rd St.
Exchange Place At New
62 Broadway, Below Wall
Nassau At Maiden Lane
Cortlandt St. At Church

Two Convenient Shops In Brooklyn

Court Street At Remsen
Fulton Street At Smith

Be a Xmas Gift Expert

Throw away that Trus-st in others. Choose your own Christmas gifts. No experience necessary! New easy method!

DO you quake and quiver at the thought of Christmas? Do you stammer when selecting feminine gifts? Are you physically embarrassed or financially shy?

Then here is opportunity with a capital Ovington's. Overnight you can become a gift expert. It's even easier than mastering a saxophone, simpler than ordering *oeufs* in French, certain to make you the life (not the laugh) of every Christmas party.

Write today for Ovington's free booklet! Change your entire gift life with this one simple act. Win renown overnight, the affection of your wife, your partner's admiration, the regard of your neighbors and the respect of your friends.

We have helped thousands. We have ten thousand gifts to help you. Write! Write today! Or take the first taxi and see what we can do for you in ten easy minutes.

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SEND FOR OUR BOOK OF GIFTS

Name .....

Address .....

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"Gifts from all over the World"

FIFTH AVENUE AT 39th STREET

Telephone: Caledonia 8700

WHY NOT A CALM CHRISTMAS THIS YEAR?

Indeed, can you picture a more serene and placid scene of a Christmas morning than the one before you? It is the young wife who comes off with the honors! The ties are not "Christmas ties." She has chosen Cheney Cravats!

When you choose Cheneys . . . and they are extremely acceptable gifts always . . . remember that there is a Cheney Cravat for EVERY occasion. The gentleman's haberdasher will connive pleasantly with you in getting the right ones!

There are many ways of preserving domestic felicity at Yuletide . . . but we know of no easier one than this!

CHENEY CRAVATS

Made by CHENEY BROTHERS

wood; gold clock set in top; for desk or boudoir.

Kid or suede tailored handbag, double handle may be tucked in and bag made envelope type; three sections inside, one with zipper; $20.

Evening bags, real antique brocades; $65. Beautiful evening bags in modern brocades with an antique look; $25.

Bronze beads, pin-head size, many strands in two bronzy shades, new; $10.

Imported sheer French stockings, openwork clocks; $5 to $9.50. For women with shapely legs and a sense of humor, black stockings in diamond mesh half an inch across, very *Vie Parisienne*; $20.

Nightgowns of crêpe and Alençon lace; $22. Combinations of satin and lace; $25. A lingerie classic this year.

Costume jewelry, big pearl beads set in gold making circle brooch, hoop earrings, and bracelet; $7.50–$10 each.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE:

Gold and silver kid sandal mules with back strap; $15.50.

Afternoon handbags of the dressy type, antelope and marcasite with watch fob; $75.

Baguette crystal and marcasite jewelry, beautifully made, sometimes with semiprecious stones; expensive and the *dernier cri.*

Palm Beach pajama, a new version of the Bath and Tennis uniform of last year: block-printed shantung coat, wide pants in bright crêpe de Chine, contrasting tops with adjustable décolletage in back, wrapped tight and sleeveless; $65.

For winter-sports addicts:

Hand-knit skiing socks, bright sulphur yellows, etc., from Ochs Frères, of St. Moritz.

Caps for winter sports: white skullcap with chin strap and triangular scarf to match, to be tied in back and look like a bib; light wool devil cap, points over ears, "V" in back, and helmetlike in front.

Chamois beret, $12.50; scarf to match, $8.50. Chamois en-

KREMENTZ GIFTS - *for him* - *the Christmas problem solved*

Krementz Links up to $5 a pair, in gift box.
A Pair of Krementz Collar Buttons in a gift box, 75c to $4.25.
Krementz Tuxedo and Full Dress Sets, in gift boxes. $7.50 to $50.
Krementz Wrist Watch Bands $10 each and upward in gift box.

"WHAT *shall I give him for Christmas? What will please him most?*
"If I could only think of something he would cherish not only because I gave it to him, but because it was something he really wanted."

All over the country, mothers, wives, sweethearts, sisters, and aunts are asking themselves these questions. All over the country, the better stores are answering these questions with Krementz Jewelry for Men in appropriate gift boxes.

The name Krementz is not only a "hall-mark" for Quality, but for Style and Good Taste. Krementz stylists are continually in touch with what is accepted by the best dressed men at the fashion centers both here and abroad. Continental tendencies are minutely observed. Write us for names of stores near you. New Yorkers may telephone our Fifth Avenue Office—LACkawanna 3123.

KREMENTZ & COMPANY
Makers of Fine Jewelry Since 1866
Newark, New Jersey.

Krementz
JEWELRY
FOR MEN

BY APPOINTMENT

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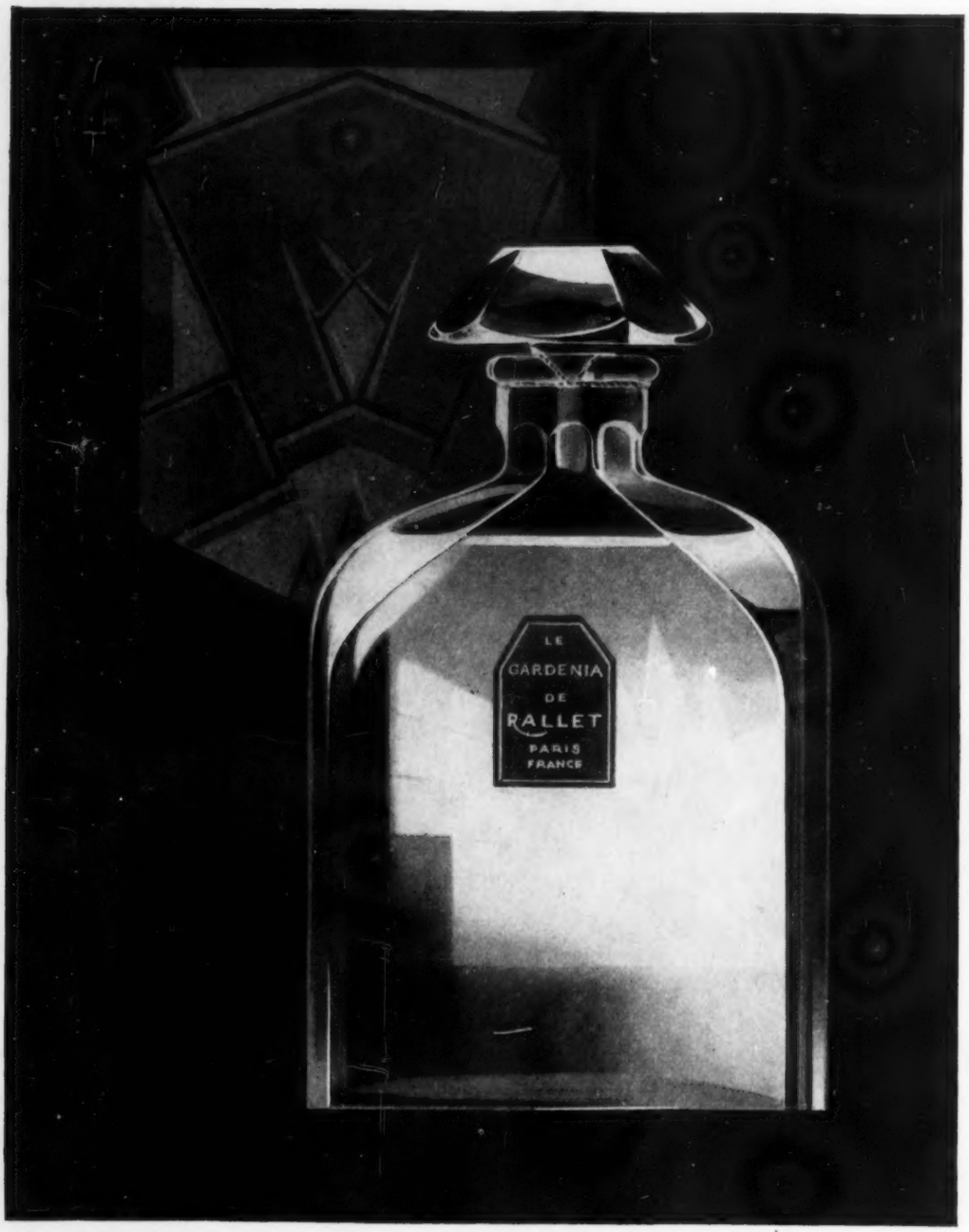

RALLET NO. 1
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GARDÉNIA
CHYPRE

Each of these superb odeurs is obtainable in five sizes
From $3.50 to $22.50

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POUDRES RALLET
Two Dollars the Box
Blanche, Naturelle, Rachel Claire, Rachel Foncée

GARDÉNIA

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THE PERFECT GARDÉNIA FRAGRANCE—The aristocrat of perfumes. Gardenia Rallet is the very essence of the enchanting white flowers, with a splendour of quality which bespeaks the royal lineage of all Rallet odeurs. It is a gift of rarest discrimination.

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velope purse with chain handle; $22.50.

Suede coat, fitted in through waist and fastening with one button like a smoking jacket; $39.50.

Slip-over jumper of natural chamois with deep round neck; $29.50. Belted jackets of suede in bright greens, reds, etc.; $45. (Practical note: In this welter of suede and chamois, remember the Art Gum eraser as the perfect cleaner.)

STEWART:

Marvellous new evening jewelry of Prystal, which looks like crystal and is unbreakable. From Lelong, black and Prystal pieces, fitted closely together at base of throat and bracelets to match; and all sorts of other Prystal combinations.

Set of modern jewelry in red gold: half bracelet an inch wide, two half pinky rings to match, flat gold disc earrings—new, amusing, and costing $4.95 for the earrings and correspondingly for the other pieces.

Stubby umbrellas with Prystal handles, hooked or with carved ornament; $15.

Lovely imported French lingerie of the coy type, going so far as to have princesse nightgown, very short, entirely of lace.

Beach wraps of Rodier cotton velvet, best in white and flesh-beige; $39.50.

Pajamas, one-piece, cut down to waist in back with crossed straps like sun suits; $29.50. Pajamas of crêpe, jumper has sash that wraps hips tightly, redingote coat over this; $39.50.

Stockings: of lace mesh, very sheer, for evening, $4.95; big mesh, $3.75; very, very sheer evening stockings in smoky mauve grays

HOSTESS GOWN—"THE SERPENT"—FROM SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

"LA LOIE" SILVEL
THE DURABLE TRANSPARENT VELVET

"LA LOIE" Silvel is featured in THE VELVET REVUE, now being produced with such success in Paramount, Loew, and Stanley Theatres throughout the country.

Nothing so well reflects the luxury of leisurely hours as a trailing hostess gown of "LA LOIE" Silvel, the DURABLE transparent velvet. Its so-very-flattering, soft, sheer fluency is due to the fact that it's made with an *all-silk georgette back.*

The Shelton Looms, ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

From PLUMMER'S!

A CHRISTMAS GIFT "from Plummer's" is like a "beautiful song without words".

It says so many lovely things, which everybody understands—without saying so. It not only implies a higher regard for the finer things in life on the part of the giver, but it subtly flatters the recipient, whose love for the beautiful is so happily recognized in your greeting, "from Plummer's".

There is also, of course, the mutual and added pleasure that always comes with the knowledge that one's gift is *distinctive—without possibility of duplication.* The patterns shown here, as is true of a great many things at Plummer's, are *exclusive with Plummer*—special productions that are not to be obtained elsewhere in America.

Mail orders invited.

HOCK GLASSES—Each glass is painted in natural colors—a different fish on each—$48 for set of 12.

Upper—MODERN LOWESTOFT—Dinner plates or Teacups and Saucers $75 a doz. Your monogram, crest or coat of arms placed on each piece, at extra cost.

Center—OLD CHINESE FAMILLE ROSE SERVICE. Dinner plates or Teacups and Saucers $15 a dozen.

Lower—OLD YORK PATTERN. Dinner plates $20 a doz. Teacups and Saucers $22 a doz.

All Patterns shown in open stock

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IMPORTERS OF
Modern and Antique China and Glass
7 & 9 East 35th Street, New York
Near Fifth Avenue

NEW HAVEN, CONN. 954 Chapel Street
HARTFORD, CONN. 256 Farmington Ave.

and mauve gunmetal, very new shades; $12.50.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

AS soon as a child leaps out of the infant stage, and the attendant conventional pink woolly blankets and lingerie dresses, mothers usually get very violent and individual ideas on the subject of clothing that make indiscriminate gift-giving in this line a bit risky. However, if you are determined to endow your niece or godchild with something exquisite in the way of wearing apparel, the following will guide you gently down the right path.

A LA JEUNESSE ELÉGANTE, 72 East Fifty-fifth Street: Elaborate and expensive clothes of the sophisticated type. For dressed-up children.

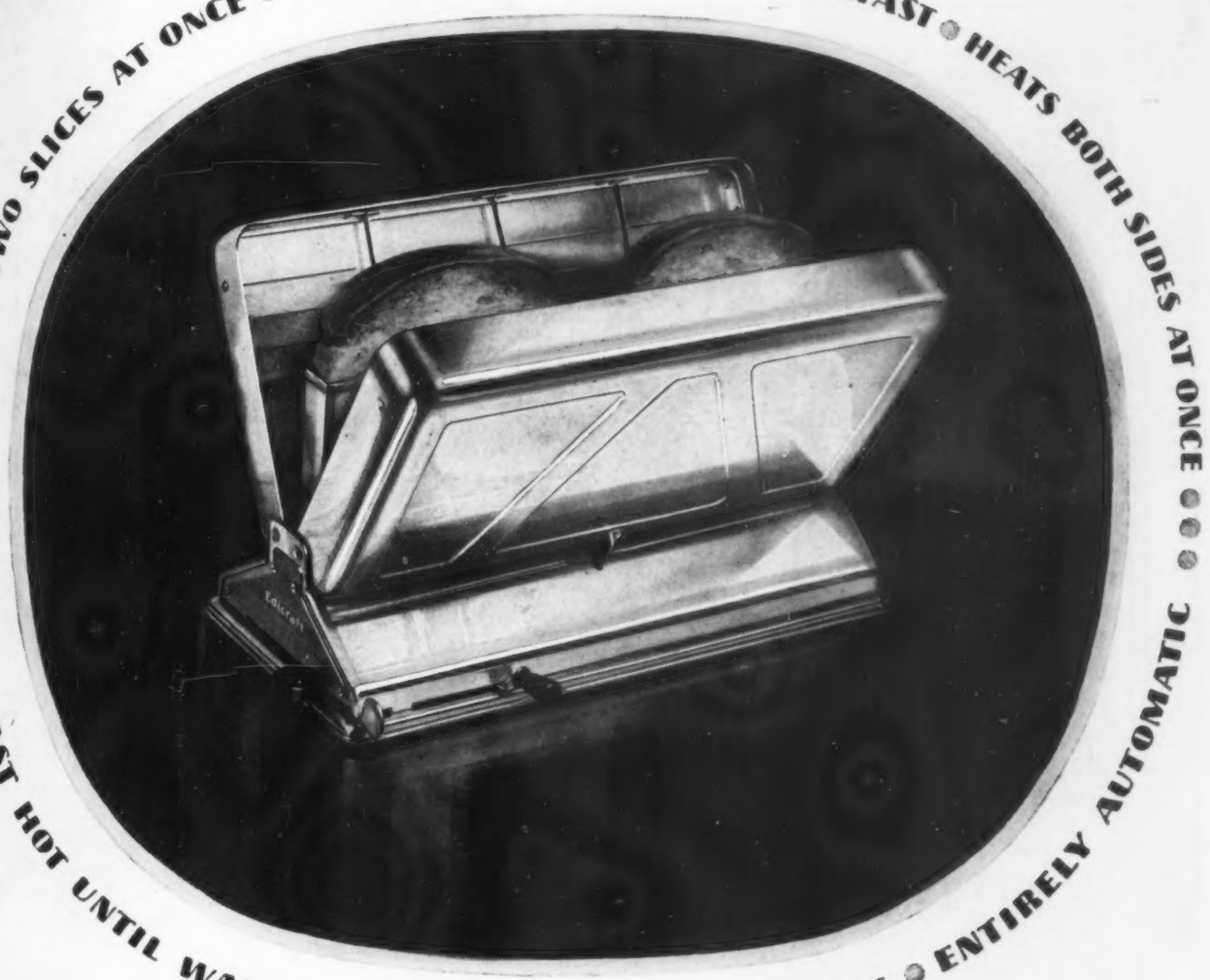
MISS L. BROGAN, 500 Madison Avenue: Clothes for very small children, handmade in New Orleans convents in many cases; infants' dresses and caps in rose and pink particularly enchanting.

CHRISTOPHER ROBIN, INC., 818 Madison Avenue: Canadian blanket coats and hoods. Coats lined with bright red flannel. Red sashes. Parka snow suits, Esquimau hoods with fur around the face, two-piece, with jumper and leggins. Beach pajamas for little girls. Plaid flannel shorts in the English manner, and collarless jackets for little boys. All clothes are simple and excellently made.

DE PINNA, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-second Street: Everything for children once they are out of creepers; particularly good for boys about eight whose mothers like clothes of the English type.

FAIRYLAND, 10 West Fiftieth Street: Imported French things for children up to fourteen years of age, prices reasonable for lovely work.

KIDDIE CORNER, 11 East Fifty-sixth


TOASTS TWO SLICES AT ONCE • PUTS WINGS ON YOUR BREAKFAST • HEATS BOTH SIDES AT ONCE • • •
• • • KEEPS TOAST HOT UNTIL WANTED • REQUIRES NO WATCHING • ENTIRELY AUTOMATIC

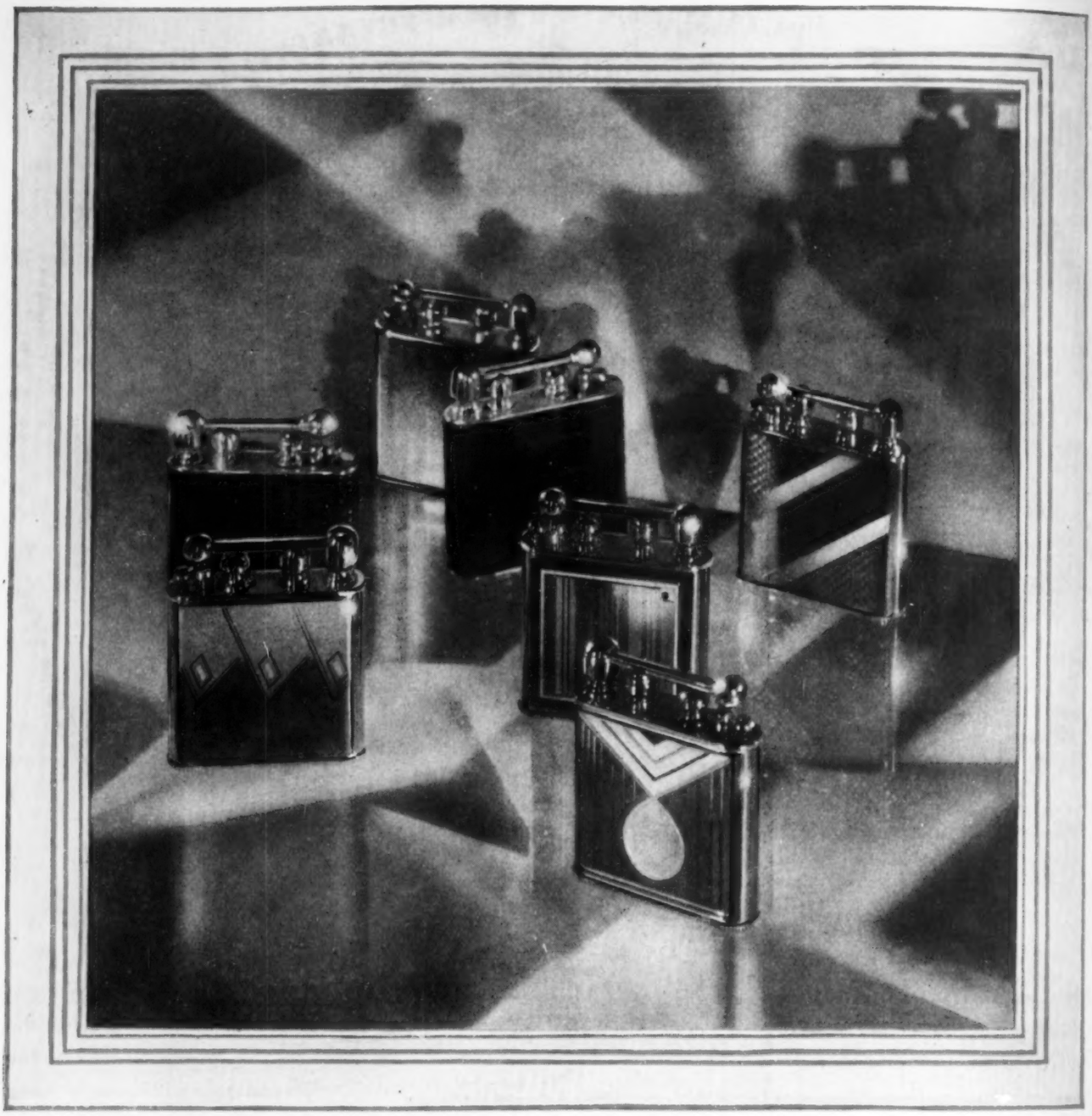
New—endowed with the twin gifts of speed and beauty—the Edicraft is the modern toaster. Simply slip in two slices of bread—and close. Both sides of both slices are toasted at once. No watching, no waiting, no burned toast or burned fingers...When the toast is finished, the Edicraft opens up like a morning-glory! Toast is done to just the shade of brown you prefer. You actually order the toast by number—setting the lever for the tint you prefer . . . More—the Edicraft will obligingly keep your toast hot until you are ready . . . The Edicraft is made in the Edison Laboratories at Orange, New Jersey, and is the only electric toaster authorized to carry the personal signature of Thomas A. Edison.

The Automaticrat of the

BREAKFAST TABLE

TRADE MARK Thomas A. Edison, INC., ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

Edicraft speed Toaster



GIFT COUNTERS GLEAM WITH NEW DOUGLASSES

Press the Trigger...
There's Your Light!

New cases, some full enameled, others in enamel inlay. Cases by Wadsworth, done after the manner of his fine watchcases, white and green gold filled. Cases of sterling and solid gold, richly ornamented. Rare and unusual leathers cover still other Douglasses. Douglass precision, automatic action, long life complete the story. The selection of a Douglass Lighter is this year more than ever a mark both of good taste and good judgment. Prices, beginning at $3.50 range upward to $1000.

The Douglass Company, San Francisco • New York Distributors: Benson & Hedges, 435 5th Avenue • Cross & Beguelin, 15 Maiden Lane

Street: Clothes for boys up to six and girls to ten years. Infants' clothes that include more amusing colors than pinks and blues. French creepers; everything charmingly done. Also games and toys of an unusual sort.

LES ENFANTS, 920 Park Avenue: Another excellent choice for small children.

NANA, LTD., 24 East Sixty-sixth Street: Very, very smart clothes for babies and small children.

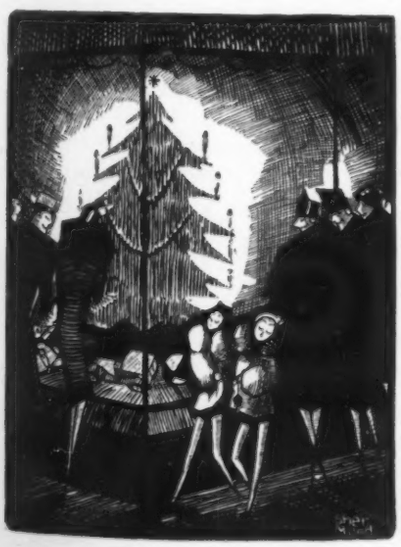
NANINE, 510 Madison Avenue: Handmade infants' and children's clothes, perfect taste and reasonable prices. Imported batiste crib sheets. Everything except the stern practical necessities for the layette.

NEW YORK EXCHANGE FOR WOMEN'S WORK, 541 Madison Avenue: Made-to-order clothes for children; fine materials and beautiful work.

TWO-FIFTEEN, LTD., 485 Madison Avenue: A newcomer—many imported French party dresses for girls under fourteen; lots of clothes to order; a particular knack with the awkward age.

Among the large shops, Best's Liliputian Bazaar has rightly held its prestige for perfect children's clothes of the simple and inexpensive type; Altman continues to show imported batiste lingeries for fastidious small girls at a reasonable price; and Saks-Fifth Avenue cater to the very de luxe little one, going so far as to have imported French crêpe de Chine underwear in a grown-up manner (we deplore this).

For infants' clothes, the very best linen and lingerie experts excel—Colony Lingerie, Grande Maison de Blanc, Hollander, Kargère, McCutcheon, Stewart, and Wanamaker carry the most exquisite of imported and domestic frills for the layette, and also carriage covers, bassinet fixings, and



NAT LEWIS PURSES

The Purses designed and executed by Mr. Lewis are accorded supreme admiration by women of the smart type who worship elegance in its most quiet and correct form. The Gift of assured acceptance.

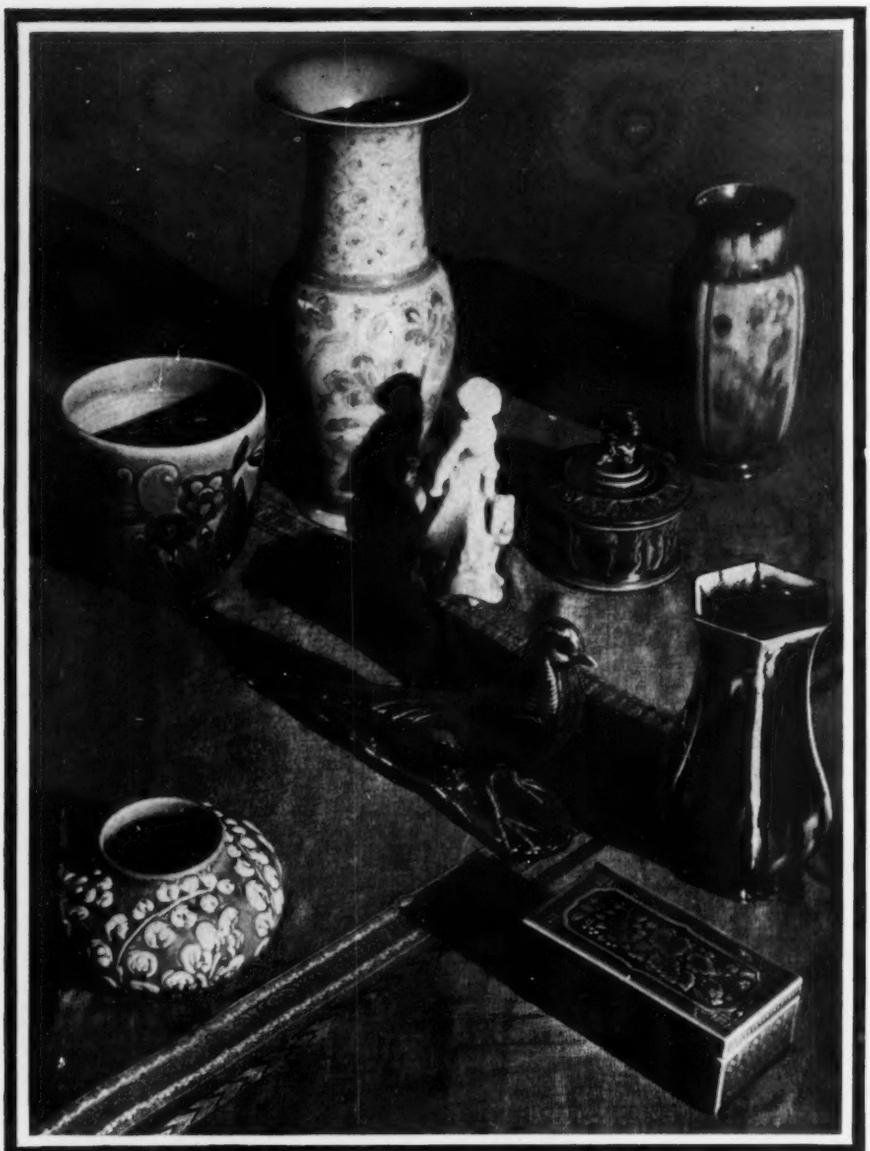
Nat Lewis INC.

PURSES : GIFTS : HOSIERY : GLOVES

RETAIL SHOPS

A New Shop Now Open
Hotel Montclair, Lex. Ave. at 49th
Thirty West Fifty-seventh Street
St. Regis Shop, Fifth Ave. at 55th St.
409 Madison Avenue, at Forty-eighth Street
1580 Broadway, at 47th St. (With Men's Dept.)
Another Shop, now open, 845 Madison Avenue at 70th Street

Nat Lewis Wholesale Corp., 578 Mad. Ave., N.Y.



ROOKWOOD

Because it is permanent as only beauty is permanent . . . because its significance is more profound than that of most other objects of art, while its cost is small in comparison . . . Rookwood Pottery is the gift superb, the personal acquisition of distinction.

Tiffany and Company, Jewelers, New York City

Frederick Loeser and Co., Inc. Brooklyn; Kayser and Allman, Philadelphia; L. Bamberger and Company, Newark; Shervee Studios, Inc., Boston; Dulin and Martin, Washington; Hutzler Brothers, Baltimore; Marshall Field and Company, Chicago; L. B. King, Detroit; Brock and Co., Los Angeles, Calif.; Lipman Wolfe and Company, Portland, Oregon. A store of similar quality represents the pottery exclusively in your city. We invite your direct inquiry.

ROOKWOOD POTTERY
CINCINNATI

everything to make a baby a "little pink-and-white miracle."

The grandest present that anyone can possibly give a dear little mother-to-be is an English pram—in navy blue (never, never, never in pink, blue, jade-green, or any other such). Saks-Fifth Avenue have MacKenzie, used by the Royal Family; Best has a very snooty one exclusively; Altman also has a very good line of them.

BEAUTY

WHEN we come to this subject, we really are swamped. There are millions and trillions of creams, lotions, powders, and other beautifiers, most of them perfectly excellent—so your lady's favorite might well be something that even we, in our great wisdom, never heard of. Naturally, if you know her preferences, you need read no further.

And we would like to remind you that nobody is quite so delighted with a frivolous gift—such as lingerie, perfume, or beauty products—as a thoroughly worthy woman who would never think of buying them for herself, but would adore being considered gay and worldly. Mothers particularly love them.

ELIZABETH ARDEN, 673 Fifth Avenue:

Travelling cases to be set up on dressing-table or in Pullman washroom. Equipped with all preparations; $75 to $125.

Small oblong overnight case in tan leather, containing essential preparations; $15.

Famous pink tin boxes, with Arden preparations; $3.85 to $25.

Bath mitts that lather lavishly in salt water; for travellers.

Lingerie, knicknacks, atomizers, evening bags, etc., in the salon.

Course of six treatments; $18.

MARGARET BRAINARD, 654 Madison Avenue:

This new specialist has perfected a Cosre Beauty lamp—a sun lamp that has amazing restorative and relaxing effects on the face; stimulating circulation, and so on; $20. With two of Miss Brainard's excellent creams to complete the home facial treatment; $25.

MARIE EARLE, 660 Fifth Avenue:

Small travelling case of gray leather, with essential preparations and mascaro, powder, and lipstick; $20. Cases with greater assortment of preparations; $35.

Overnight case of leather, green

silk lining. Upper half is a tray for nightgown, slippers, and lingerie; lower half is fitted with all Earle preparations.

Course of six treatments; $24. More elaborate ones; 6 for $30.

DOROTHY GRAY, 683 Fifth Avenue:

Small box including lipstick, powder compact, mascaro; in decorative cases for the handbag; $5.

New boxes, covered charmingly with German wallpaper, eight Gray articles; $10.

Course of six treatments; $18. Circulation treatments; six for $25. Makeup specialists on the premises.

ROSE LAIRD, 785 Fifth Avenue:

Special work in bleaching skin that has become yellow or blotchy from ill-advised tan.

Course of ten treatments at the salon; $35.

MAISON BERTIE, 695 Fifth Avenue:

Black-enamel double compact, gold clasps in jeweller effect and lipstick to match; $6 a set. Also velvet, in colors. Insides removable so that cigarettes may be enclosed later. For evening; $6.

Course of six treatments; $18 and $25. Treatments involving tanning of the body under special lamps. Will send out metal cards to announce various credits at the salon: copper, $50 worth of treatments and preparations, or three months' visit to the salon as often as you like; pewter, $100; silver, $200; gold (for lavish papas), $500.

PRIMROSE HOUSE, 3 East Fifty-second Street:

Excellent overnight case, with powder, tonic, creams, tissues, rouge, etc. Big sizes with large mirror; $7.50. Larger, with extra preparations; $13.50.

Bath salts and dusting-powder sets, black and silver; $3.50.

Course of six treatments at the salon; $25.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN, 46 East Fifty-seventh Street:

Charming red, black, and gold modernist box, containing triple compact; box to match holds five cigarettes; $3.75.

Loose-powder compact, black, red,

KASKEL & KASKEL DUNLAP

FIFTH AT 46TH
57TH AT MADISON

Pajamas in tailored Lyons silks. One contains two dancing figures woven into the fabric. In peach, blue, burgundy or cream. $42.50.

A Pocket Sweater (found in no other shop) of angora wool so light that it comes in a tobacco pouch. White, green, blue, tan. $22.50.

Traveling Hat Case from Paris holds seven hats. Tan cowhide, handsewn, lined with grey velvet and equipped with hat brushes. $75.

Dressing Gown of heavy satin crepe (woven in France). Design in blue and white. $125. Others up to $200. Slippers to match.

HERE, SIR, ARE GIFTS SHE'D

Trifles, you say? But *what* trifles! Trifles that so gracefully bespeak *your* imagination and *her* individuality. Trifles as surely of Paris as a couturier label in a gown. Trifles of such consequence to Her ensemble smartness that already she has breathed innumerable prayers to St. Nick in hopes of them. : : : *A Parfum of Paris* : : : lightly imprisoning the spirit of a mood : : : Adventure : : : Romance : : : Gaiety : : : Sophistication. Four distinct and alluring *odeurs* : : : created, sealed and packaged in Paris : : : in flacons of symbolic color and happy design. Three sizes: $3.75, $7.50, $12.50. : : : *A Compacte* . . . to match or accent her loveliest costume. A trim little octagon affair . . . topped with *cloisonné* enamel in the four symbolic colors of the Parfum . . . blue, green, black or ivory . . .

COMPACTE

le Début

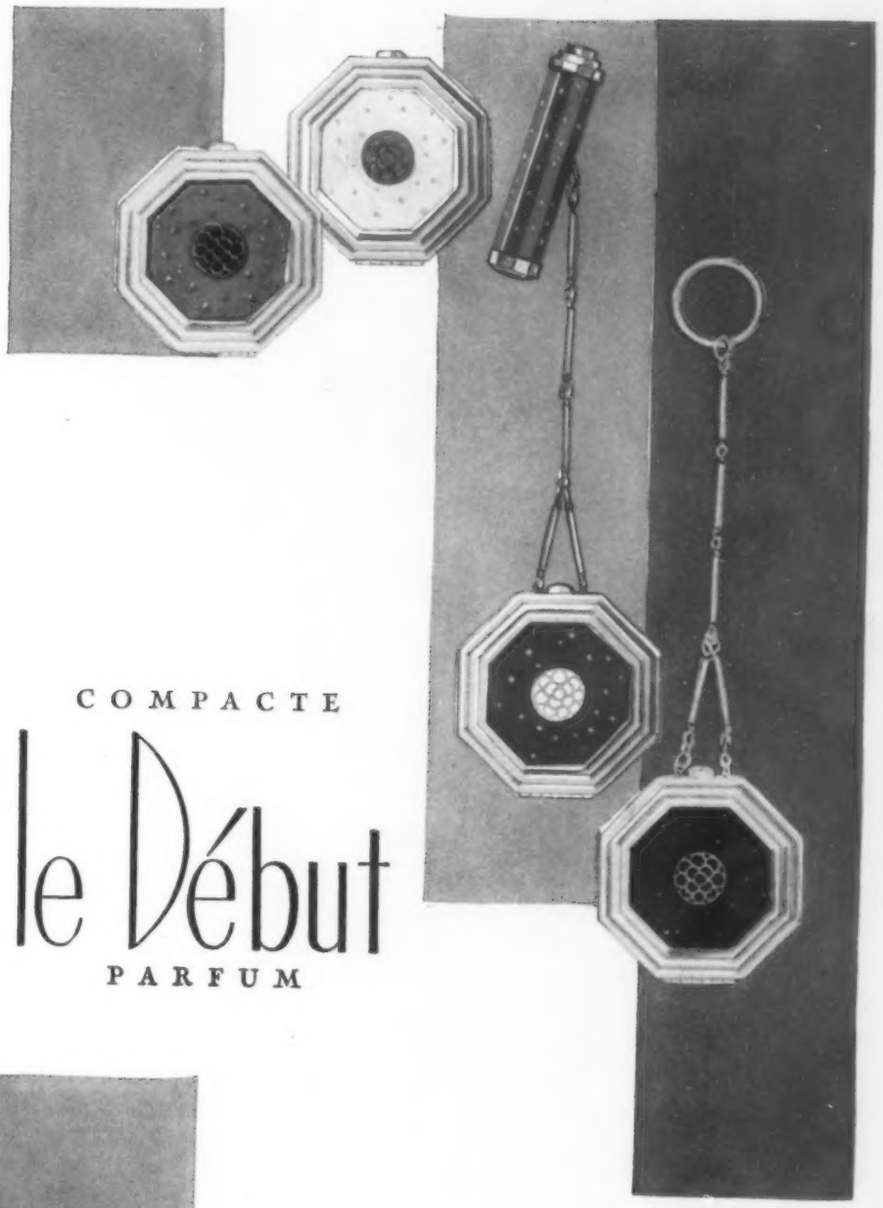
PARFUM

that makes the mere gesture of powdering a nose utterly fascinating. Price $5.00 (enamel-dotted top $2.50). Compacte with chain $7.50 : : : *A Lipstick* . . . the charming mate of the *Compacte* . . . in color harmony and design. Chatelaine (compacte and lipstick combined with chain) $10.00. Lipstick alone, $2.50. The name, Sir? Naturally, *le Début* . . . the accessories of the Modern Woman . . . found at Modern shops.

RICHARD HUDNUT

NEW YORK • • PARIS

CHOOSE HERSELF!



COMPACTE

le Début

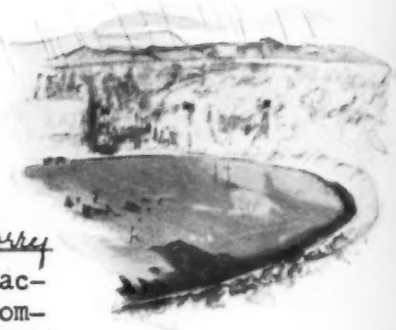
PARFUM

RICHARD
HUDNUT
NEW YORK • • PARIS

Sketched at the Yale Bowl

NEW FOOTWEAR STORM STYLES

BY FLOYD DAVIS



It rained - but why worry

Again the intensely practical members of the Coming Generation have blazed the trail for their elders! At the Yale Bowl, observers note, under-graduates of leading women's colleges fairly flaunted their new Zippers and Shower Boots, proud of the happy combination of style and sensibility embodied in them. If fall insists on being nasty, the Modern Miss will simply retaliate with smartness. . . aided and abetted by Goodrich artists.

Brown Shower Boot

There's a comforting feeling in having one's feet snugly enclosed in Zippers or Shower Boots that arises not alone from their perfect fit and precisely right degree of warmth. It comes from the knowledge that smart. . .and costly . . . footwear will be fully protected, no matter what turn the weather takes.

Swagger Tan Fabric

They weigh seven ounces

FLATTERINGLY TRIM

The greatest achievement in the new fall designs is the amazing neatness of their cut and fit. Smooth across the instep... snug at the ankles.. they flatter any foot.

Two-Tone Henna Shower Boot

A few Washable All-Rubber Zippers

These new Goodrich Shower Boots are all rubber, washable, and tailored to meet the mode. They weigh only seven ounces, and are available in the smartest fall colors as well as handsome new two-tone combinations.

Goodrich Zippers

SHOWER BOOTS AND FABRICS

and silver; six packets of loose powder in popular shades; $3.

Travelling kits, all prices. Some with room for negligees and toothbrushes. Rubberized Pullman bags, with compartments for preparations, a specialty here.

Treatments: series of makeup treatments, $20. —L. L.

FOR THE HOUSE

EVERY year these lists get harder to classify. This time "For the House" means general decorations, small accessories, and household devices. Tableware, which I am the first to admit you might logically expect to find under this heading, was covered two weeks ago in a list of suggestions for the dining-room; next week's lists will tell about shops catering to fireside drinkers and their demands. And so it goes.

Besides, we plan to go on giving you last-minute suggestions right up to the last second; there will be more about gifts for the house in these.

In the meantime:

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH, Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street: Tools and tool chests, measuring devices, household gadgets of all kinds—everything for handy men about houses.

ALTMAN, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street: Rugs—a de luxe exhibition going on right now. Also, small Orientals from $16.50, and good. Persian (or Indian?) saddlebags made into little square mats; $5.90, $9.75, etc. Also, large hooked-rug group, all sizes, patterns, and prices. Small furniture pieces—Cape Cod rocker with honestly comfortable seat (a practically unheard-of arrangement); $68. Coffee tables, Queen Anne; good dark maple and walnut; $45. Reflector torchères—the kind that flood the ceiling and give indirect-lighting effect; bronze finish; $12.50. Large selection of comfortables and spreads, separately or in ensembles. Bridge

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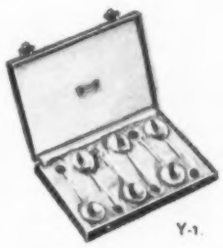
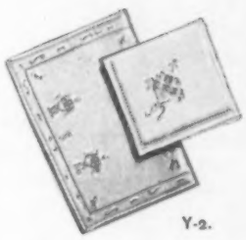
McCutcheon's

Treasure-house of unusual
Christmas Gifts



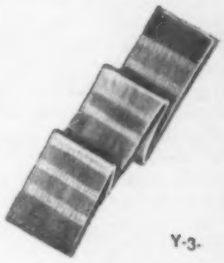
Y-1.

Y-1. Charming and novel set of silver demi-tasse Spoons from Liberty's with tips of carnelian, onyx and other semi-precious stones. $14.75 for six.



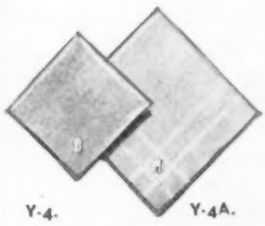
Y-2.

Y-2. To delight a hostess — an exquisite Oblong needlepoint and embroidery Luncheon Set. 13 pieces. $13.50. 17 pieces. $19.50.



Y-3.

Y-3. This lacy Shetland Wool Scarf will provide just the protection a chilly person needs in the house. In ombre pastel stripes. $5.00.



Y-4. Y-4A.

Y-4. Handkerchiefs, of course! Dainty initial style for women, $1.00 each. Y-4A. Cord and tape style with initial for men. Hand-rolled hems, pure Linen. $1.00 each.

Y-5.

Y-5. A gift from Liberty's of London is beautiful, and always welcome! Pitcher in colorful Moorcroft Ware with trimming of Tudric Pewter. $8.75.

Y-6.

Y-6. No woman ever has too many pairs of Slip-on Gloves! Fine washable French suede, pique sewn. In mode, putty, beaver, gray, flesh or white. $3.75 a pair.

FIFTH AVENUE AT
FORTY-NINTH ST.

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

DEPT. NO. 75
NEW YORK

DON'T GIVE THIS POOR MAN NECKTIES AGAIN

HE'S probably pretty tired of getting neckties for Christmas and he'd probably rather select his own anyway.

This year give him something that will delight his scientific soul and be a thing of beauty and joy forever as well.

Yes, we mean those fascinating Taylor Stormoguides that forecast the weather 12 to 24 hours in advance and enable you to plan your life accordingly. He'll like examining it every day in the year —and think of all those important decisions concerning rubbers and umbrella that can be made promptly and correctly by glancing at a Stormoguide's friendly face! It's as easy to read as the old family clock and a lot more exciting.

Taylor

Stormoguide

(STANDING PATTERN)

Shown below has a walnut finished bakelite case 14½" wide, with 4½ inch gold toned dial. It is adjustable for altitudes 0 to 2500 feet. It's price is $15. A smaller model, without stand, called the Taylor Stormoguide Jr. has a white dial and is suitable for wall use. It is priced at $10.

New Yorkers are fortunate in having so many splendid stores where Stormoguides may be purchased. We suggest you patronize them—or write direct to us.

Taylor Instrument Companies

ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.

CANADIAN PLANT, TYCOS BUILDING, TORONTO MANUFACTURING DISTRIBUTORS IN GREAT BRITAIN, SHORT & MASON, LTD., LONDON

sets done in Deruta linen; lovely handwork; $3.75 to $12.50. Wastebaskets and things covered with shellacked and readable old newspapers. Lots of chromium-plated electrical devices. One automatic toaster does two sides at once and has a tray to catch crumbs; $11.65.

THE BATH SHOP, Park Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street: Nice, practical bathroom nonsense. Sponge-rubber headrests; $6.50. Tub reading racks; fancy soaps and sponges; hamper and shower-sheet ensembles; bottles; scales. And a cleansing-tissue roll on stand colored to your special order in two days' time for $2.

BENELLO & BILLORI, 584 Madison Avenue: Venetian glass of actually breath-taking beauty; every color, every purpose. Also, Italian linens, laces, and tooled-leather trifles.

BLOOMINGDALE, Lexington Avenue and Sixtieth Street: A household department which should never be overlooked in searches for kitchen gifts. They even have modernist cereal sets.

THE CAMDEN SHOP, 872 Madison Avenue: Good taste in decorative trifles and more important pieces. Unusual lamps, china, rugs, and glass; small furniture pieces—lots of maple; cleverly covered small chairs.

CARLIN COMFORTS, 528 Madison Avenue: Things for the boudoir, just too luxurious. Chaise-longue throws, big puffy pillows, comfortables, all of a variety that must be seen to be . . .

THE CHINTZ & BOX SHOP, 524 Madison Avenue: Closet boxes and general equipment; bathroom ensembles; small boxes of all kinds.

THE CHINTZ SHOP, 431 Madison Avenue: New and charming collection of tie-backs made from old harness buttons; in red or blue and clear glass, with decalcomania flowers; $18 pair. Lily tie-backs, sapphire or ruby glass, or white porcelain, with antiqued-brass leaf. French china lamps, decorated with field flowers and more formal designs—really beautiful; $50 and $75 a pair. Unusually good shades; one for boy's room, with French sailor and ship design.

DARNLEY, INC., 395 Madison Avenue: Dog drinking sets—tray and six glasses, with favorite breed as decoration; $7.50. Large painted trays, good designs; $15 to $35. Ivy wall pockets —terra-cotta painted pot, set in intertwined dull gilt leaves; $5 each. In addition, the wax flowers for which the shop is famous; fifty cents to $2.50.

A. L. DIAMENT, 101 Park Avenue:

GO TO BEAM'S For the Unusual in Gifts

A graceful ash stand in rust finished iron. As modern as today with a distinction of its own. 34" tall.

$19.50

And a shop full of other decorative accessories selected for you by a decorator.

NATHANIEL B. BEAM'S SONS
Established 1840

15 WEST 51 ST. N.Y.

T·U·X·E·D·O·S

The L·O·N·D·O·N L·I·D·O

A dignified dinner coat of unstudied smartness, tailored with that rare skill which assures genuine comfort.

Tailored-to-measure or Ready-for-wear

$55 and more

Banks Inc.
562 Fifth Avenue New York City
Entrance on 46th Street

Famous Lips
that *cannot* feel *this famous rouge*

"The Little Red Box" 75c

Angelus Rouge Incarnat Lipsticks $1.00

Betty Compton is happy to experience the famous "Angelus Color Study" by Louis Philippe, Parisian Colorist and Creator of Rouge Incarnat. "Angelus is so smooth I can't feel it", said Miss Compton, "And I love the way the color blends with my own."

BETTY Compton and Margaret Irving are but two of the famous stage and screen stars who use Angelus Rouge Incarnat.

Women everywhere appreciate its wonderfully fine quality. Smooth as satin, you cannot feel it. Lovely color alone is left on lips and cheeks. There is no flaky dried substance, no caking on the lips. Angelus Rouge lasts all day and is truly indelible and waterproof. Nine lovely natural tints to blend flatteringly with every woman's coloring.

"The Little Red Box" of Angelus Rouge Incarnat is chic and compact, slips into the day or evening bag — convenient for both lips and cheeks. And it seems to last forever — 75c. Also Angelus Rouge Incarnat Lipsticks — $1.00. At the better stores.

Louis Philippe studying the coloring of beautiful, brilliant Margaret Irving. The perfect blending of the Angelus Rouge tints has been achieved through these studies.

ANGELUS
Rouge Incarnat
"You Cannot Feel It"

LOUIS PHILIPPE, Inc., 247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

HAVE YOU A CAGE OF *CAP - PEL - LIN* BIRDS AT HOME?

IF you love color—Venetian sunsets and the like—you will have.

Gorgeous little things, themselves—of opaque colored glass. They sit all day in their iridescent cage spun of Venetian glass—and their songs are just *eyefuls of color*. At night, you press an electric button and these "Cappi" birds and all their glass world are aglow with the brilliant hues of their home in Southern Italy.

In service, an intriguingly beautiful chandelier. But oh, *how* beautiful! and *how* interesting.

These lovely "Cappi" birds and their luminous cage are only one of many pieces—every one of which is a revelation of the decorative and serviceable possibilities which lie in "*Cappellin* the beautiful" Venetian Glass—the pride of modern Italy's art enthusiasts.

CAPPELLIN

The Beautiful Venetian Glass

Exhibition and Sales Studios
12 East 41st Street, New York

Boudoir furniture with chintz or wallpaper applied in panels. Screens, covered in hand-blocked papers. Small reproduction furniture pieces. Period lamps. Eighteenth-century prints.

OLIVETTE FALLS, 563 Madison Avenue: Small chairs of good design. Superlative wing chair, chintz, down cushions, $135; boudoir chair, $40. Leather chairs for tired business husbands; $125 to $300. All colors. Crystal and modern lustre boudoir lamps; $18 pair. Old Chinese plates for ashtrays; $6 to $10. Good floor lamps; $25. Garden faucets for suburban cousins—dove, squirrel; $17 to $20. And the like.

FRANKL GALLERIES, 4 East Forty-eighth Street: Decorations in the Frankl modern manner. Mainly skyscraper furniture. Otherwise, screens, china, small accessories, lamps, etc.

GIMBEL, Broadway and Thirty-third Street: Kitchen things in painted wood, from the Housewares Department, modern, decorative, and practical; closet things from the Closet Shop (second floor); *objets d'art* from the new and blooming Old World Shop.

A few of the last: Wooden bookends—French, painted, and amusing; $5 and $7. Staffordshire dogs and figurines; $2.95 onward. Small Provincial chairs in carved walnut; $11.75. German porcelain figurines in white and gold; $12 to $30. Some of the best Ginori stuff in town. Old Biedemeier chairs from $29.75. Empire and Directoire tôle; seventy-five cents to $35 (that is, ashtrays to lamps). Little French prints, in passe-partout frames; $1. Lovely flower prints, framed.

HAMMACHER, SCHLEMMER, 145 East Fifty-seventh Street: Labor-saving devices a specialty. Innumerable electrical tricks; all kinds of hardware; anything for kitchens.

HERTER LOOMS, 444 Madison Avenue: Painted furniture done by special

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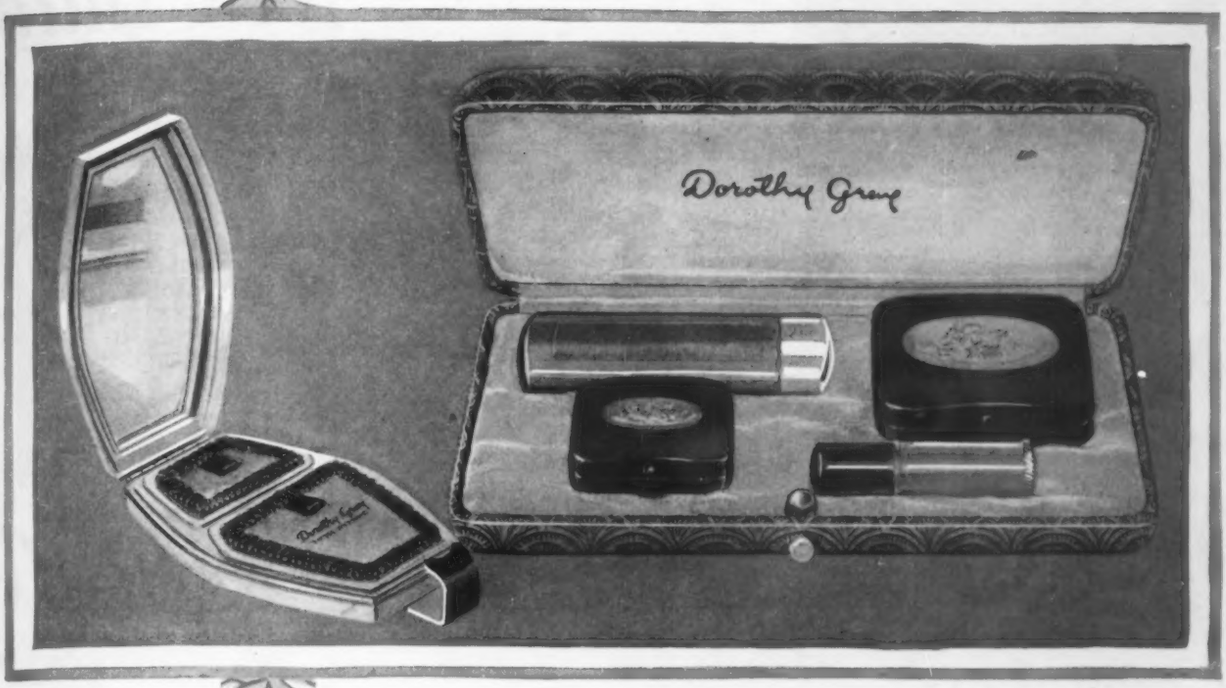
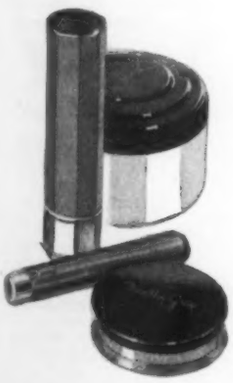


FOR THE TOE OF A FEMININE STOCKING

OF course you have already selected the *important practical* gift for HER. But there is still the *important frivolous* gift that is to be tucked in the toe of her Christmas stocking. An utterly useless nicknack annoys every woman. Give her something she will use—but let there be a touch of subtle flattery about it.

All the Dorothy Gray accessories pictured here are frivolous necessities. The satin-lined blue leather box holds a perfect make-up ensemble: exquisite Dorothy Gray compact powder, compact rouge, creamy-smooth lipstick and Lashique—the excellent mascara for brows and lashes. These four pieces are in metal cases of dark blue, French blue and silver. The compacts, lipsticks, Lashique, cream rouge, lip rouge and eyebrow pencil will delight the most fastidious feminine heart, and bring greater beauty to every lovely face.

It goes without saying that all these Dorothy Gray cosmetics may be had in a wide variety of becoming shades. They are on sale at leading shops everywhere, and at the Dorothy Gray salons.



Four piece set . . .	*$5.00*
Double Compact . .	*4.00*
Large Lipstick . . .	*2.00*
Cream Rouge . . .	*2.00*
Lip Rouge	*1.00*
Eyebrow Pencil . . .	*1.00*

DOROTHY GRAY

Dorothy Gray Building

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY

© D. G. 1929

Latest Achievement of the Age of Speed

If time counts with you—and of course it does—book passage on one of the 5 daily 23⅓-hour trains between New York and Florida.

FLORIDA
CUBA • SOUTH
"Empires of Sunshine"

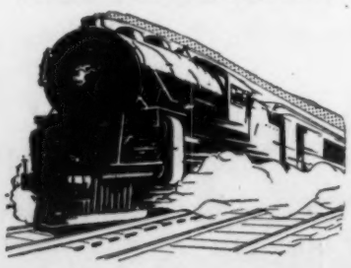
Via The Double-Track Sea-Level Route

Leave Penna. Station, New York, Daily:

The Miamian	9:40 a. m.
Gulf Coast Limited	9:40 a. m.
2d Miamian (*Eff. Jan. 17*)	9:40 a. m.
Havana Special	6:50 p. m.
The Everglades	10:20 p. m.
ALSO	
Palmetto Limited	2.10 p. m.
Florida Special (*Eff. Jan. 4*)	8:35 p. m.
Coast Line Fla. Mail	9:05 p. m.
Magnolia Limited	12:30 a. m.

Tickets, Reservations, Information from
MR. B. F. FULLER, A. G. P. A.
8 West 40th Street, New York
Tel. Lackawanna 7080

Atlantic Coast Line
The Standard Railroad of the South



process giving that exclusive, expensive look of great age.

EDWIN JACKSON, INC., Lexington Avenue and Sixty-fifth Street: Fireplaces fully equipped, with taste and ingenuity. All sorts of fripperies—such as compass indicators to set in hearthstone, fire screens to match hobbies, etc.—as well as serious fittings.

WILLIAM H. JACKSON, 2 West Forty-seventh Street: Mantels and fireplace equipment, exclusively. Antiques and reproductions; every country, including the French Provincial.

JONES & ERWIN, 15 East Fifty-seventh Street: Decorations and bibelots, dripping with sophistication. Lots of white things—alabaster lamps, porcelain tidbits. Tinsel glass, made up in every possible way. Hundreds of amusing small pieces to liven mantels and small tables.

C. KLAUBER, Madison Avenue and Forty-third Street: Cutlery; a line the completeness of which will awe you.

LENOX HILL STUDIO, 542 Madison Avenue: Any old kind of pillow.

LEWIS & CONGER, Sixth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street: You know all about this anyway. Nevertheless—kitchen gadgets, pea-shellers, cherry-stoners, cake-decorating sets, dishwashers. Fireplace things, dug up from odd corners of Europe. Breakfast-table innovations, like covered egg-cups. Hot-water plates—hundreds of them. Bathroom fixtures, in chromium, glass, or anything. Et al, et al.

NAT LEWIS, 409 Madison Avenue (or any of the other branches): Clocks and things gone handsomely modern. Blown-glass nonsense, like group showing tree, serpent, Adam and Eve (with fig-leaf); $7.50. New line of pottery animals; fifty cents and $1.

LORD & TAYLOR, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street: Hostess items: (1) Individual cigarette holder, for table; match and cigarette cups and ashtray in spiral glass, all perched on single stem—yellow and black, blue and white, red and blue. (2) Italian cocktail napkins, fringed edges; $7.50. dozen. (3) Exquisite net tea and luncheon cloths from Vienna; $47.50. (4) Modern silver—simple pieces with wood handles.

Also: Great big gorgeous chenille bath set; $38. Yellow, beige, and chartreuse blended in design. Heavy glass doorstops—for bathrooms—just an octagonal ball imprisoning colored glass flowers. All colors; $6.50. Moon lamps—big round pottery base, scientifically fashioned after the bumpy surface of the moon; $50.

West Indies

14-DAY CRUISES
for as low as **$140**
on the popular cruising liner
"ARAGUAYA"
CHRISTMAS–NEW YEAR'S CRUISE
Leaving New York Dec. 21 — visiting Havana, Nassau, Bahamas, and Bermuda.
7 LATER CRUISES
Visiting 5 most interesting ports: Havana; Santiago de Cuba; Kingston, Jamaica; Port au Prince, Haiti; Nassau, Bahamas; or Bermuda.

Bermuda

The world-famous cruising steamer
"ARCADIAN"
especially selected for this Popular Service
SPECIAL HOLIDAY SAILINGS
Dec. 21, for Christmas
Dec. 27, for New Year's
From New York Every Thursday, commencing Jan. 2, 1930
This magnificent 19,500 ton, oil-burning steamer provides exceptional comfort and luxury for the 2-day voyage.

For reservations, illustrated booklets, etc., apply to the

ROYAL MAIL
STEAM PACKET COMPANY
26 BROADWAY NEW YORK
or Local Agents

FABRE LINE
The popular Route to the Mediterranean

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISES
1930

S. S. PROVIDENCE	from New York, Jan. 29
S. S. PATRIA	from New York, Feb. 19
S. S. PROVIDENCE	from New York, Apr. 14

(40 days)

Itinerary — *Azores-Madeira-Lisbon-Gibraltar-Algiers - Palermo - Naples - Villefranche (Nice) - Messina (Taormina) - Piraeus (Athens) - Constantinople - Rhodes - Beirut-Palestine - Egypt - Syracuse - Ajaccio - Marseilles.*

FARE:—$435.00 including shore excursions and Hotels in Palestine and Egypt.

Optional Excursions—Cintra, Pena, Algeciras, Gorges of Chiffa, Baalbeck, Damascus, Nazareth, Jericho and Dead Sea, Tel-Aviv-Jaffa, Sakhara, Memphis, Luxor.

For information and descriptive literature apply to

James W. Elwell & Co., Inc.
General Agents
17 State Street, New York or Local Agents

Reminder: Some of the best modern stuff I know comes from this place. Walk through the model modern rooms and collect ideas.

MACY, Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street: Our own Spee-Dee Guide:

Seventh Floor—The Corner Shop: Small reproduction furniture, all periods, excellent copies. Old flower prints. Pottery. Star lanterns. Fireplace things. Lots of everything.

Sixth Floor—Lamps and shades. Rugs—some elegant modern ones for bathrooms. Decorative figures, such as those brass-wire animals. Clocks.

Second Floor—Linens. Colored Cannon towels in nice designs.

Main Floor—Reproduction pewter, in the Silverware Department.

Basement—Glass and china, and of what an excellence!

Have I said a word about prices? Do I have to?

Final item: Do not have anything sent. What you cannot carry out in your own hands should go in your husband's. Or somebody's.

MAYHEW-COPLEY SHOPS, 540 Madison Avenue: Fireside chairs—small upholstered pieces selected for line and comfort. Lamps, china, and glass. Very low coffee tables and tea trays with let-down legs.

MCCREERY, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street: Danish pottery in those smart off-whites; designs in subdued colors; $4.95 for ashtrays. Also Ginori ware—small pieces from $1.95. Hooked rugs—a large selection and most of it excellent; good prices. Practical suggestion—pull-down hat-stands from household department; clip to high shelves and bend down on spring to receive hat; fifty cents. Danish pewter—faintly modern and most inexpensive. Small wooden table lamps, painted to imitate tôle; matching shade—all for $4.95. Tea table with box top; lid detaches and forms tea tray; $47.50. Dimmer lamps, with glass chimneys; can be turned low—floor variety, $14.50; table, $10. Enamelled trays with wavy edges—feminine and appealing; $12.50. Ivy globes; seventy-five cents—heavy glass in all colors. To stand or hang.

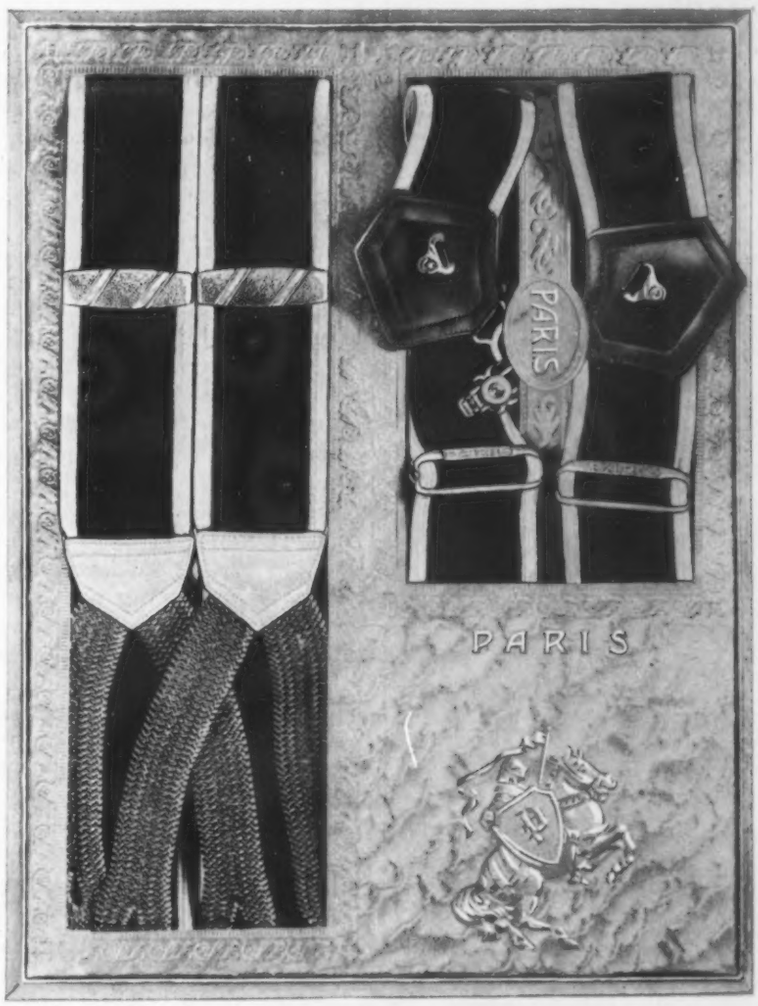
MCCUTCHEON, Fifth Avenue and

Give "him" this matched set

Silk Velvet Elastic

PARIS

GARTERS and SUSPENDERS



Pure Silk Velvet Elastic—Gold-Plated Trimmings—indeed the *latest* from "PARIS," this swanky gift set of matched Paris Garters and Paris Suspenders in popular solid colors (Maroon, Green, Bluebird, Brown, Lavender, and Black, all edged in white). Five dollars can't do more to win his approval; invest wisely in this practical "present from Paris." These stylish, useful gifts may also be purchased separately; Silk Velvet Paris Garters $2, Silk Velvet Paris Suspenders $3, in attractive gift boxes. Other Paris Sets in beautiful gift boxes as low as $1.50.

See the special displays of Paris Christmas Presents at your dealer's. If the holiday demand has depleted his stock, send in your order direct, specifying colors, with remittance, mentioning your dealer's name. Address A. Stein & Company, 1187 Congress Street, Chicago.

A. STEIN & COMPANY

CHICAGO NEW YORK LOS ANGELES TORONTO

HAWAII

Where Worry Becomes A Social Error

and indolence a fine art!

HAWAII is Nature's gorgeous challenge to the misanthrope. She makes each hour a golden opportunity for doing sublimely what you please! • Mostly it is just lazying around, wondering which flower sent you that perfume, and what sedative quality there is in this South Sea air that makes you feel so marvelously content! But, whenever the mood for play comes on, there are plenty of summer sports at hand to mock a winter calendar . . . golf on lush, green links, tennis, polo, swimming and the thrill of riding huge breakers in the surf at Waikiki! • To satisfy whatever impulse you may have for self-improvement, she unfolds sightseeing of rare interest. A delightful inter-island trip takes you to Hilo, and the volcanic phenomena and tropical forests of Hawaii National Park. • LASSCO is the route of the travel-wise to Hawaii. You can precede it with a visit in Southern California and sail from Los Angeles harbor over the popular southern route directly to Honolulu.

SIX DE LUXE SAILINGS

• from Jan. 2 to Feb. 22 •

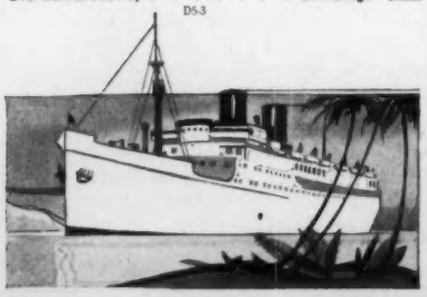
LASSCO's increased sailing schedule, effective January 2, 1930 will provide three sailings each of the palatial cruisers "City of Honolulu" and "City of Los Angeles" between January 2 and February 22. In addition there will be frequent sailings of LASSCO's other splendidly serviced ships. For full particulars apply any authorized agent or

LASSCO

LOS ANGELES STEAMSHIP CO.

730 South Broadway . . . . . Los Angeles
521 Fifth Avenue . . . . . New York
140 South Dearborn . . . . . Chicago
685 Market Street . . . . . San Francisco
213 East Broadway . . . . . San Diego

D5-3



Forty-ninth Street: After you have your linens and bath sets, see the Liberty Shop, upstairs. All sorts of knicknacks from Liberty of London—a nice touch for your British friends stranded in this great, cold, unfriendly city.

MODERNAGE, 541 East Seventeenth Street: You know—the bookshelves that set up like blocks in skyscraper units, etc. Other modern furniture, of course, finished, unfinished, and to order. Upholstered chairs (unfinished) from $14.75; small tables from $12.50. And upward, soaringly.

NESSEN STUDIOS, 131 East Thirty-eighth Street: Classic examples in modern metalcraft, executed by a master's hand. Mirrors, vases, utilitarian pieces, and lighting fixtures.

NEW YORK GALLERIES, 417 Madison Avenue: Gifts for connoisseurs. Furniture, bibelots, wall hangings, and such, with many periods and considerable antiquity represented.

OVINGTON, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street: Practically anything. I list one item: the Ato electric clock, which runs for three years without winding and is said to be accuracy's self. You can even get this for kitchen and bathroom, to hang on walls.

THE PILLOW SHOP, 522 Madison Avenue: More pillows than you ever saw at one time.

THE POTTERS' SHOP, 755 Madison Avenue: Ceramics in all their uses. By America's own outstanding potters.

RENA ROSENTHAL, 520 Madison Avenue: This year, much concentration on little wire and metal animals. Pieces by Russell Wright—horse bookends, seals, etc. Entertaining geefts for your modern girl friend.

SADI, 276 Fifth Avenue: For those Oriental rugs you are in the habit of passing around at Christmas time.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE: Marble-and-onyx bookends, modern; three thick triangles leaning against each other; $16.50. Double-decker jewel case—travels or stays at home; in leather, velvet-lined; wears waterproof case for travelling. Square, chunky cigarette boxes in white onyx; $42.50. Boudoir bells in rose quartz, crystal, and jade with contrasting semiprecious stone for button. Millions of rose quartz ashtrays, some in nests; $7.50 to $875, ha-ha. Half-circle clock with concealed cigarette box; $100.

EUGENE SCHOEN, 115 East Sixtieth Street: Modern decorations. Etched wine and liqueur stem-ware; $1.25 each. Exotic glass orchids; $7 and $8. Modern lamps, with shade; from

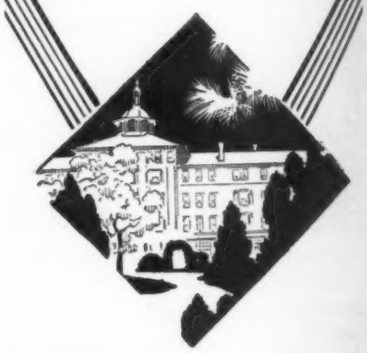
All Aboard The "Carolina Golfer"!

PINEHURST, N. C. is only a few hours* away. A night's ride brings you for breakfast to America's Center of Outdoor Sports.

In a climate that is health's best friend you'll find unending good times at golf on 5 famous D. J. Ross courses (with new grass tees), riding and other sports.

For illustrated booklet or reservations at Carolina Hotel (now open) or Holly Inn (opens Dec. 19) address General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

*15 hr. trip direct to Pinehurst on the new special train, "Carolina Golfer", leaving N. Y. at 5:45 P. M. (Leave at 6:40 P. M. prior to Dec. 19).



Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA
America's Premier Winter Resort

HAMS

from

Ole Virginia

for

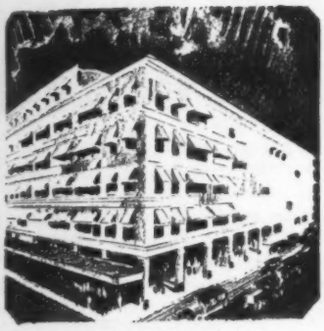
Christmas—

Cooked by a time honored recipe

Native Virginia Hams from peanut-fed pork—cured dry in salt and smoked leisurely with hickory chips. An old plantation method that preserves all their savory goodness. They are cooked by hallowed Colonial recipe using brown sugar, black pepper, molasses. . . . As good as though you went to the plantation smokehouse—picked out the ham and had Mammy cook it. Delight guaranteed. . . . Delivered prices, east of Mississippi River. For points west, add 25c. Small $7.00—Medium $9.00—Large $12.00. Order for yourself—for gifts to friends. Prompt shipments.

R. L. CHRISTIAN & CO.
410 E. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

The Resort Mode *Originates* at BURDINE'S — Miami



Burdine's, Main Store, Miami

Burdine's, Roney Plaza Shop, Miami Beach

Burdine's, Boulevard Shop, Miami

Burdine's, Palm Beach Shop, Palm Beach

"Sunshine Fashions" is the Name in America's Smartest Resortwear

This season enjoy the thrill of your most successful resort wardrobe! Choose it where resort fashions originate . . . at Burdine's, Miami, Miami Beach and Palm Beach. « « Here, in one great modern store and three superlatively charming shops, has been assembled the smartest resortwear in America . . . Sunshine Fashions. « « Sunshine Fashions are exclusive Burdine creations and Burdine adaptations of the most successful Parisian models. They possess the inimitable atmosphere of Florida's world-famous resorts and are the result of Burdine's thirty years' experience in serving the most fashion-wise women of America and Europe. « « In Sunshine Fashions for Florida's Winter Season, Burdine's defines the summer mode for all America. « « « « « « «

Burdine's—Miami

CREATORS OF SUNSHINE FASHIONS

A fascinating booklet, The Story of Miami and Sunshine Fashions, will be sent on request.

Your baggage may never be lost or damaged-

BUT—it costs so little to have the peace of mind which a North America Personal Effects policy gives you! Maximum protection—minimum cost. Ask your insurance agent or broker.

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wants information on Personal Effects Insurance.

\$25. Elegant decanter tray, and glasses in tinted glass; \$37.50 and more. Signed original glass pieces; \$20 and less. Red and green glazed pottery—coffee set, with tray; \$35. Lots more.

F. A. O. Schwarz, 303 Fifth Avenue: That phonograph alarm clock about which you've heard. Set it for any hour and it wakes you with a song. In leather case; \$30.

Seth Thomas Clock Company, 19 West Forty-fourth Street: All the shops carry this company's wares, but here is where you can see all the models they have at one time.

Skinner Hill Company, 114 East Twenty-third Street: Pewter and brass, brass and pewter. What you can't get elsewhere in this line is likely to be the first thing you see as you go in.

Alice Starr, 143 East Fifty-sixth Street: A shop full of modern decorations and ideas. Foolish things, sensible things, and grand service.

Stern, 41 West Forty-second Street: Fifth-floor Gift Department here is running over with news. Last word in silly animals, done in enamel; \$3.95 each. Decorated highball glasses, really different; \$1.25. Bubble-glass cocktail glasses with figures; \$2.25 each. New modern flowers—colored china heads set on real twigs; \$2.50, and swell. Stock-market trays, for practical jokers to give to Wall Street cronies; have old newspaper stock quotations pasted all over; \$2.50. Globe cigar lighter—world globe with lighter device emerging from North Pole; \$8.50. Lap-service trays, for hostesses; \$1.50 each. Painted wood box holding ten ashtrays with playing-card decorations—very decorative; \$10. Noteworthy cigarette-box collection; all kinds and prices. New York City telephone racks, for seven directories; \$5.95 up. Big plaid flower pots, and smaller modern ones; \$1. Mirror reflectors, for dinner and dressing-tables; seventy-five cents to \$5.

In the Closet Shop, hangers for specialized purposes, such as evening dresses, furs, fur-collared coats—a crying need; ninety-five cents and \$1.

The Three New Yorkers, 8 West Forty-seventh Street: Upholstered chairs, small; chaises-longues in variety; lamps; closet equipment; small foolishments. Large quantities of each.

Arthur Todhunter, Inc., 119 East Fifty-seventh Street: Early

3 Great New Ships
NEW YORK TO AND FROM
CALIFORNIA

***S. S. Pennsylvania, S. S. Virginia, S. S. California*—largest ships ever built under the American flag. All outside rooms, many with private bath. Open-air, built-in deck swimming pools. Every luxury and convenience of modern ocean travel.**

Route: New York, Havana, Panama Canal, San Diego (Coronado Beach), Los Angeles, San Francisco—in either direction. Fortnightly sailings.

Panama Pacific Line
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY
No. 1 Broadway, New York; 180 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago; 460 Market St., San Francisco; our offices elsewhere or authorized steamship and railroad agents

THE LUXURIOUS
MEDITERRANEAN
ADVENTURE

Cunard R. M. S. Scythia from New York, Jan. 28, 1930, exclusively chartered for Frank's Eighth Annual Cruise De Luxe. An itinerary that offers an exceptionally long visit in Egypt and the Holy Land . . . that includes such unusual ports as Cattaro, Tunis, Malta, Taormina, Ragusa . . . and the usual Mediterranean Countries. 67 perfectly planned and glorious days. Guided by the Frank Tourist Company's 54 years of experience and with Cunard's finest First Class Service and Cuisine. Membership limited to 390 guests. Rates including shore excursions from \$950. Free stop-over in Europe and return by any Cunard steamer. Fascinating literature on request.

Est. 1875
FRANK TOURIST CO.

542 FIFTH AVE. at 45th ST., NEW YORK
480 PARK AVE. at 58th ST., NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA . . . . . 1529 Locust Street
CHICAGO . . . . 175 No. Michigan Avenue
SAN FRANCISCO. . . . . 29 Geary Street
LOS ANGELES . . . . 408 So. Spring Street

American antiques and reproductions—mostly things for the fireplace. Very authentic, and lots of fun to browse around among.

UNITED ARTS & CRAFTS, 47 West Forty-seventh Street: This year, the modern animals here are in hand-engraved glass, no less. Second innovation: liqueur sets in blown glass.

WANAMAKER, Broadway and Ninth Street: Well, they have Venturus, and Venturus has everything, including some of the best modern lighting fixtures you ever looked at, and furniture, and lamps, and tableware. . . . All, of course, modern.

Reminder: The Oriental Department here is vast, and thrilling, and full of antiques from the great East. Again, for connoisseurs.

FOR CHILDREN—PART II

LAST week we published the first half of this list, which includes toys, things to put in fashionable nurseries, and practically everything we can think of for children, with the exception of clothes.

Now go on with the story.

McCREERY, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street: Big important gifts: Complete line of Ives electric trains, including circus train with animal cars, and Club Special on figure-eight track; $12.95 (all these trains light up inside). Bicycle with side car; $34.50—for little brothers and sisters who can be induced to play nice. Play table with box top holding cut-outs, modelling wax, pegboard, counters, slates, and crayons; $14.95, with chair. Chintz-covered toy-box and matching screen—box, $6.95; screen, $9.95.

Casual gifts: Ski-jumper; skis downhill and leaps over hurdle; $1. Electric stove that really cooks; has oven and all; $1.95, price including pots and pans to fit. Also in $5 size, and at $12 with colored enamel on doors! Tiny but authentic electric iron, also in colors; $1. Gas pump—lights up at five gallons; $1.50. Fire-alarm lamp-post—rings and flashes red light; $1. Miniature Woolworth-model cream whipper, with bowl; twenty cents. Complete kitchen sets—potato masher, egg-beater, ladle, johnnycake cutter, etc.; $1.95.

Hard to classify: Jackbilt playhouse—every child's dream in the way of packing-box houses. Has gabled roof and shutters; $2.95. Not guaranteed to hold more than three children at one time without bulging. Elegant lead-soldier sets—a new airport, Euro-

AROUND THE WORLD

ON THE CUNARD SUPER-CRUISING STEAMER

FRANCONIA

SAILING FROM NEW YORK JANUARY 11 NEXT

Cherry Blossom Land

You will see Japan. You'll live joyous days on a florified isle where a happy smiling people play as they work, and elfin bridges span tiny lakes, lotus filled . . . where the spirit of Fuji rules everything and Cherry Blossoms flutter down like a mauve-pink snowstorm in Spring. You'll visit temples and shrines in Miyajima and Kobe, Kyoto and Nara, Nikko and Yokohama, Kamakura and Tokyo . . .

A complete world panorama. A remarkable itinerary—ports never before visited by any world cruise—Amoy, Malacca, Pasuruan, Surabaya. On the ship that has the cruising viewpoint built into her—the largest swimming pool—the largest sport arena in the field of cruising steamers. 138 pleasure-packed days—the prestige and efficiency of two world-famed travel exponents with their 177 years of experience.

Literature and full information from your local agent or

CUNARD LINE

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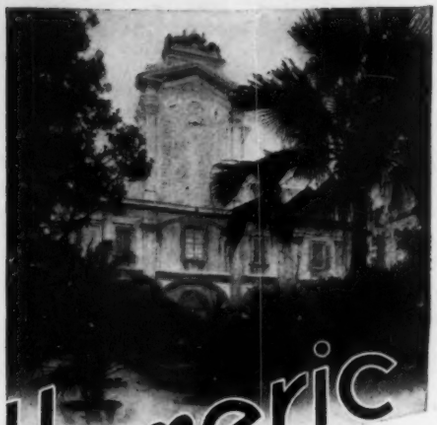
THOS. COOK & SON



Homeric days

Malta—fortress of surprises, of history, war and romance. Here, the Church of St. John with 400 memorials to Knights of the "White Cross". There, the cave of Calypso. Yonder, Roman villas. Christian Catacombs. The Chapel of San Carlo. The Armory Hall. And everywhere emblems of heraldry, lavish carvings, tapestries, paintings, Moorish and Italian. Fascinating, luxuriant—Malta, visited on the

Mediterranean Cruise Supreme

from New York January 25th next

The Homeric—one of the World's foremost ships—with 115 rooms connected with private baths—the largest steamer to the Mediterranean—takes you to all the right places at the right time—14,000 miles—67 days.

Casablanca, Palma-Majorca, Barcelona, Valetta, Larnaka, and Ajaccio are new ports added to an already wondrous itinerary. Two weeks in Egypt—the Holy Land, generous stay-over privileges. Return voyage by steamers Majestic, Olympic or Homeric.

Thos. Cook & Son

585 Fifth Avenue, New York

Philadelphia Boston Baltimore Washington
Chicago St. Louis San Francisco Los Angeles
Toronto Montreal Vancouver

in co-operation with

Wagons-Lits Co.

pean style, complete even to sponge shrubbery; a military field-broadcasting outfit.

McCutcheon: Fifth Avenue and Forty-ninth Street: Woolly animals, mainly of the washable order, lots of long-haired cats, for instance, in all sorts of natural positions but mostly lying down. Also, very good spaniel pups, recognizable pekes, and some silky plush rabbits. A worthy collection, in a word, of cuddly toys for kids to take along to bed on dark nights.

Palette Art Company, 327 Fifth Avenue: Drawing-board tables for children with a talent; $10. Also present—large bottles of show-card colors; twenty cents each.

Playland, 686 Madison Avenue: Action toys: Woolly French poodles that clash cymbals or toss oranges on nose; walking, growling polar bear—very real; bathtub toy—whale that swims and spouts water; swimming goldfish.

Special: Washable camel-hair teddy-bears, squashable all over but wired in arms and legs, so as to bend to any position—really knockout. Then, a group of mechanical toys that are not wound up, but pinched, to make them easier on baby fingers and adult dispositions. Filled stockings, with Lenci doll included; $12.50. Or $7.50 with animal toy instead.

The Playroom, 220 West Ninety-eighth Street: Psychological toys for children, carefully grouped according to age, to make things easier for you. A dependable Christmas time-saver, besides being an honestly worth-while endeavor.

Robertson & Deschamps, 415 Madison Avenue: Inexpensive prints and etchings in younger-generation subjects, such as animals, ships, and the like. No junk included. Series of

CHRISTMAS GIFTS *from* Mayfair

FOR those who choose all things with fastidious care, Mayfair's new, enlarged store, offers the most complete display of worth while and unusual—

Playthings

Toys-Games

for all the family

Only the highest class of novelties . . . things that afford real, lasting pleasure, entertainment and satisfaction are included in Mayfair's collection.

COME—SEE THE DISPLAY

Catalog on Request

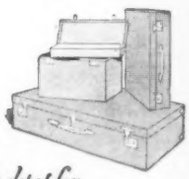
Mayfair

PLAYTHINGS STORE

9 East 57th St., N. Y.
thru to 16 E. 58th St.

Luggage

for Gifts



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VUITTON *Trunks and Service*
16 EAST 52ND STREET, NEW YORK

Arthur Gilmore INC.

SHORTHAND

SHORTHAND & TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH

By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS

MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND

1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City

(This is not a Correspondence Course)

small dog etchings, especially good for boys' rooms.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE: Enormous lead-soldier collection—even siege of Orleans, including Joan. Gardening cart for little country cousins; has watering tank, cutting basket, and tools; $22.50. Complete kitchen set in beautiful blue and white enamel; $25. Old-fashioned plush "educational" balls, to teach colors with. Double-deck buses, modelled after London's own. Big St. Bernard on wheels—big enough to ride on; makes deep, throaty noise, something like a cow. Highly sophisticated dolls with long, raw-silk hair and two-inch eyelashes; grand for older little girls (really they are boudoir dolls, but no matter).

Special Item: This versatile department also goes in for story picture-books in simple French, for very young children.

MAX SCHLING, SEEDSMEN, INC., 618 Madison Avenue: Forcing bulbs, all kinds, set out in bowls; also lilies of the valley—bloom in twenty-one days; $2.50 a dozen, with fibre to plant them in. So simple a child can work it, provided a responsible adult does the planting.

EUGENE SCHOEN, INC., 115 East Sixtieth Street: Peasant-made straw figures—little horses, $1; big ones, $3. Indian on horseback; $1.50. Bridal coach, with two horses and bride; $10.

SCHOENFELD'S, 1254 Lexington Avenue: Part I: Toy coffee percolator; fits on little electric stove and really works. Child-size lawnmower; probably won't cut grass, but makes lifelike noise. All varieties of doll houses, and lots of little single rooms (schoolroom with benches, blackboard, etc.). One folding doll house at $7.50.

Part II: Anything you can think of in the way of miniature figures. For instance, a European tourist set—lady and gentleman with appropriate baggage, waiting-room, newsstand, and attendant, three Continental porters, and two train officials. Good old-time villages, with people and animals and houses and trees. And every possible animal, bird or reptile, for assembling jungles. Let a child loose in this place and you'd probably never see him again.

F. A. O. SCHWARZ, 303 Fifth Avenue: New Kaethe Kruse doll with special rearrangeable wig—an elegant trick; $22.50. Darling boy-doll; also $22.50. Swimming pool with workable shower and three celluloid doll swimmers; $5.50. Stages and figures

Taking the terrors out of TRAVEL

WHAT is worse than the way you feel after a night on the train?

In most cases, the way you look.

The picture above shows you how skilfully an Oshkosh Trunk takes care of those articles of haberdashery that make all the difference between freshness of appearance and that "just off the train" look.

It is only one of several thoughtful and ingenious contrivances that are a perfect godsend on long trips. And (give this fact more than a passing thought) Oshkosh Trunks are *built right*.

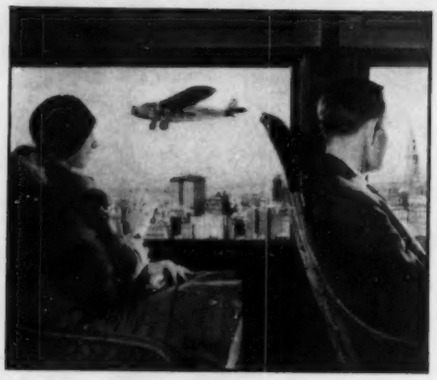
We cordially invite you to write us, addressing 544 High Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, for a booklet called "Your Home Away from Home," that mentions in surprisingly moderate language some of the virtues of Oshkosh Trunks which we have not space to touch on here. Or phone our New York office, Caledonia 2715, where trunks will be shown and names of dealers furnished.

OSHKOSH TRUNKS

THE OSHKOSH TRUNK COMPANY
Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and 8 East 34th St., New York City

This Oshkosh Golf Bag and Duffle Bag are built of Oshkosh-Cord duck. They are positively the most durable ever made. The Golf Bags come in a variety of sizes for men and women, and are priced from $15 to $30. The Duffle Bag comes in three sizes with zip fastener and solid brass padlock.

SHIPS *that pass in the* SKY



New York Boston by AIR

Along this well-traveled air-route, great cabin-planes pass like giant liners in Atlantic lanes—swift, dependable and safe. From wide windows you glimpse the speeding sky-ships—feel the thrill of companionship with others who are taking the "modern way."

Colonial 14-passenger, 3-engined, heated cabin-liners make two trips daily between New York and Boston — assure you the maximum of travel comfort even on coldest days. Deep armchairs — courteous stewards — magazines, newspapers, stationery and light refreshments provided en route, increase the enjoyment of your trip on the "De luxe Sky-way of the East."

OTHER COLONIAL SERVICES

Daily passenger service between New York, Albany and Montreal; and between Buffalo and Toronto. Colonial Flying Service maintains flying schools — sells and services leading makes of planes — arranges special passenger flights.

Write or phone
for information and literature

COLONIAL AIRWAYS

Division of The Aviation Corporation

270 Madison Ave. -:- New York

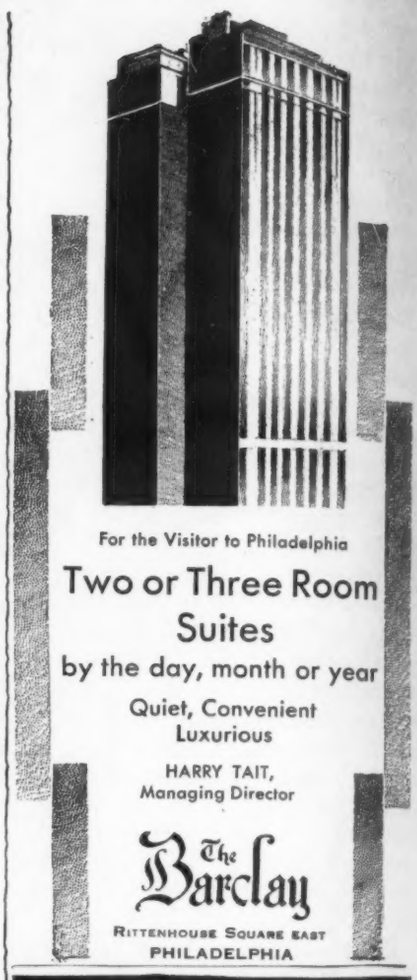
for "Red Riding Hood," etc.; $6.50 up. Grand game collection, including old favorites like the magnetic fish pond, Tiddledy-Winks, Diabolo, etc. Deep-sea diver, sinks and rises in water on air pump; $1.75. Attaché cases, with fountain pen, paper, and all; $10 to $12. Cowboy and Indian outfits, traffic-cop sets, wigs for little girls; $2—long curls or braids or Colonial style in white. Play costumes—old-fashioned girl, etc.; $6. The Kangru Springshu—steel curls to wear like skates, more fun than Pogo sticks; $3.

Also: Skates—both ice and roller. Scooters. Sleds. Skis. Hockey-sticks. Double-runner ice skates and a scooter-sled that works on regular principle for level ground; space for one child seated and one standing; latter does the foot-pushing; $5. And snow skates, for use on packed or firmly crusted snow; $1.75.

ALICE STARR, 143 East Fifty-sixth Street: Alice Lewis (The Children's Decorator) under a new name, but still doing those fanciful nursery prints that look like the sort of dreams children have. Also animal lamps, floor and table varieties.

STERN, 41 West Forty-second Street: Amazing top collection; new flat kinds that spin and fly off into space—these engagingly fashioned in dragon-fly forms; three in box; ninety-five cents. Sets of modern-art metal furniture for doll houses; $3.75, average price. Then, wall kitchen with breakfast-alcove, furnished; $4.95. Organ-grinder bank; $1.75—put penny in monkey's mouth, press lever, monkey throws penny into slot. Farmyards, with huts, animals, and fences—chicken yard, $1.35; shepherd set with dog, sheep, and shepherd, $3.25; geese and goose-girl, $1.85. Acrobats—four, parallel bars; $1, do real tricks. The Waldorf wooden toys; ninety-five cents up.

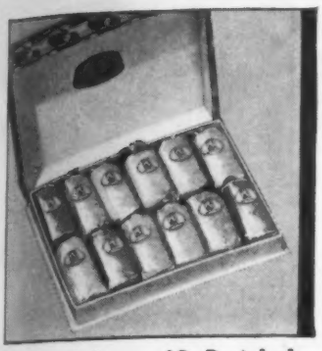
Furthermore: Wonderful lot of



▸▸ Fostoria glassware, used as table service, is as practicable as china, as delicate and sparkling as polished jewels.

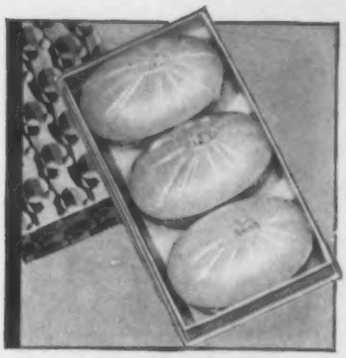
This new glassware, in a variety of subtle colors, helps make the modern table-setting a thing of incomparable modern charm and assured good taste. THE FOSTORIA GLASS COMPANY, Moundsville, W. Va.

▸▸ **FOSTORIA**

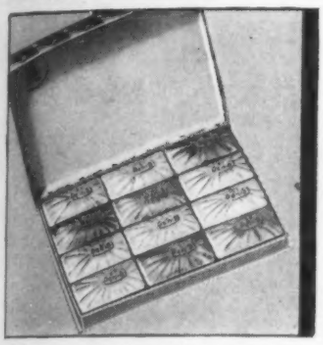


A dozen little sacs of St. Denis bath crystals in a gay assortment of colors and appropriate odors. $1.

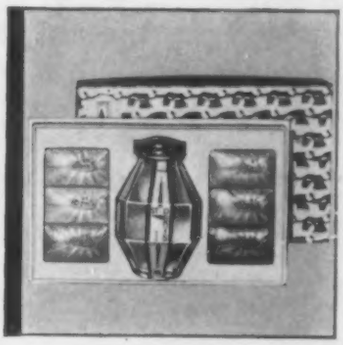
A large sized jar of rainbow crystals, a large sized box of bath powder and a cake of fine soap, boxed in the smartest manner, $2.50.



Three large cakes of the famous St. Denis soap, silky-smooth and subtly fragrant, wrapped in cellophane, $1.



Twelve guest cakes of St. Denis soap in rainbow colors, delightfully perfumed, for the guest or the traveller's use, $1.



A medium sized jar of bath crystals surrounded by six guest cakes of soap, another travelling bag suggestion, $1.

New loveliness for a lady's skin

···the perfect Christmas Gift

Gifts of youth and beauty—truly gifts of the gods! New joy and dash for Christmas greetings! These famous bath crystals, this delightful bath powder, this superfine soap, you will find in a dozen or more clever combinations, in the smartest boxes of the season.

All ready to send, awaiting your selection at all good department stores! In prices varying from 50¢ to $3. Parfumerie St. Denis, 48 E. 21st St., New York City, or 21 Wilton Square, Toronto, Ont.

St. Denis

BATH LUXURIES

OLD GOLD gives throat COMFORT

THE SMOKE SCREEN THAT KEEPS OUT THROAT-SCRATCH

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

CHANGE TO THIS *COUGHLESS* CIGARETTE

OLD GOLD ushered in the golden age of cigarette smoking . . . For OLD GOLD pioneered the first smooth, non-irritating cigarette. Pure, clean tobacco did it. Getting rid of dust and coarse particles did it. A special blend did it. And in less than 3 years, you smokers made OLD GOLD a national leader! . . . OLD GOLD is smoother, better, safer . . . Play safe with your throat. Change to OLD GOLDS.

Better tobaccos make them smoother and better . . . with "not a cough in a carload"

On Your Radio, OLD GOLD—PAUL WHITEMAN HOUR every Tuesday Evening . . . 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time

3 EAST 77th STREET
RENTAL SECTION
960 Fifth Avenue

Fine, small residences with unusual conveniences for easy living.

Three and four room suites with hotel conveniences and complete housekeeping facilities.

Management of
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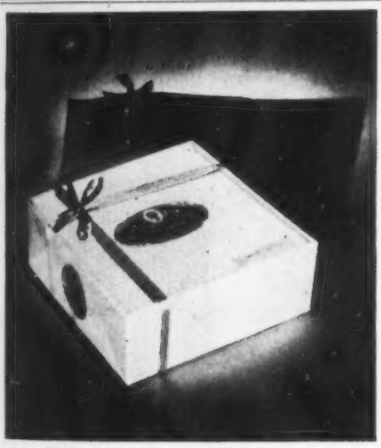


THE NEW YORKER PACKAGE

Smartly Suggesting The Honey Comb!

CANDY FROM FLOWERS brings you a completely new idea in sweets. HONEY-MAID Chocolates offer distinction in quality, in variety, in packaging. Made of pure clover Honey; less fattening and more delicious. A perfect gift confection, to be found at all leading dealers now.

THE HONEY CANDY CO. OF AMERICA
The Albert N. Duker Organization
New York Distributor, 140 William St.

real-fur animals. Kitten—meows, opens mouth, waves tail, walks—all at once; $14.95. Walking spaniel pup and galloping bear; $9.95 each. Puppies, kittens, and rabbits, life-size, real fur, walk and jump; $3.50.

Whole doll family, doll-house size—sister, brother, momma, poppa, maid, nursemaid— real clothes; $4.25. Separate dolls of this order, seventy-five cents each.

Dressmaker sets: Celluloid doll with five or six complete costumes, cut out and ready to sew; $2.95. Fitted sewing box, holding world's tiniest workable sewing-machine (about three inches); $1.95.

Complete pirate, gunman, and general crime equipment: Pistols that spit sparks; twenty-five cents. Handcuff and billy sets; $1. Tomahawk, knife (harmless), and peace-pipe; $2.50. Arm shields; seventy-five cents. Lariats; sixty-five cents. Cowboy gun in holster; sixty-five cents. Rubber daggers; fifty cents. Shooting galleries with popguns; $1.25 up.

STEWART, 626 Fifth Avenue: A big new toy department in the big new store, containing such wild imported excitement as modernized wooden animals with felt coats and waggly heads; gnome dolls, dressed in jersey with a gnome cap, $5; French paint books, fifty cents; big two-foot milk wagons with four cans, $15; etc.

Also present, hilarious French farm wagons—covered style (checked toile, no less!), with geese that wag their heads, a crate of pigs, a basket of chicks, a cotton umbrella, and a cock-eyed wooden horse to draw the whole outfit; $7.50. Scale sets, with milk cans and certain vegetables to weigh; $5. Good sand toy: windmill, with sand to make it go. And a French peasant grandma and grandpa—darling old faces and wooden shoes on both. Grandpa has corduroy pants, grandma has knitting—two feet high; $17.50 each. For appreciative children.

WANAMAKER, Broadway and Ninth Street: Old folks' delight—set of trap-drums, child size; $5.75. Gaby, the doll with the movable lower jaw—ventriloquist's-dummy principle; $2.95, $3.75. Mechanical goose—struts about and lays golden eggs. Trench digger with

THEY TALK ABOUT BREYERS IN PARIS

CONNOISSEURS of ice cream the world over, who have tasted Breyers, praise its richness—its flavor—its wonderful smoothness of texture. And to obtain these qualities—Breyers use only *real* cream...*real* sugar . . . a pure *natural* flavoring . . . *and nothing else!* You can buy Breyers in many attractive Fancy Forms suitable for parties. Write for a copy of "Breyers . . . Sculptors in Ice Cream."

BREYER ICE CREAM CO.
PHILADELPHIA NEWARK NEW YORK

Eat Breyers all-ways ICE CREAM

A PRODUCT OF NATIONAL DAIRY

Hang Your Wish on a Tropical Night . . . Cunard-Anchor West Indies Cruises include New Year's Eve in Havana . . .

The Old Year pelted out with tropical flowers . . . with Spanish music . . . Parisian verve holding carnival on a lazy lilting tropic sea . . . A new way of wishing . . . a new way of feeling . . . Sidewalk cafés on the Prado . . . dropping into the Sevilla Biltmore . . . dancing and supping at the Marianao Playa . . . the dawn coming up in a singing burst of saffron . . . Isn't that a fair exchange for the same old whistles . . . the same old bells . . . the same old hanging out of the same old draughty window . . . ? Other and just as provocative cruises of 9, 12, 16, 18 and 26 days . . . all exemplifying the Cruise perfection identified with Cunard . . . luxury plus comfort in appointments and equipment . . . stewards who valet you . . . restaurants with the Cunard flair for epicurean surprises . . . Cheaper than staying at home.

VARIED ITINERARIES INCLUDING

San Juan, Santiago, Santo Domingo, Port-au-Prince, St. Pierre, Fort de France, Barbados, Trinidad, La Guayra, Curacao, Colon, Kingston, Havana, Nassau, Bermuda.

Sailing Date from New York	Steamer	Duration of Voyage	Min. Rates
Dec. 18, 1929	s.s. Carinthia	16 days	$200
Dec. 21, 1929	s.s. Franconia	16 days	200
Dec. 26, 1929	s.s. Caronia	8 days	175
Dec. 27, 1929	s.s. Carmania	9 days	175
Jan. 6, 1930	s.s. Carinthia	16 days	200
Jan. 16, 1930	s.s. Caledonia	26 days	275
Feb. 15, 1930	s.s. Caledonia	26 days	275
Mar. 15, 1930	s.s. Caledonia	18 days	200
Apr. 12, 1930	s.s. Samaria	12 days	175

See Your Local Agent

CUNARD-ANCHOR WEST INDIES CRUISES

tractor wheels—nice familiar kind that does subway excavations; $14.75. Feather sets for making bird pictures; $1. Doll's ready-to-wear department—all sorts of clothes, all sizes—even felt berets and glove-silk underwear. And probably every known mechanical toy.

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE BOOK SHOP, 27 West Eighth Street: Decorative wall maps for children's rooms. Painlessly educational globes, including collapsible kind that works like umbrella and packs into school trunks so compactly. French story books, beautifully illustrated, for fairly advanced language scholars; handsome tomes in English for well-trained children.

WOOLWORTH: Good-sized toy reproductions of real adult aluminum kitchenware—pots, pans, everything at the usual price. Stocking toys in large and constantly changing lots. Also the new renowned Yo-Yo top if you can stand it.

ANY SPORTING GOODS HOUSE: Children's winter-sports equipment. Bicycles, tricycles, vehicles of all sorts, generally including the Red Bug motor, the buckboard automobile with twelve-miles-an-hour speed (attained by foolproof electrical system).

FOOTNOTE ABOUT BOOKS: What with the department stores and the big publishers' shops devoting more attention to children's books every year, and institutions like The Children's Book and Play Service and The Playroom doing scientific things about selections to suit various stages of child development, life grows simpler and simpler. Unless you have definite opinions and theories about early reading—or maybe even if you have—the best thing you can do in this line is to carry your problems to one of these specialists. They know enough about old favorites generally to remind you of some you have forgotten; and they are constantly in touch with what is new.

Dutton, by the way, has branched off into the calendar trade, offering the "Very Young" and "Pooh" calendars, which administer A. A. Milne in easy doses; $2 each.

ANOTHER ABOUT DEPARTMENT-STORE ENTERTAINMENT: The shops that go in for this sort of thing are doing an about-face in favor of good, old-time Christmas sentiment. Lord & Taylor have come back to Santa Claus in a flowing beard and fur-trimmed ensemble, with a handshake for every child—last year they had a

A GRACIOUS HOSTESS

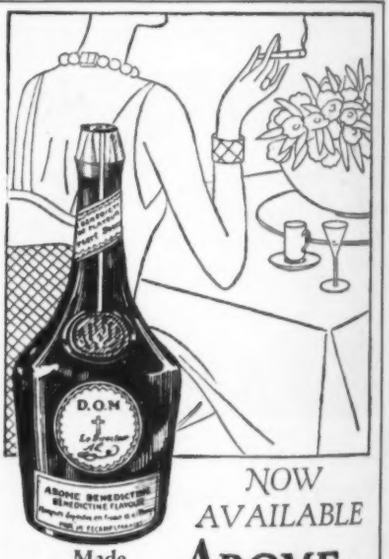
At the age of 3

It's one thing, when you are three, to go to a party ... but quite a different story to give one...

Not so, though, when the party is planned by the PARTY FACTORY...every one, including the hostess regent, is in such surprisingly good humour that the air is full of graciousness...and the three-year-old succeeds in having as rousing a time as her guests.

The PARTY FACTORY will attend to all details...

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
New York
Plaza 4000 . . . Ext. 165



Made in France

NOW AVAILABLE

AROME BÉNÉDICTINE

ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 6%

Made at the ancient abbey of Fécamp, France, by the original Bénédictine Distillerie, sole owners of the Bénédictine trade mark. It is the only product with the genuine Bénédictine flavor and is obtainable at all leading grocery and delicatessen stores. Should you be unable to obtain Arome Bénédictine from your dealer, communicate with us.

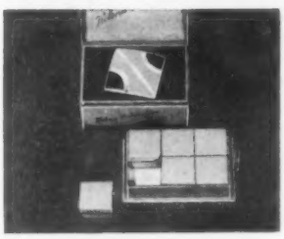
JULIUS WILE, SONS & CO.
Sole Agents for the U. S. A.
10 Hubert Street New York City

MADAME HELENA RUBINSTEIN

. . . *but* BEAUTY is the Greatest GIFT of All!

This luxurious Beauty Box contains many of Helena Rubinstein's scientific skin preparations. Illustrated (27.50) (Also $5.50 and 16.50). The other articles on this page picture a few of her newest ACCENTS OF BEAUTY.

❦



The popular new Enchanté Double Vanity contains rouge and a section for loose powder—accompanied by six little boxes of Enchanté powder in six different shades (3.00).

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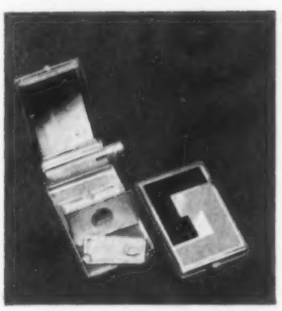
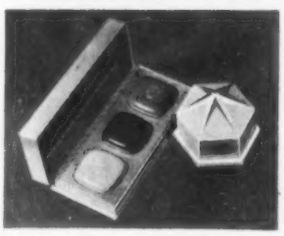


For a limited time only, can this exquisite Rubinstein Triple Vanity with its twin Cigarette Case be sold at this unheard-of price! 3.75 the set . . . or Vanity separately (2.50).

❦



The Rubinstein Fashion set follows the ensemble vogue. Three smart Water Lily double compacts in green, Chinese red and black (7.00 set). Also RIGHT, Water Lily Powder in modernistic box (1.50).

CAN you think of any gift in the world you would rather have than Beauty? Or for that matter, any gift your friends would rather have? And, after all, isn't it perfectly natural for you, as a woman, to cherish most of the sort of fresh, youthful beauty that makes you attractive to everyone you meet? More than ever do you desire it now—at this, your busiest, most exciting season! For it is so easy to look fatigued these pre-Christmas days—to show the effects of strain about the mouth and eyes. Unless of course, you know the Rubinstein secrets of loveliness. In which case, surely you will want to share them with others! Give—then—many of Helena Rubinstein's exquisite preparations to your friends this Christmas—preparations created with scientific certainty by the world's greatest beauty specialist.

For Flower-Like Beauty and Perfect Make-Up

Valaze Water Lily Cleansing Cream, loveliest of all cleansers, imparts to the skin a silken, petal-smoothness (2.50). Then there's Valaze Beautifying Skinfood, that effective stimulating marvel which gives to all skins a delicate transparency. (1.00).

Just before makeup, use one of the delightful Rubinstein semi-cream foundations. For a rachel tone, Water Lily Foundation for all skins (2.00). For a delicate ivory shade, Cream of Lilies for dry skins (1.50). For a protective natural finish, Balm Rose (1.00).

Use Valaze Complexion Powder if you have normal or oily skin; Novena for dry skin (1.00). Add Valaze Rouges: Red Raspberry for day; Red Geranium for evening—compact (1.00) or en crème (1.00 to 5.00). And Valaze Cubist Lipstick, in Red Raspberry or Red Geranium (1.00).

Consultation

Note the address of the Salon de Beauté nearest you. Here you will receive from Madame Rubinstein's personally trained experts, the correct analysis of your beauty needs. Madame Rubinstein is glad to render this scientific service to her thousands of patrons WITHOUT CHARGE. OR if you are not conveniently near one of the Salons, write directly to Madame Rubinstein at her New York address. She will gladly send you complete instructions.

❦ ❦ ❦

Tune in on Helena Rubinstein's VOICE OF BEAUTY—National Broadcasting Chain and Associated Stations, Dec. 12 and 26, at 11:30 A. M. Eastern Standard Time.

Helena Rubinstein

LONDON PARIS

8 East 57th Street, New York

PHILADELPHIA BOSTON CHICAGO DETROIT TORONTO

Cosmetic and home-treatment creations of HELENA RUBINSTEIN are obtainable at the better shops, or direct from the Salons.

IT'S THE HANG OF THE TROUSERS THAT MATTERS

AFTER all's said and done--after the jokesmiths have fashioned all the wheezes they can from the subject--what better gift can you buy for a little expenditure than a pair of braces? And if you choose from the Guards Line--distinguished Braces by Pioneer--you're complimenting his good taste while displaying your own good judgment. In gift boxes at the shops you patronize.

BRACES by PIONEER

By the same makers

Pioneer Brighton GARTER

STUFFED?

WHEN YOUR NOSE IS A TRAFFIC JAM . . . AND YOUR HEAD FEELS LIKE A STUFFED OWL . . . BUT YET YOU WOULD RELISH A GOOD SMOKE . . . THERE IS ALWAYS THAT GREAT CIGARETTE WHICH MOUNTS ALL OBSTACLES TO GIVE YOU OLD-FASHIONED TOBACCO ENJOYMENT

•

IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

•

SPUD CIGARETTES - 20 FOR 20¢

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

complete electrical village laid out in the toy department instead. Wanamaker has enticed the old gentleman down to Ninth Street for the season; last year they placed their entertainment emphasis on the Hall of Modern Inventions, which displayed all the known mechanical and electric toys. It's all a sign of the times, just like women's fashions and the stock market.

Furthermore, McCreery's toy department offers Santa Claus in an igloo with a polar bear in the front yard and a post office alongside; the visiting child calls here on his way out and finds a letter, miraculously addressed to himself, from the polar regions. Macy will cling to the big Tony Sarg window on Thirty-fourth Street for excitement. Bloomingdale will have Santa Claus. . . . So will Gimbel. You take your choice, or your progeny's. —B. B.

STICKS AND UMBRELLAS

WHEN you choose a walking stick for a man it is well to practice great restraint, if you don't want your gift to join the collection of similar blessings that are safely hidden away in a dark closet against the occasion of the donors' next visits.

For walking sticks, ash, cherry, and blackthorn are suitable for the country, and absolutely plain malacca is the smartest for town. Be sure to get a full-bark malacca; the cheaper kinds scar and chip in no time. Full-barks cost from $25 up, depending on the grain. You'll see lots of evening sticks made of ebony, with very elaborate tops. Avoid them. Sticks are a nuisance in the evening—at the theatre and getting in and out of taxis. They are intended for walking. Most men prefer crooked

The HOTEL PRESIDENTE

A Notable **NEW HOTEL** *in Havana*

CONVENIENT to the Country Club . . . Jockey Club . . . Casino . . . Yacht Clubs . . . beach, the Presidente occupies a strategic position in the very center of Havana's social, diplomatic and sport world, yet away from the noise of the city.

The Roof Garden, the highest in Havana, offers music as only a Paul Whiteman orchestra can play it . . . delicious dishes prepared in the Old World manner . . . a glorious panorama of Havana . . . the gayest spot in the gayest city in America.

Make reservations through New York office, or direct to the hotel, or through travel bureau

NEW YORK HEADQUARTERS OF HOTEL PRESIDENTE
24 WEST 59th STREET
TELEPHONE WICKERSHAM 0116
Cable Address: TELPRESDEN, Havana

Ged Tie Holder, 2 H. C. P. Hand Craft 1/10 Green Gold 14 K. $3.00. Sterling Silver $3.00.

Ged Money Grip. 20 H. C. S. Hand Craft. 1/10 Green Gold 14 K. $3.50. Sterling Silver $3.50.

Ged gifts for men, illustrated folders, mailed on request. Ged Quality marked jewelry is featured by particular shops. If not at yours, order direct.

GED MFG. CO.
Two Maiden Lane New York

Horoscopes

Interviews by appointment . . $5.00
Written Horoscope . . . $10.00

Frances M. Courtney

21 Fifth Avenue New York
Tel. 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Gramercy 3796

handles, because they are more convenient to carry. Be sure the stick you select is the right height. Nearly all shops will cut a piece off the end or put on a longer tip.

IT seems to me that the schoolboy prejudice against umbrellas is dying out. Since no clothing is improved by a drenching, they are certainly useful enough in a climate like ours; and they are always a safe gift. Men who use them usually like to have one at home and one at the office.

The smartest have wooden shanks and are covered with silk which rolls into neat folds. The handle may be malacca, bamboo, wanghee, furze, ash, cherry, or any similar wood, and may have a plain metal band. English umbrellas are distinguished by long and rather thick tips.

Since almost every shop in town displays an assortment of sticks and umbrellas at Christmas time, it would be useless to attempt a complete survey. The list below is intended to give you an idea of the prices and to call your attention to some more or less unusual items in the shops where we saw them first.

ALTMAN, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street: Umbrella and stick sets in all kinds of woods; from $15 up. Wanghee sticks nicely tapered with small joints; $5. An umbrella encased in a jointed cane that telescopes—for the man who firmly dislikes to carry an umbrella; $28.

BROOKS, Madison Avenue and Forty-fourth Street: Country sticks of English ash, $5; of Irish blackthorn, $5 up; of cherry, $3.50. Malaccas, of course. English umbrellas fitted with a silver guard that keeps the tip close to the handle when the umbrella is closed; $22.

ALBERT LEONARD GEORGE, Madison Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street: An excellent assortment of sticks and umbrellas made by Howell of England. Also some rare ones, such as a stick made of a single piece of rhinoceros horn; a collector's item.

W. W. HARRISON, 353 Fifth Avenue: Umbrellas; from $5 to $150. A similar price range in sticks.

KASKEL & KASKEL DUNLAP, Fifth Avenue and Forty-ninth Street: A new idea in malaccas: the bone tip is put on just below the knob so that all the world can see that you are carrying a full-bark stick; $45. They have others finished in the regular way. Martin English umbrellas; from $25.

MACY, Broadway and Thirty-

Can you get away *for* two weeks *before* Christmas?

Wire us tonight that you'll be here Sunday morning (just 7 hours from New York); leave here Saturday, December 21; just two weeks—but what that fortnight will do for you after this high-pressure autumn! The most magnificent scenery this side of the Rockies; the most remarkable Baths and radio-active mineral waters this side of the Atlantic for heart, nervous system and fatigue states. Ask your own physician—or any of your friends who've been here—what the Glen Springs can accomplish in an incredibly short time.

Or, if you wish, make it the two weeks after Christmas—and write for booklets and rates to William M. Leffingwell, President, Watkins Glen, N.Y.

GLEN SPRINGS

THE AMERICAN NAUHEIM

Handwritten at REUBENS

ROXY:

cordially Roxy

Would that we were the genius showman that you are, Roxy. We would install a movietone impression of the maestro of Seventh Avenue ordering of

REUBEN'S
CHRISTMAS
FRUIT BASKETS

piled high with ravishingly tempting (ssh!) *Brandied* fruits, exotic perfumes, Hot House dainties . . . but, oh well—SEE them.

• •

FRANCIS WILLIAMS:

The best to you always Francis Williams

SOMEHOW we never quite associate the electrifying FRANCIS WILLIAMS with such grossly material things as buying merchandise—but then, when it comes to Holiday shopping—(and when we say shopping we're speaking of Reuben's now!)—we all meet on common ground. We'd like to delve

deeply into MISS WILLIAMS' rapturous reaction to our precious presentation of fascinating feminine fripperies . . . the ducky Atomizers, the snooty Boudoir Lamps, the fussiest of fussy Sweatmeat Boxes . . . mmmm! don't we wish we had the space to say more!

REUBEN'S

Always Open: Breakfast; Luncheon; Dinner; After Theatre

Madison Ave. at 59th—Broadway at 81st

Philadelphia: 213 South Broad Street

from a sandwich to a National Institution

fourth Street: Umbrellas with ash handles; $9.34. French umbrellas with handles of furze, $12.89; English umbrellas; from $25.

MM Importing Company, 543 Madison Avenue: Umbrellas made by the famous Brigg of London; from $23 to $27. Brigg sticks; from $5 to $80. A loaded, leather-headed stick to ward off assassins; $13.

Saks-Fifth Avenue: Also carry Brigg umbrellas and sticks. Malacca stick with a silver pencil set in at the bend of the handle—good for race meets; $28.50. Ash umbrella and cane set; $28.50; wanghee set; $30.

Uncle Sam's Umbrella Shop, 101 West Forty-fifth Street: An amazing variety of sticks and umbrellas in stock, and they will make any kind you want in a very short time. The prices are reasonable—$7.50 for a silk umbrella with a wooden ferrule and malacca handle.

Wanamaker, Broadway and Ninth Street: Seat sticks with a small, separate umbrella concealed inside; the stick itself is covered with pigskin; $50. A good collection of sticks and umbrellas in the London Shop.

LEATHER THINGS

BUYING luggage for someone else is difficult because almost everyone has his own ideas of what constitutes perfect travel equipment.

I prefer flat cases to kitbags because it is easier to pack them, easier to get at something without disturbing everything else, easier to carry them, and to stow them. Two medium-size cases are better than one monster that pulls your arm from its socket. The lightest cases I have found anywhere were made of leather stretched on boxwood frames.

A hatbox is a necessity if you have any respect for the shape of your hats, and a shoe trunk is very useful. However, the partitions should be removable so that you can put the pieces to other uses if you want to.

THE list below is a haphazard collection of items I have seen in my travels, but it will give you an idea of what to expect.

Abercrombie & Fitch, Madison

Entente · Cordiale

Where epicures gather, what food flavor is in so good repute as the valiant vintage of the grape? In your cosmopolitan cuisine cooking wine is the *crème de la crème*—the tipmost top of flavor fascination. Such artful cookery reaches the very soul of the *gourmet*—releases wit, expands ego, attunes neighbor to neighbor in intimate communion.

Not for naught have master-chefs—here and there—hitched their culinary cars to this brightest flavor-star. And not for naught have American chefs fixed their affections upon Guasti Sherry—now salted (hence legal), but otherwise the same fine old sherry famed these years wherever cookery is high art.

There are other *Guasti Cooking Aids*, too—Guasti Sauce a la Newburg, Guasti Sauce a la Bercy, Guasti Sauce a la Bordelaise, Guasti Sweet Sherry Flavoring, Guasti Sweet Port Flavoring, Guasti Sweet Sauterne Flavoring. And finally, *seven* deliciously distinctive Guasti Wine Jellies: Sherry, Port, Burgundy, Tokay, Sauterne, Muscatel and Mint.

Yet, what price even so divine a cooking aid without divers ways of using it? So—a certain volume has been prepared—"Treasured Flavors". True, it's *free*—but none the less intriguing, significant. Just address our nearest office.

(Permit No. L.A.Cal. H10033)

GUASTI

PRONOUNCED GWAH-STEE

COOKING SHERRY (SALTED)

ITALIAN VINEYARD CO. *at Guasti, Cal.*

Operating the largest vineyard under one ownership in the world. Established 1883

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Branches... NEW YORK, CHICAGO, NEW ORLEANS

ITALIAN VINEYARD CO., DEPT. A-112
11 HUBERT STREET · NEW YORK CITY

Please send me, *free* of charge, "Treasured Flavors"—a new kind of recipe book containing favorite recipes of famous chefs.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

ARISTOCRATS OF GIFTS

LUCRETIA VANDERBILT TOILETRIES

FOR her to whom you would pay tribute, here indeed are gifts superb . . . gifts aristocratic.

Their youthful chic and smartness, their delicacy, their provocative charm . . . and the gaiety of the Paris conceived blue-and-silver receptacles . . . win the unreserved approval of those whose tastes are both cultivated and original.

There is Perfume in three sizes (including our popular Purse Size in leather case), a Face Powder, a Double and Triple Compact, and a Lipstick. As an individual token any of these Aristocrats of Toiletries will be most acceptable. As a more ambitious Holiday offering the complete group will be the happiest of choices.

THE LUCRETIA VANDERBILT GIFT PACKAGE

A veritable treasure-case! Its precious contents include perfume, in a case of rich blue leather; a perfume refill; and a dainty triple compact and three refills. The case is of satin, in Lucretia Vanderbilt blue and silver.

PRICE . . . $10

Lucretia Vanderbilt

GO to the retailer who displays the Lucretia Vanderbilt poster . . . and there, for twenty-five cents, you may have a Miniature Presentation, containing a dainty flask of perfume and a powder compact.

Use this Postscript. Or mail Postscript and quarter to Lucretia Vanderbilt, 123 Grassmere Ave., Fairfield, Conn., mentioning dealer's name and address, and shade of powder preferred (Natural or Rachel).

POSTSCRIPT TO RETAILER:

Madame is entitled to one of my Miniature Presentations of 50¢ value for 25¢. Kindly give her every attention.

Sincerely yours,
LUCRETIA VANDERBILT

Name.....

Address..... N.Y.—DEC.

A GIFT

of an ancient secret in a *"keep-sake"* flagon

FOR men—a gift that will be used. For women a toilet daintifier of European society through two centuries. For both, a flagon that makes its precious contents appear more precious.

Farina's Red Crest Cologne is the original, the true cologne, created by Johann Maria Farina in 1709, and its secret has been well guarded ever since. An appropriate and useful gift in itself—or just the thing to add to the small gift whose size seems inadequate to express your true gift spirit. Be sure that the red crest is on the bottle that you buy, to make sure that your friend receives the true Farina's Red Crest Cologne.

Obtainable at all good toilette goods counters, in glass bottles, $1.00 and $2.00 sizes. Wicker bottles, $1.75, $3.00 and $6.00 sizes.

Sole Distributors for U. S. A.
Geo. Borgfeldt & Co.
111 E. 16th St., N. Y. C.

Look for the Red Crest

FARINA'S
RED CREST
COLOGNE
BATH SALTS BATH POWDER

Avenue and Forty-fifth Street: Clubman suitcase with hangers and covered compartments for shirts and shoes; from $50 to $145, depending on the size and leather.

BROOKS, Madison Avenue and Forty-fourth Street: Boot and shoe kits complete with cleaning apparatus; canvas, $90; in pigskin, from $100 to $235. Oxhide hatboxes with removable fittings; $57 to $83. Big leather trunks, also oxhide; $175.

MARK CROSS, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street: A shop full of trunks and bags of all kinds. The leather cigarette cases and wallets are good; billfolds for the new currency range from $1.50, for unlined pigskin, to $48, for sharkskin with gold edges.

DALE, 369 Madison Avenue: Specializes in luggage equipped with Sesamee locks, which work by a combination and require no key. A writing-case with a cover that has a blotter on the reverse side and can be used as a pad; $35, morocco; $40, pigskin.

ARTHUR GILMORE, 16 East Fifty-second Street: Hand-stitched pigskin cases made right there in the shop. Tie cases, $12 up; collar boxes, $5 up; made in England, red morocco or pigskin. Pigskin jewel boxes with velvet linings; $6 up.

PHILIP HALL, 38 East Forty-ninth Street: A good place to go for lightweight airplane luggage. Mr. Hall specializes in making wardrobes and chifforobes to suit individual requirements and still fit in a given space. He also has a lot of good closet fixtures.

MACY, Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street: Attaché case with a complete portfolio inside the cover; has pockets for envelopes, paper, memo pads, and the like; pigskin, $17.89. A fitted case of pigskin lined with black morocco; ivory top fittings; $249.

MARTIN & MARTIN, 45 West Fifty-seventh Street: Valet suitcase with hangers, said to carry suits without wrinkling them; tan canvas, $35; cowhide, $75. A Gladstone case with three hangers, and a club bag that has flexible sides.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE: Cases of golden pigskin, beautifully grained—I was told Saks handles them exclusively; $85 to $325. Hatboxes that keep hats in place; $50 to $150. Louis Vuitton trunks. —G. McC.

SPORTING GOODS

BY way of saving kind, wealthy, but unwary donors from trouble, we remind you that nearly every sportsman or athlete wants to select his own

THE "APPROACH" *to a Golfer's Heart*

"APPROACH" means a lot to a golfer. Like most humans he is fallible. And generally it's his "approach" that's his nemesis.

CHIP SHOT is designed for just such a golfer. It's purely a mashie game. In fact he uses his regular mashie club and golf ball. Plays honest to goodness golf in the living room.

Physically it is a canvas with five numbered holes mounted on a collapsible metal frame. It can be set up anywhere in a jiffy and as quickly folded up and put away. The idea is to pitch for the holes. Voila!

He'll play golf solitaire for practice and amusement. He'll invite his friends for competition. Either way he'll love the game.

Can you imagine a neater Christmas gift? Neither can we!

Ask your local store to demonstrate. Or send us your check for $15 and we will send Chip Shot direct. Money-back guarantee, of course.

CHIP SHOT, INC.
Dept. A.
35 State St.
Albany, N. Y.

CHIP SHOT PATENTED

"The Ball Rolls Back To You"

Eighteen Gramercy Park
SOUTH
East 20th Street
Cor. Irving Place

for

WOMEN WHOSE INCOMES PERMIT THE CHOICE OF BETTER LIVING

Rates: $19 to $25 weekly
Full Hotel Service

GRAMERCY 6000

MIAMI BEACH

Desirable residential properties for sale or lease exclusively.
Specify your requirements

GILBERT, RALSTON & HARWOOD 610 LINCOLN ROAD MIAMI BEACH, FLA.

equipment, and that a gift order on the shop where these things are specialties is the most welcome present possible.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH, Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street: Matched sets of Hagen golf clubs in three sizes, long, medium, and short; five irons for $47.50. All kinds of devices to keep score; from $1 to $20. All kinds of gloves, washable chamois with open knuckles, perforated pigskin with grip palms, chamois grip palms with thin fabric backs.

Two dressing-gowns for sportsmen: One, English terry cloth; white, printed with men and women engaged in sports, for locker-room or Palm Beach; $17.50. The other, llama wool lined with quilted satin, warm enough to make up for the bother of carrying it to Placid; $100.

Soft knitted cashmere scarves in plain soft colors; $10.50.

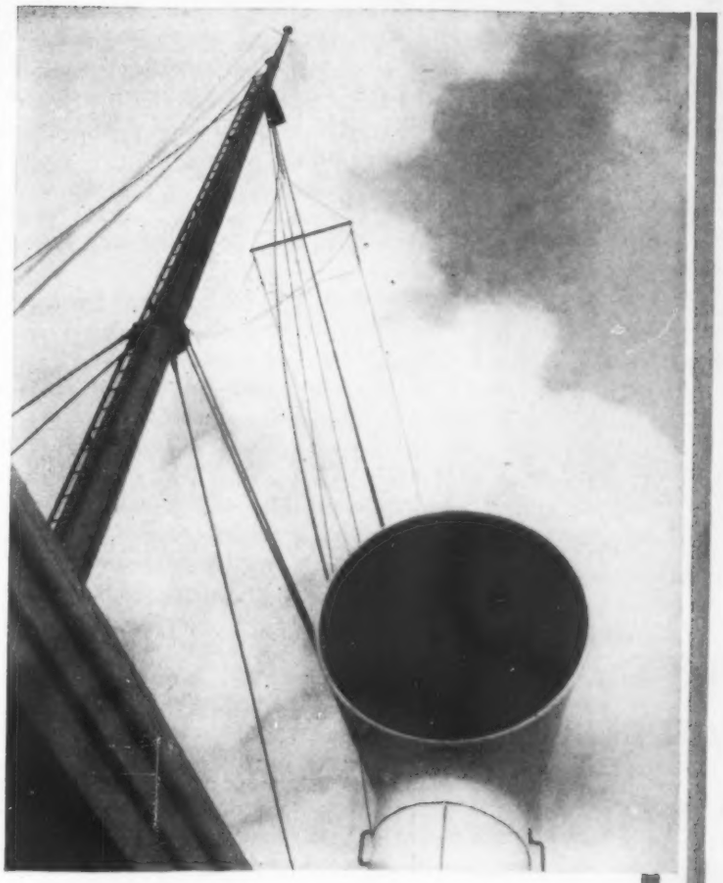
The inclusion of Von Lengerke & Detmold in Abercrombie & Fitch means that you can still give orders for V. L. & D. guns, rifles, and all shooting equipment and clothing, to your backwoods friends.

FAULKNER & SON, 51 East Forty-second Street, Room 1405: You give an order for riding-boots (men's or women's) to be made in England; or even shoes, if you give gifts that way. None more expert.

ERNEST K. FOWNES, 69 West Fiftieth Street: Sporting tailor who will make habits, breeches, and so forth, beautifully.

MARTIN & MARTIN, 45 West Fifty-seventh Street: Polo, hunting, and show-ring saddles to order (they send their men to fit your horse *chez lui*).

Also, smaller accessories for riding and hunting: crops, bootjacks and hooks, string gloves, spurs, flasks,



TO MIAMI AND HAVANA

More than a transition from winter to summer — a happy revelation in fashionable travel, taking you South on a big, modern steamer, surrounded by charming fellow-voyagers, and entertaining you royally every mile of the way. Orchestras. Dancing. Deck Sports. Daily Radio News. ¶ Direct express service New York to Miami. Daily overnight service between Miami and Havana, January to April. Attractive all-expense New York-Miami-Havana Tours. Also tri-weekly service New York to Jacksonville, calling at Charleston. Automobiles carried on all steamers. For complete information apply 545 Fifth Ave., Pier 36 North River, New York, or any authorized Tourist Agent.

CLYDE-MALLORY Lines

AGWI LINES

sandwich cases, raincoats, and gadgets.

SLAZENGER, 12 East Forty-third Street: Pet haunt of career tennis and golf players; wonderful equipment. Everything except balls should be selected by the user.

SPALDING, 518 Fifth Avenue: In addition to standards like skis, skates (Stille skates for fancy work), golf, tennis, and polo supplies, for which you give orders, here are some other details:

Tennis Kumbak—good for practice. Tennis ball on long elastic attached to canvas swing, to be set up in basement or garage: $25.

Badminton—indoors or out. Sets from $40 up.

Golf balls—any of the standard Spalding balls in tin, wooden-lined gift boxes, nice for cigarettes later.

Gloves—for boxing, $5 up; punching, $1.50 up; or baseball, $1 up.

Tennis travelling cases—hold two rackets and all sundries; $25 up.

Balls—basketball, volley-ball, football, soccer balls, medicine balls, baseballs, for the real boy.

Bicycles—for the daughter at college (don't laugh).

Skis, snowshoes, and such in abundance, with clothes to match.

ALEX. TAYLOR, 22 East Forty-second Street: Official outfitters for men and women members of the Fencers' Club. Give orders for all. Other sporting equipment as well.

BERNARD WEATHERILL, 557 Fifth Avenue: Swell riding habits. On a gift order, of course.

NOTE: A thoughtful compliment to your last summer's yachting host might be to provide whatever form of nautical necessity he may lack. Barome-

Nature's fanciest appetizer-
Vermouth

Like drinking a bouquet... yet tangy, gastronomic. A clubby accompaniment for that lonesome cigarette. It makes the palate dance for lunch, dinner . . . and how sharp appetite grows suddenly!

Natural Herbs. Riviera sunshine and rain. Epicurian blending following a century-old recipe unaffected by changing customs. Nothing ever will dim the allure of its dry (sec), light-bodied, non-cloying, appetizing taste. Its flavor is the best of stimulation.

Send for Bridge Score Pad and Vermouth Recipes

Nineteen head-turning beverages, salads, sauces and desserts made with Martini & Rossi Vermouth. Two kinds: Italian dry and French extra dry; often used fifty-fifty. Address for Book and Pad, W. A. Taylor & Co., 94N Pine Street, New York, sole importers.

MARTINI & ROSSI
Vermouth
. . . . before dinner

Smythson's
WAFER DIARY
AMERICAN EDITION—1930

$2.00
Carriage Prepaid

A POPULAR and unique 12 months' diary in most compact form—4¼ inches long, 2¾ inches wide, and, owing to the peculiar thinness of the special paper, less than ¼ inch thick. Fits the waistcoat pocket perfectly. This extraordinary fine little book is being reordered by the thousands every year by the many who have already found it indispensable.

Printed on blue paper with gilt edges, bound in limp roan, very durable. Though the paper is unbelievably thin it is not transparent and takes writing with pen or pencil equally well. As the 1930 edition is limited, order at once by cheque or money order.

Initials stamped in gold, 15 cents each. Name in full stamped in gold, 7 cents a letter.

MM IMPORTING CO.
543 Madison Avenue . New York City

Now available in New York
CASSEGRAIN'S
Famous
"Bobby" Date Books
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665 Fifth Avenue
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Fourth Floor, Tel.: Wickersham 7057
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IN WESTPORT CONN AND GREENWICH
ON THE POST ROAD
THE OPEN DOOR INN
·OPEN·ALL·YEAR·
Winter Week-ends in the Country
LOG FIRES· GOLF
REAL FOOD· RIDING
TELEPHONE ··· WESTPORT 1210

Maybe Aunt Hattie *likes* Pen Wipers

If she does, you'd better just sit down Saturday afternoon and make her one out of an old felt hat and some sealing wax.

That will take care of Aunt Hattie. But how about those other people on your Christmas list—amusing people who get around and are too sensible for gadgets or nice, sensible gifts?

Wouldn't a subscription to The New Yorker be just the thing for them? And their gratitude will last a whole lot longer than just Christmas morning. Every Friday when the postman brings their copies, gay, refreshing and full of a lot of valuable information about what's going on and what's being said about it, these grateful friends and relatives will stop a moment and reflect on what an acceptable Christmas present you gave them.

If you will send us the names and addresses of these people, along with your own name on the bottom of a check, we will see to it that copies are sent them right away; at the same time we will notify them of your generosity by means of a good looking Christmas card.

Enclosed find $_____* for which enter the names below to receive THE NEW YORKER as indicated:—

Miss
Mrs. _____
Mr.

*Address*_____

No. Years ( )

Miss
Mrs. _____
Mr.

*Address*_____

No. Years ( )

Miss
Mrs. _____
Mr.

*Address*_____

No. Years ( )

Miss
Mrs. _____
Mr.

*Address*_____

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Miss
Mrs. _____
Mr.

*Address*_____

No. Years ( )

Miss
Mrs. _____
Mr.

*Address*_____

No. Years ( )

***Regular Subscription Prices—**

Single One Year (52 issues) . . .	$5.00
Single Two Years (104 issues) . . .	8.00

***Special Subscription Prices—**

(Good only until Dec. 24, 1929)

Two One Year Subscriptions . . .	$8.00
Three One Year Subscriptions . .	11.00
For each additional one year subscription in excess of three add	3.00

Additional Postage: Canada, 50¢ a Year and Foreign, $1.00 a Year.

C-12-7

*Donor's Name*_____

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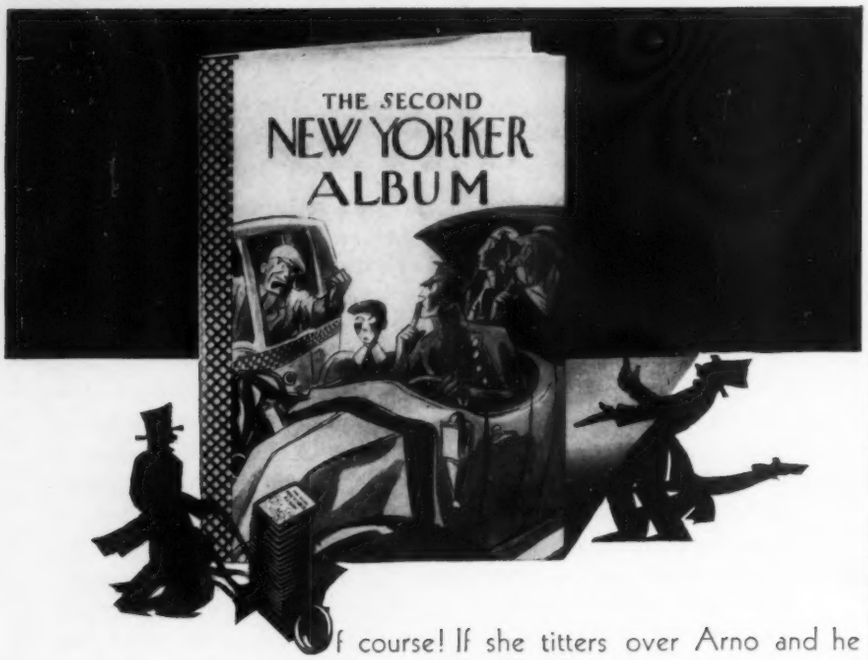

Of course! If she titters over Arno and he roars at Gluyas Williams, why not give them the Second New Yorker Album . . . the big collection of drawings that has made America broccoli-conscious? For crystallized hilarity, give the Social Register of the year's nimblest wit!

THE second NEW YORKER ALBUM

$2.50 EVERYWHERE DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

Bath of Isis

is a completely vanishing hand lotion. Even its fragrance quickly disappears leaving no scent to clash with your chosen perfume.

. . . a hand lotion which is NOT STICKY!

. . . . nor creamy or sticky. Bath of Isis does not clog or cover the pores. It vanishes because the skin *absorbs* it. Does not smart or burn. Soothing.

Send the coupon for a trial supply. Or get Bath of Isis in 25c, 50c, or $1.00 sizes at the better department stores and drug stores. Or directly from

THE LOUISE LEIGHTON SHOP
28 West 44th Street

LOUISE LEIGHTON, INC.
28 West 44th Street, New York N-2

I enclose 10c in stamps for your 25c size Bath of Isis.

Name.....

Address.....

Favorite Store.....

THE comfort and enjoyment of the daily tub are unmistakably heightened by adding to the water a half-handful of No. 4711 Bath Salts in your favorite odor (there are eleven in all!) . . . No. 4711 Bath Salts are gently stimulating to fagged nerves and body . . . and the water takes on the gentle softness of pearly dew.

No. 4711 BATH SALTS

Made in U. S. A. by
Mulhens & Kropff, Inc., 25 West 45th St., N. Y.

RONEY PLAZA HOTEL
MIAMI BEACH
FLORIDA
One of America's most distinctive Ocean Front Hotels
OPEN THANKSGIVING DAY TO APRIL 20

ters, ships' clocks, compasses, and even worse technicalities, can be found at Abercrombie, Gall & Lembke, Lugene, and Meyrowitz. Field glasses and binoculars for sportsmen also at these places, and goggles for fliers. Yacht china, with the name and club insignia of the boat, can be ordered from Davis Collamore, 7 East Fifty-second Street; Ovington; William H. Plummer & Company, 7 East Thirty-fifth Street; and Rich & Fisher, 14 East Forty-eighth Street. Yacht linens, embroidered to correspond, from Altman, McCutcheon, McGibbon, and Mosse—among others. —M. C.

FOR THE MOTORIST

AT this time of year, the thought of motoring in an open car suggests foot-muffs and warm robes. You can get these in all of the large shops. Most of them also carry Snuggle Rugs made from plaid steamer blankets with zippers up each side; they cost from about $18 to $35, depending on the material. Rear-view mirrors that clamp on the spare tire, spotlights, French horns, windshield wipers, and the like can be found in almost any shop that carries automobile accessories. The list below includes some items that I have not seen before; but then I do my best to confine my winter motoring to heated taxicabs.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH, Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street: A foot muff that folds into a square pillow; plush, lined with sheepskin; $20. Muffle-mitts: a glove with an extra mitten tip to slip your fingers in when they are really cold; $25. Cape gauntlets with ribbed palms to give you a good grip, and straps to make them snug at the wrists; lamb's-wool lining; $8.50. Two-in-one gloves: they are cape or mocha outside, and the lining is a separate woollen glove that can be removed for washing or renewal; $7 for cape; $8.50 for mocha.

ALTMAN, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street: A compact cocktail set in a black leather case includes two flasks, a shaker, four cups, a spoon, a corkscrew, and fruit knife, and costs $75; less noisy than separate bottles and glasses. A woman's umbrella with a leather case containing a sponge to absorb the moisture; $35.

MACY, Broadway and Thirty-

THIS Christmas GIVE THESE CHARMING Cutex MANICURE Sets

Now they are ready in their gay Christmas wrappers—Cutex sets more intriguing than ever before to solve your Christmas gift problems!

Cutex sets are so versatile in form—from a set small enough to carry about to sets luxurious enough to grace the proudest table!

Every set contains the new Liquid Polish that fashionable women everywhere are so enthusiastic about, as well as the other famous Cutex preparations.

In Gay Christmas Dress	
Compact Set	60¢
Traveling Set	$1.50
Boudoir Set	$3.00
De Luxe Set	$5.00
In Smart Metal Boxes—	
Five Minute Set	$1.00
Marquise Set	$2.50

The FIVE MINUTE SET, left, below, contains Cuticle Remover, Liquid Polish and Polish Remover, emery boards, orange stick, cotton. Price $1.00

The FIVE MINUTE SET comes in a metal box designed by a famous artist. The box is shown at right.

•

The COMPACT SET shown below contains small-size Cuticle Remover, the delightful new Liquid Polish, Cutex Brilliance. Also Nail White, orange stick, emery boards and nail file. Price 60¢

The TRAVELING SET, upper right, in Christmas wrapper, has full-size Cuticle Remover, Liquid Polish and Polish Remover, Cuticle Cream, small-size Nail White, emery boards, orange stick, nail file. Price $1.50

•

The MARQUISE SET shown in metal box, right, contains full-size Cuticle Remover, new Liquid Polish and Polish Remover, Cuticle Cream, Nail White, file, orange stick, 2 rolls of cotton, emery boards and buffer. Price $2.50. (*In Canada, $3.00*)

NORTHAM WARREN
NEW YORK · LONDON · PARIS

"Give HEALTH"

It's a jolly, big-hearted idea. Easy to execute too; just give a HANSON scale. It will start the healthy habit of checking weight daily. At $12, the Petite is a compact, little model any woman would fancy; at $27.50 the Elevated Dial model is a practical scale for robust Uncle Eddie or that near-sighted spinster Aunt. At department and hardware stores.

HANSON SCALE COMPANY, CHICAGO
New York Office: 41 Murray St.
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The Ambassador
PALM BEACH
Opens for the Season
JANUARY 15*th*
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Bathing Beach
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Make Reservations Now

NEW YORK BOOKING OFFICE
AMBASSADOR HOTEL
Park Avenue at 51st Street
Wickersham 1000
and
THE AMBASSADOR HOTELS
ATLANTIC CITY and LOS ANGELES

fourth Street: Shaving set of razor, brush, and soap in a sectional metal tube; comes in a pigskin pouch and is suggested for all-night trips; $4.64. First-aid kit in a leather case; seven little bottles, rolls of bandage and adhesive tape, and a pair of scissors; $4.64. Lunch kits and tea baskets in the luggage department, and motor robes in among the quilted satin puffs.

MEYROWITZ, 520 Fifth Avenue: Glasses that are shaded from clear at the bottom to dark gray at the top so that you have only to tilt your head slightly to avoid the glare of sun or headlights; great for anyone who plans to motor across the continent. Ground to your prescription with gold-filled frames; $18. Self-winding wrist watch that remains unaffected by the magnetism of the motor; $55 for chromium, and $125 for solid gold. Auto altimeter indicates the height above sea level to those who are interested; $38. Klear-Lenz, an anti-steam liquid that you spread on your windshield; fifty cents.

NIL MELIOR, 100 West Fifty-sixth Street: All kinds of imported motor accessories. Marchal Tri-Lux headlights in sizes to fit all makes of car; $150. Hispanos are equipped with them. Wireless cigarette lighters that come in sets with ashtrays; $15.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE: A great many lunch hampers. One has a table that folds up inside; another has folding wooden legs that turn the hamper into a table top, and this also makes room for tiny camp stools. French motor trunks that hold three long suitcases or three short cases and a hatbox; $265 to $500. A large umbrella with a patent-leather case to protect the upholstery; $8.50.

• •

"Now, Ethel, when those mosquitoes bite me and I let go, let it be a lesson to you! Never go picnicking with your next husband unless you take along the Flit!"

Advertisement

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Christmas trees are greener, Christmas bells ring clearer, and the Herald Angels are in better voice — on the Christmas cards at Brewer's. They're too good to last long, so come in soon to make *your* choice.

H. K. BREWER & CO.
Stationers
Since 1835
ENGRAVERS PRINTERS
21 East 41st Street
45 East 45th Street
42 Exchange Place

Palm Beaching?

If you are going to spend the winter season in Palm Beach, I believe you would be delighted with my house on wide Seminole Avenue, not far from the Beaux Arts, with four master bedrooms, sleeping porch and two baths and garage, and most comfortably furnished—$3,000 season. Telephone Pennock, 2117 Murray Hill.

WANAMAKER, Broadway and Ninth Street: An alpaca driver's robe, with a strap that fastens it around the waist, and hooks that clasp around each ankle; $35. A long, curved, rear-view mirror that gives a wide-angle vision, in fact permits a view of the whole countryside; $12.50. A French horn with eight notes, works with a bulb; $85. Chimes and bugle, electric; $38.50. Torovoce, sounds like a cow; $25. A cigarette server that lights the cigarette and takes the first puff, easy to attach to a dashboard; $7.75. —G. McC.

GIFTS FOR SERVANTS

A GOOD gold eagle, or two or three, is the gift *par excellence* for your faithful servitors, and surest to please them. You can get fancy boxes at Dennison's, any stationer's, or the ten-cent store (surprise, surprise!); we also advise a fairly early visit to the bank, because everybody clamors for gold at Christmas.

To butlers and other menservants you might give simple sets of studs and cuff-links, neckties, gloves, mufflers, gadgets for watch chains, or smoking articles—if permitted. Maids really love some harmless frivolity in the shape of a bit of lingerie, silk stockings, bags, scarves, blouses, handkerchiefs, or a simple toilet article, such as, for instance, a bottle of imported Eau de Cologne. Giving them something that suggests their calling—aprons, organdie cuffs, or the like—is fairly tactless.

Among places where you can find attractive things in quantities large enough to be fair all the way around are: Arnold Constable, Stern, the Gotham Hosiery Shops, and the Emily Shops. Rogers Peet will have suitable presents for men, and a visit to Lambert Brothers, jewellers, Third Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street, will reveal all sorts of very nice but inexpensive jewelry—and in good taste, too.

NOTE: Devoted nurses and governesses are apt to go into raptures over Christmas photographs of their little darlings.

CHRISTMAS WRAPPINGS

FOR which you shouldn't delay any longer, or the good ones will be all snapped up. Choose from among the following:

BLOOMINGDALE, Lexington Avenue and Sixtieth Street: A most elaborate and complete paper department; also strings, ribbons, and seals. In all colors.

DENNISON, Fifth Avenue and

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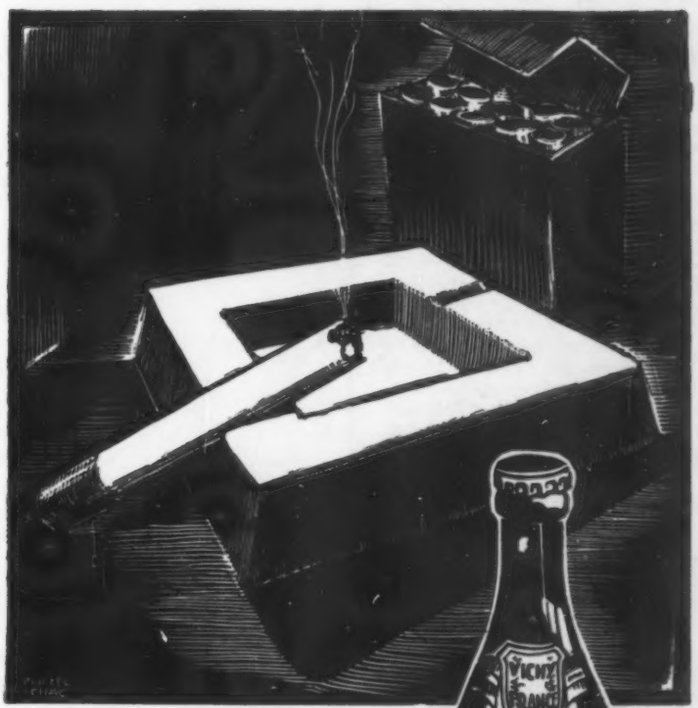

The last smoke...

Fatigued by the irritating action of tobacco, your stomach troubles you.

But you can forestall the impending illness and give yourself a healthy digestion simply by drinking a glass of VICHY-CELESTINS

A pleasant-tasting, natural mineral water, bottled fresh at the springs. Prescribed by physicians as a digestive stimulant. Served by clubs hotels and restaurants, and sold by your grocer and druggist.

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First on Any Christmas List

Put Down "Preference Chests"—and then write the names of all the men and women you know to whom it would be a pleasure to give "the perfect $5-present for 1930". A Preference Chest offers to one and all *their choice* of cigarettes . . . any 4 brands, in labeled compartments . . . true courtesy and *savoir-faire!*

Exquisitely made for the living room, college room, sun porch, office or directors' room of all those who have a flair for doing-the-right-thing. Hinged lid . . . solid mahogany throughout . . . lacquered in Green, Black, Chinese Red mounted with old English prints in full color, or in Natural Finish (without print). A compliment to fine furnishings anywhere. Retailers not yet supplied are *also* invited to write to us.

For sale in these and many other leading stores:

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B. Altman & Co.
Stern Bros.
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$5.00 at leading local stores, or *sent postpaid.* ($5.50 West of the Rockies). De luxe leather-covered Chests $16—with Galvano plaque $20—white jade dragon $30.

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Dept. N, 99 Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.

Twenty-sixth Street: Paper, more paper, and still more paper.

JAPAN PAPER COMPANY, 109 East Thirty-first Street: Tissues and heavier weights in modern or Japanese patterns, also sheets of wood, as thin as paper. Japanese ribbon tape, too.

LITERARY LOBBY, 28 West Forty-fourth Street: Ensemble arrangements including seals, stickers, ribbons, and tags with matching motifs; also crazy or dainty patterns on tissue.

WANAMAKER, Broadway and Ninth Street: Paper Shop; imported Austrian or French modern designs, also gold and silver papers. Ribbons, real and tissue; flowers and artificial holly for decorating packages. Will do up your gifts, no matter where bought. No charge, except for materials.

WOOLWORTH, branches all over town: Colored tissues and patterns; ribbons both silk and tinsel; big packages of seals for a nickel. Go *early*.

—M. C.

AFTERTHOUGHTS

IF you want to be sentimental in a reserved way, a pleasant gesture would be to arrange for a standing order of flowers to be delivered to Her each week, for as long as you like.

Speaking of standing orders, any man (or woman), I should think, would be delighted to have his favorite smokes delivered to his front doorstep as regularly as his Sunday paper. Next week we will give you a list of places where these things can be arranged.

Many a youth who is in the habit of overexercising his allowance might consider it a great help to receive for Christmas a receipted tailor's account, or maybe a club bill. This is a suggestion for fathers.

Nearly every small boy will lose

THE PYGMY LAMP

No Batteries!
Self Generating!
No Refills!
Strong, Brilliant Light!
Weighs only 6 ozs.!
Not Affected By Cold, Heat, Dampness or Lack of Use!

The Pygmy is just one of the hundreds of unusual gifts listed in our 64-page Sport Gift Booklet. Your copy is ready; call or write for it today.

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THE HOUSE THAT SPORT BUILT
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Residential Hotel
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A distinguished residential hotel with serving pantries, electric refrigeration and Beverly-Divan restaurant cuisine of noteworthy excellence.

1 to 4 rooms, furnished or unfurnished on seasonal or yearly lease.

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interest in everything else if there is a typewriter in sight that he can tamper with, so we suggest giving him one of his own, to ruin or write with as he chooses. But give him a real one, if any; for he is liable to throw a toy one out the window. Also, this might be a good gift for the literary who are too shy to admit their inclinations, but with the tool at hand, might accomplish great things. Here are the prices of a few of the well-known makes: for portables, Remington, Underwood, or Corona, $60; standard office types cost a little over $100; noiseless machines, about $150. At Saks-Fifth Avenue you can get a Remington portable that comes in an attractive pigskin and morocco-leather case, fitted with fountain pen, scissors, magnifying reading-glass, and other office equipment useful to the traveller; about $175.

There is a new safety case out that would be grand for young persons who still have precious jewels or securities that are worth keeping. It's a cast-steel nickel-plated box containing a tray (or velvet box if you prefer), and was imported from Germany for Saks-Fifth Avenue; $32.50. Now comes the fun. You turn the key once, the box is locked; you turn it again, and an alarm is set. After this, if the box is touched the alarm goes off and rings for four hours unless you have the key to stop it. Any burglar who has the nerve to run down the street with this under his arm deserves the loot.

That sterling department, *Concert-Music Records*, lists, on page 154, discs and albums worth considering as presents to music-lovers who own phonographs—and what music-lover doesn't?

—F. D.

•

THE DIET

This was the fare allotted me:
  Dry, unbuttered toast of
    conversation,
Intricate, cold, lettuce phrases,
  A pale red epigram like a tomato,
The unexpected artillery
  Of your eccentric grapefruit
    sarcasm;
Last of all, the dark, unsweetened
  Coffee of goodbye.
No wonder I lost eighteen pounds
  In three weeks!

—Persis Greely Anderson

•

GREENWICH—In the dauntless beauty of the back country; 14 acres among distinctive people.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Got a tiny lot among nobodies?

SILK has been worn by the aristocrats of every age and every land . . . . . Modern Americans, conspicuous for their good taste in dress have been choosing Schwarzenbach silks because they know that garments of these fine fabrics will be perfect in design, correct in fashion and peerless in quality . . . . A gift made of fine silk is a subtle compliment to a man's appreciation of beautiful personal effects.

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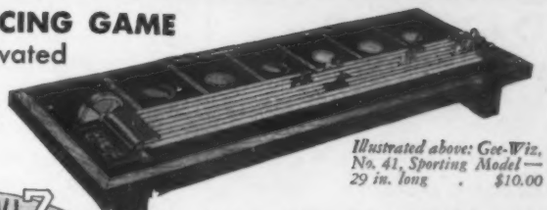
Pajamas, shirts and robes of Schwarzenbach silks are on display at the best stores for men.

THIS **RACING GAME** has captivated smart America!



Illustrated above: Gee-Wiz, No. 41, Sporting Model — 29 in. long . $10.00

GEE-WIZ

No. 42—De-Luxe Model, larger than illustrated - 43 in. long, 10 in. high. Fitted with mahogany-finish cover. Equipped with General Electric Motor. Ideal for clubs and large gatherings. . $75.00

AT smart homes—this sensational horse racing game is the high spot of the evening's entertainment. Thrills—suspense—exciting action—from the moment the six horses leave the barrier 'till the flags go up at the finish. Spinning fly wheel drives steel balls against horses, advancing them along tracks, the lead constantly changing. No two races result alike. Handsomely colored, in rich mahogany-finish frame.

At Sporting Goods counters or write direct.

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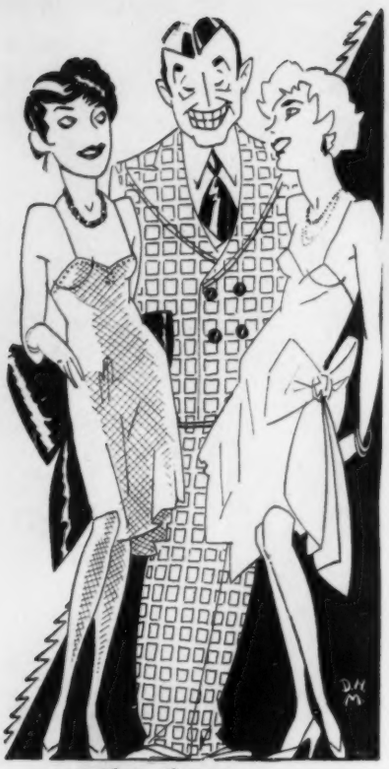

SATISFIED!
THE LATEST
Brunswick
FOX TROT
hot off the fiddle of
BEN BERNIE
AND HIS HOTEL ROOSEVELT ORCHESTRA

SATISFIED

The last Fox Trot the Maestro made for Brunswick before he sailed to tickle the feet of dear old London.

THERE'S TOO MANY EYES

Ben's a nasty Nero, the way he's fiddled fire into this flaming Fox Trot. *No. 4507*

CHESTER GAYLORD

"The Whispering Serenader" sings

SATISFIED

Accompanied by saxaphone, clarinet and piano, Chester does his best to out-maestro Mr. Bernie.

LOVE ME

S'help us, you will, if you ever lend your ears to Chester when he sings this number from the French success "Deja". The piano and guitar accompaniment is scrumptious. *No. 4531*

MUSICAL EVENTS

Chamber Music Wherever You Go —The German Opera in Trouble

THIS, as the admen might tell you, is a chamber-music year. The Lener Quartet arrives from Hungary and gets as much attention as a new dramatic soprano at the Metropolitan. More, I should add, because the Metropolitan has no new dramatic soprano. The London String Quartet, with two new members, makes a week of it at Town Hall. The Roth Quartet and the Musical Art Quartet attract large and stylish audiences, and to top it all, the Messrs. Thibaud and Cortot, in a string of sonatas, gather into Carnegie Hall a crowd that overflows to the stage. The Aguilar Lute Quartet, another chamber-music ensemble—

Well, it was not so long ago that the Kneisels thought they were doing nobly when they had a noticeable attendance in considerably smaller temples than Town Hall or Carnegie.

AS I have confessed, I was not brought up on chamber music, and I am not privy to the esoteric charms which it is said to have for those who are wonted to it. There is a good deal of mugging about this form of entertainment. One learns that it is only in writing for four stringed instruments that a composer really unburdens himself, that there is an *innigkeit* in chamber music that only the chosen can really understand, and that the test of true musical feeling is the adoration of Beethoven's Op. 59, No. 2.

From where I am listening, it all seems a trifle hysterical. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and other masters, happened to compose a quantity of music for strings. In the case of Beethoven, some of it must be ranked with his greatest efforts; but there is a huge stack of chamber music, bearing venerable labels, that consists of so many exercises and experiments. A composition is not something out of heaven, or even out of the ordinary, merely because it calls for the participation of two fiddles, a viola, and a 'cello. I also am not convinced that a violinist who labors at the second desk in Schubert's "Tod und Das Mädchen" quartet is *ipso facto* a more sincere musician than one who disports himself in Sarasate's "Romanza Andaluza."

RATING the string quartets now playing about town is one of the new sports, and all of them have been heard frequently enough to warrant some sort of estimate. The Leners are the most brilliant and theatrical, but they have given some exhibitions that are at variance with their excellent phonograph records. Mr. Lener himself often dominates unduly, and there are moments when the intonation goes on leave without permission. The uninitiated listener may prefer this organization to all others for its almost orchestral tone, and there are times when it sounds like the best of all quartets. Perhaps its erratic behavior may be charged off to an excess of display, an excess that can be curbed easily enough. Even at their worst, which never is really bad, the Leners are interesting.

The Roths, who, by the way, use modern instruments, have a more reposeful manner, although there is nothing sleepy about them. Their style is more classic than that of the Leners, and there is a somewhat better blending of tone, which may be due to the presence of "matched" fiddles. Technically, the two Hungarian quartets are on a par, and the choice between them is an individual matter. Both are playing in a different century from the traditional somnambulistic foursome.

The only current quartet which has admitted a woman to membership is the Musical Art Quartet, a comparatively new ensemble which already has developed into one of our most expert chamber-music groups. Here there is plenty of "style," tempered by brightness of tone (they have the War-

to the man

WHO WONDERS WHAT TO GIVE A LOVELY WOMAN FOR CHRISTMAS

THERE is not a woman who still loves life whose heart will not beat a little quicker Christmas morning to find that lovely golden jar of Amor Skin among her gifts.

If she is a woman to whom the cost of Amor Skin is inconsequential, she will nevertheless appreciate the implied compliment of the donor. If on the other hand she is one to whom the price of $25 seems a little beyond her purse, she will be doubly grateful.

Amor Skin is the most amazing gift that science has yet made to beauty. A marvelous cream that incorporates hormone substance from the skin glands of the turtle, it penetrates to the subcutaneous cells and works miracles of beauty. Lines and wrinkles actually disappear and undimmed loveliness remains in all its glory.

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NUMBER 1—(*Single Strength*) . . $16.50
NUMBER 2—(*Double Strength*) . . 25.00

Your check with the coupon will bring Amor Skin by mail in time for Christmas. Or, if you prefer, we will send it, appropriately wrapped and with card enclosed, direct to the receiver.

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205 East 42nd St., New York
Please send a jar of Amor Skin No..... to

My name.....
My address.....
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Check for $..... enclosed. O-1

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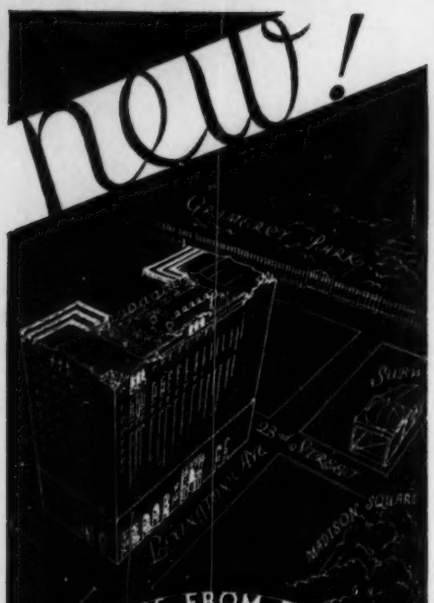

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burg Stradivarii) and vivacity. The Londoners are in process of remodelling and are not yet as smooth as they will be in another season.

MUCH agitation is perceptible over the predicament of German opera at the Metropolitan. When Karl Riedel conducted "Lohengrin" immediately after the resignation of the ill-fated Rosenstock, some of the boys fancied that they had unearthed a hidden Mahler, but his "Walküre" proved to be an expert accompaniment rather than a complete exposition of the score. The trouble with German opera at the Metropolitan, however, is not in the orchestra pit but on the stage.

It is futile to shake critical fists at Mr. Gatti-Casazza and to demand why this is so, for he has heard whatever there may be in German opera houses. An examination of many phonograph records by eminent German singers who are not at the Metropolitan reveals that they are no great improvement on the present batch. Mmes. Rethberg, Fleischer, Matzenauer, and a few others carry on valiantly, but it seems as if most Germans no longer bother about singing. The way out is to engage non-Germans for the German repertoire. Consider, for instance, the Hungarian Schorr and the Swedish Branzell, who will help out amazingly when they arrive.

P. S. Why he didn't get the job: Edward Mörike, suggested last week as a possible Metropolitan conductor, died in Europe some months ago. To the gentry who rushed in with this information, my thanks. —R. A. S.

CONCERT-MUSIC RECORDS

Guide for the Shopper with Musical Friends

WITH several hundred albums of good recorded music now available, the thoughtful soul who wishes to present discs for Christmas may be somewhat bewildered. I have therefore classified some of the best albums, by composers, and the following list may give you some notions:

BACH: Victor has a new album containing the second Brandenburg Concerto, a Choralvorspiel, and the C minor Passacaglia, the two last in Stokowski orchestrations. The suite in B minor is also available, well done by Frederick Stock.

BEETHOVEN: Almost everything by Beethoven—except "Fidelio"—is

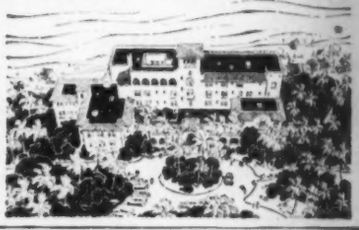
The Hotel PANCOAST
Miami Beach, Florida

The remaining few among the fastidious inner circle who have delayed securing preferred accommodations at Miami Beach this season, will be interested to know that a limited number of reservations are still available at the Pancoast for December and March. The possibilities of disappointment may be lessened by telegraphing today. : : : :

American Plan, Dec. 1 to April 15
European Plan, April 15 to Dec. 1

J. A. PANCOAST, Owner-Proprietor — L. B. SPRAGUE, Manager

Directly on the Ocean



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December 11th to 23rd

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PRINCESS HOTEL BERMUDA
Open December 16
Cable Address: Princess, Bermuda
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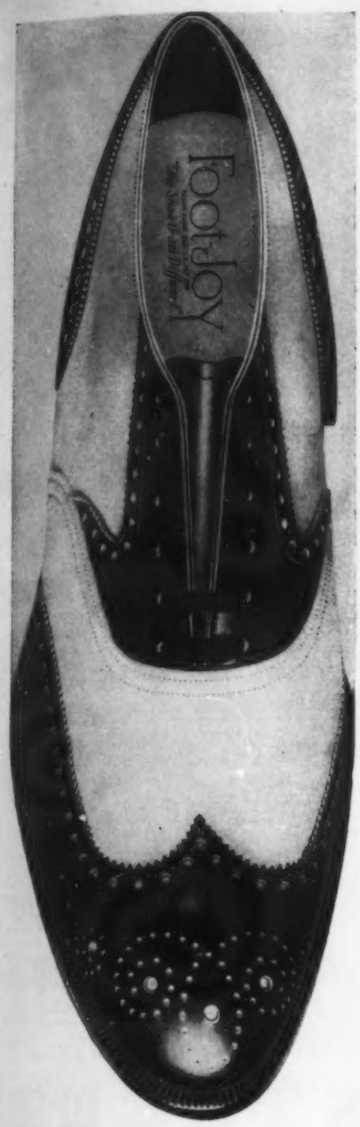
HOTEL ASPINWALL, Lenox, Mass.



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Change to Foot-Joy . . . the shoe that is smartly built to combat hard pavements . . . the shoe that supports your weight from heel to toe, relieving the strain from nerves, muscles and arches . . . "the shoe that's different"—in style and in comfort

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Name.....

Address.....NYZ

waiting for you, the Columbia list being exceptionally complete. I still cling to Beecham's version of the Second Symphony (*Columbia*).

BIZET: "Carmen," recorded in France by Columbia, remains the most satisfactory operatic album so far issued.

BRAHMS: The first symphony by Stokowski (*Victor*) or Klemperer (*Odeon*) is a good bet. So is the third, by Stokowski (*Victor*). If you want to be very imposing, present all four, the second being done by Damrosch (*Columbia*) and the fourth by Abendroth (*Victor*).

CHOPIN: Here's a collection for your pianist: The Preludes by Cortot (*Victor*), the Nocturnes by Godowski (*Columbia*), the Etudes by Bachaus (*Victor*), and the B flat minor Sonata by Grainger (*Columbia*).

DEBUSSY: The Gramophone Shop has two albums of music from "Pelléas et Mélisande," one by Victor and one by Columbia.

DVOŘÁK: The "New World" Symphony, by Stokowski (*Victor*).

FRANCK: The D minor symphony, by Stokowski (*Victor*).

GERSHWIN: Suggested Gershwin series: "Rhapsody in Blue," played by the composer with Whiteman (*Victor*), the Concerto in F, by Bargy and Whiteman (*Columbia*), and "An American in Paris," by Shilkret (*Victor*).

GRIEG: The piano concerto is recorded for Victor by de Greef, and for Columbia by Friedmann, but I'm not wild about either of these sets. The Sonata by Kreisler and Rachmaninoff (*Victor*) is excellent.

HANDEL: There is a complete recording of "The Messiah," directed by Beecham, made by the British Columbia firm.

HAYDN: An exceptional recording of the "Clock" Symphony, by Toscanini (*Victor*) is one of the best.

HERBERT: There is an album of excerpts, sweetly scored and performed by Shilkret (*Victor*).

LISZT: Both piano concertos are to be had. Consult the Gramophone Shop about the E flat major by Brailowski. The A major is well done for Columbia by Josef Pembaur, whoever he is.

MASSENET: A complete "Manon," by the French branch of Columbia, has been imported by the Gramophone Shop.

MENDELSSOHN: For the violin student, especially, the E minor concerto, by Kreisler (*Victor*).

MOZART: All sorts of chamber music is listed. Among the symphonies, I suggest especially the C

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. . . . at lower rentals than they'd expect to pay!

A limited number of six and seven room apartments are available . . . built to the highest standards . . . at rentals much lower than such standards ordinarily command.

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FRANCINE
Larrimore
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A Comedy by ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

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PUCCINI: "La Bohème," complete, is an important operatic album (*Victor*).

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RAVEL: "La Valse" on two records (*Columbia*) and the second "Daphnis et Chloé" suite, also on two records (*Victor*).

RESPIGHI: A brilliant performance of "The Pines of Rome" from the Fonitipia firm of Italy, conducted by Panizza, may be heard at the Gramophone Shop.

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STRAVINSKI: The composer himself conducts the "Fire Bird" and "Petrouchka" suites for Columbia. Stokowski's "Fire Bird" and Koussevitzki's "Petrouchka" are available on Victor records.

STRAUSS: "Ein Heldenleben" by Mengelberg (*Victor*), and a collection of "Der Rosenkavalier" excerpts, directed by Richard himself (*Victor*), are indicated. Columbia has a charming "Till Eulenspiegel," by the Belgian, Defauw.

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TSCHAIKOWSKI: The fourth symphony by Stokowski (*Victor*), the fifth by Mengelberg (*Columbia*), and the sixth by Fried (*Columbia*). And don't overlook "Romeo and Juliet" by Stokowski (*Victor*).

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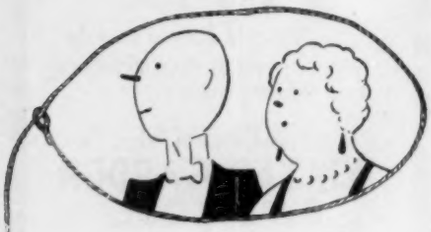

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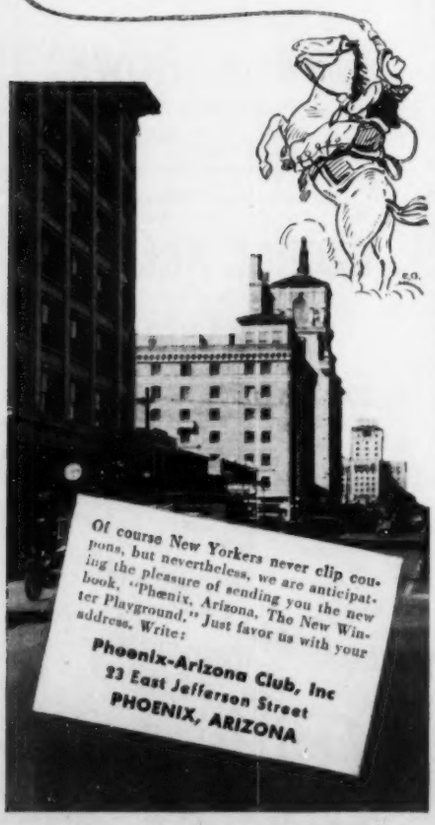

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WHAT do I want for Christmas? What do I want for Christmas? I know what I want but I don't know what I'm going to get. I know what I'm *not* going to get. A sable coat. That's what I'm not going to get. Not even a short one. I won't even see a sable, probably, not unless I go to the Zoo, and maybe not even then. Maybe they don't have sables in zoos. That would be just my luck, all dressed up and ready to see a sable for Christmas and then they wouldn't have one. Oh! maybe they might—maybe they might at Christmas. Not in Central Park, perhaps, but up in the Bronx they would. And why not in Central Park? What are you getting snooty about Central Park for? They've got the Casino, haven't they? Then why wouldn't they have a sable? Certainly they would have a sable. I'll bet they'd have two. They *have* to have two. There you go, getting biological again —what kind of a mind have you got anyway? A very nice mind, that's what I've got, and I was not getting biological—I was thinking of the Ark. Yes, and supposing I did get biological? Supposing I did? I'm not a child, am I? I know the facts of life, don't I? Even at Christmas I know that much. Just because I say "two sables" I've got to leave the room, I suppose.

And what good would it do you if you did get a sable coat, you never *go* anywhere, do you? No, I don't *now*, but I might any minute. . . . I might go to Hollywood. I might go to Hollywood, and then how would I look? Pretty conspicuous, that's how. "Oh, look at that girl without a sable coat!" . . . That's what they'd say. No, they wouldn't. . . . They wouldn't say "girl," anyway. Well, "woman" then. "Oh, look at that woman without no sable coat." I'll bet they'd

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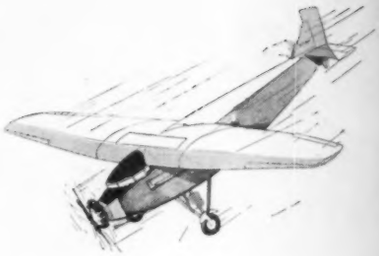

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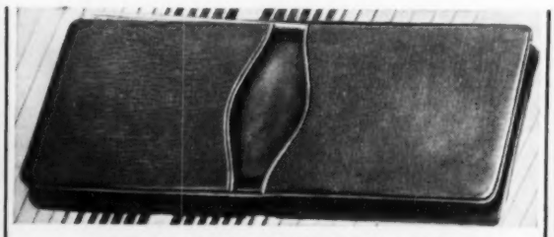

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even point at me. Oh, stop exaggerating, they would not point at you. Not in Hollywood. They might hoot at you, but they'd never point.

Just the same I'd feel lousy out there. I feel pretty lousy right here in New York. And is that nice? Is that any way for a lady to talk? What would Santa Claus say if he heard you, that's what I'd like to know. I'd love to know, I would. As if he never heard "lousy" before! Bringing the presents he does year after year, and never heard "lousy"? Yes, and a fine-looking sable coat you'll get if you go on that way. Why can't you be nice about it? . . . You can be nice if you want to. All right. I'll be nice. I'll write him a nice little note: "Dear Santa Claus, I'm a little girl of thirty-five and I want a sable coat." And a hot lot of good that would do. "Where's the coat you got last year?" That's what he'd say. "Where's the nice little unplucked Airedale I brought you last year?" "It's right out there in the garbage can, Santa, and what do you think of that?" Oh, for the . . . You know what you'll do? You'll get him sore, that's what you'll do, and then you won't get anything. And what do I care for that? Listen, if I can't have a sable coat I don't *want* anything. Not *any*thing! Oh you don't, don't you? You just want a sable coat. A mere sable coat! For God's sake. . . . What do you want it *for?* What do I want it for? . . . What do you *think* I want it for? . . . I want it for Chriss-ss-mus.

—PATRICIA COLLINGE

•

POPLARS IN WINTER

The poplar leaves are gone, you say:
We shall not hear them whispering;
But there will be the chickadees
That come to talk and sing,

With a promise two notes long,
One for night and one for day:
Enough to tell us in a song
They intend to stay!

Early snow this year, you say:
The poplars will be feathered soon;
But all the closer will be wound
The sleek silk of the moon!

And stars are leaves for winter trees.
They will be even prouder now,
Standing on tiptoe in the dark
To lend Orion a bough.

—GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

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BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

THE AMERICAN DOCTRINE OF MUSIC

SOME PROFOUND VIEWS OF THE PUBLIC ON THE SUBJECT IN GENERAL

1. THAT a Wagnerian orchestra consists of ninety pieces of brass and twenty drums.

2. That anyone going to hear one of the "Ring," or "Tristan," or "Parsifal," is either stark mad, a musician, or a German spy.

3. That Victor Herbert is the greatest of American composers.

4. That Brahms' chief claim to fame is the fact that he once wrote a Hungarian dance.

5. That every symphony must tell a story.

6. That only highbrows enjoy Beethoven, and that most of the time they merely pretend to like him.

7. That the "1812" Overture is one of the masterpieces of music, because it incorporates the French and Russian anthems, and because it is so graphic.

8. That Tschaikowski is the greatest symphonic composer, because his music is so sad.

9. That the "Serenade" and "Unfinished" Symphonies are the only works of Franz Schubert that have lived on.

10. That the most beautiful music is a sweet tune written in waltz time and called "Melody."

11. That Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies are the greatest music ever written.

12. That the "Dance of the Hours" is the greatest ballet music ever written.

13. That people who stand at the opera are Communists.

14. That short conductors are ineffective.

15. That Dvořák's "Humoresque" is the noblest creation yet written for the violin.

16. That every pianist should have Rachmaninoff's C Sharp Minor Prelude in his repertoire.

17. That Rimski-Korsakoff's name is very, very funny.

18. That a tenor is greater than a baritone because he can reach higher notes.

19. That bassos are used only in quartets and in Wagner.

20. That chamber music is for faddists and pseudo-intellectuals.

21. That all great musicians are abnormal in some respect.

—ROBERT J. COHN, JR.

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Open for Sunday Dinner 12:15 to 8:15 p. m.

MERRIE, MERRIE, MERRIE

WHAT I want to talk about today is what everybody else is more or less talking about now —Christmas. It *is* a wonderful thing how the whole civilized world can observe Christmas, isn't it? Such oneness about it. And everybody with their own particular plans.

Well, I have my own particular plan, and I want to see how it will appeal to the rest of Orange County Afternoon Delphian. We all like the English Christmas most of all. I mean Dickens has impressed it so in our minds that the English Christmas just sort of seemed to set the tradition for Christmases generally, didn't it? Well among the things we always think of around Christmas are Yule logs and coach-and-fours and so forth. What else? Why carol singers, of course. Carol singers, just like they do in Boston and a lot of other places.

The thought struck me the other day: "Wouldn't it be nice if Afternoon Delphian had a group of carol singers this Christmas?" The more I thought of it, the more I was tickled with the idea. It certainly appealed to me as just the proper thing for us to do. After all, it is the sort of thing we *ought* to do. We're expected to do the unexpected. Something different and unique and at the same time in the best of taste. And it would contribute to the general *Christmasiness*.

Well, here's my plan. We won't have to have any competition, because the more the merrier. If the whole membership wants to come, fine. A large group like that will make it all the jollier. We have some of the best voices you can find right here in the Society, and outside of "The Star Spangled Banner" now and then or "America" we never hear them. It would be easy for us to have one rehearsal between now and Christmas Eve and run over the Christmas songs and carols that we all know.

We wouldn't use a piano, because when we go around singing carols, why all we'll have with us is a pitch-pipe to give us the key, so we would have a rehearsal just with the pitch-pipe.

It would be such a simple thing for

us to do. Of course, I realize the first objection: everybody will say first thing we ought to be in our own homes Christmas Eve. That's true, quite true, but how many of us *are?* I know some of our younger members, for instance, will be going to the country-club dance and will be away from home and some of our members—Episcopalians and Catholics and, I believe, the Lutherans, although I'm not sure—some of them will be going to midnight service. That means they'll be up 'way after midnight. And those of us who have younger kiddies will be trimming the Tree and up late doing that so they won't waken the kiddies. Well, that just about takes care of the whole membership. In other words, those that aren't out at a dance or church will be up anyhow, so why not do our share to help the entire community enjoy the real Christmas spirit?

I REMEMBER when I was a very small girl it used to be done and I remember lying awake and hearing the carols and thinking how beautiful a thought it was for some people to stay up to greet the Christmas morn. I think there ought to be more of that sort of thing.

So don't you think it would be nice to at least discuss it? We have a few minutes extra this afternoon because Madam President told me that Dr. Watson will be late getting here this afternoon—I didn't mean to be the first to announce it, but he has something to do with an advertising office and just telephoned he won't be able to get here before four, so shall we talk it over and see whether we'd all be willing—or enough of us, at least—to observe Christmas Eve in the best possible way?

Of course, it will be so much nicer if there's snow on the ground and I guess it would be wise to cancel it if it rains, but we'll at least decide what we *would* do if conditions are agreeable.

—JOHN O'HARA

•

EMOTIONAL CRISIS OF A VIRTUOSO

[*From the Sunday News*]

The last two days of shooting his picture were almost a nightmare to him, he said, because of bad news from New York.

"I had been looking forward to opening at the Paramount Theater in Manhattan and when they told me it would have to be the Paramount Theater in Brooklyn it just made me sick," he said.

SOCIAL CRISIS *in* AIR TRANSPORT

[Social Editor All Agog]

THIS letter, received by our Society Editor, has set us all a-twitter.

Dear Miss Copperplate:

Passengers traveling from Miami to Havana by Pan American Airliner have always belonged to one's own exclusive set. Yesterday, however, a Person was among the voyagers. He carried a brief case and looked like an Executive. What shall I do? It seems a shame for a mere Executive to enjoy such a fast, luxurious trip. *Audrey Parkfront*

Here is Miss Copperplate's answer:

Dear Miss Parkfront:

Just one thought, my dear. If the Right People see that there is never one vacancy in the Pan American Airliners—as they usually do—this sort of thing can never happen again. *Heloise Copperplate*

Confidential to Executives: Audrey is wrong. Executives have been traveling by this fastest way to the Indies ever since the earliest flights.

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RECENT BOOKS

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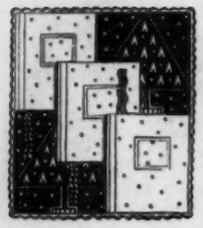
Spiced History—Red Indians—New Poetry



THE books of the week come mostly from Europe. There is a novel from Spain and a folk saga from Serbia. Austria contributes (you've guessed it) a volume on psychoanalysis and France is represented with a biography of a Russian. And England sends over a social novel. If you don't like foreign translations, there is a new book by Richard Halliburton. And if you don't like Mr. Halliburton, that's all right with me.

By all odds the best of the importations comes from Spain. It is "Roots," by Eduardo Zamacois. To read it with any sort of justice and appreciation requires complete orientation. The scene of Señor Zamacois' tragedy is a village in Castile and the story is, fittingly, one of the oldest in the world —a terrible tale of hate between a Cain and an Abel. Working with the manner and with the viewpoint of a modern novelist, Señor Zamacois selects for his material the primitive life of a plateau village where centuries have stood still. His drama is the murderous hate between two brothers and their family, a study of violence, cruelty, and greed. It is a harsh, repellent theme, unrelieved by any of the easy melodrama that enlightened the works of the cosmopolitan and facile Señor Ibañez. But Señor Zamacois brings to his novel a rich and full vision of one of the most obscure and strange corners of Europe.

His feeling for his native landscape sheds an emotional beauty over a morose drama. His characters move instinctively in a background which Señor Zamacois makes you feel has created them. It will take you several chapters to catch the native beauty of Señor Zamacois' design and to realize the austere loveliness that lies beneath the cruelty of his story. It is, at first thought, one of the least readable of the current books but, strangely enough, one that is most worth reading.

THE French biography, "Peter the Great," by Georges Oudard, is as galloping as an adventure novel. M. Oudard's biography, aside from the extreme liveliness of his style, has two points of departure from the run of life stories: he has no great adoration for his subject and no great dislike; and he loves to tell a story. To his biographer, Peter is an amazing savage, an entertaining wild man with a childish imitativeness, a vast energy, and a huge capacity for life. While preserving a fine romantic swing in his narrative, M. Oudard sees the grossness, the squalor, and the ignorance of Peter's background with horrid realism. Even the London of the later Stuarts was as Kew Gardens compared with the Moscow of Peter's time. The city swam in blood and brandy; it was fettered by Oriental superstition; but M. Oudard gives you the great drama of Peter's gesture in turning his face to the West instead of the East. Incidentally, M. Oudard's research has been so well assimilated that his mass of facts does not interfere with the easy flow and freedom of his engrossing narrative.

AS for the English novel, "Chariot Wheels," by Sylvia Thompson: It is a competent, intelligent, and honestly written story of the changing winds of two generations. Miss Thompson begins her story in the early nineties and her heroine, a timid Ann Veronica, marries a young liberal novelist by way of protesting against her conservative upbringing. Unfortunately for Cressida, conservatives make the best husbands, and she finds a certain solace in a love affair. Miss Thompson has been skillful in showing the effect of this concealed emotional turmoil on Cressida's daughter. The undercurrents of the family life are curiously mingled with the political upheavals of the past quarter century. While the American rebellion is chiefly moral and directed against Puritanism, the English *revoltés* are tied closer to politics. It is difficult

"I'm awfully sorry, Teddy— I'm all filled up except for dinner Thursday."

to imagine an American writer as young as Miss Thompson personalizing politics in such an intimate novel.

NEXT we go to Austria, where libido conquers all. Dr. Fritz Wittels, one of Freud's bad boys, has much that is amusing to say in "Critique of Love"—and not much that is strikingly new. Nevertheless, his psychoanalyses of old tragedies and modern movies are gay reading. I, for one, was jolted to learn that the magic potion in "Tristan and Isolde" "corresponds to the products of the endocrine glands." Think of that the next time you hear the opera. Or don't think of it.

Nor did I realize that Brutus might well have been Caesar's son. The psychoanalytical writers are improving. Instead of boring their readers with dull cases of little Anna V. of Mödling who murdered her parents at the age of four, they are digging up more important scandals. Dr. Wittels, too, has what is known as a chatty style and his book obviously was written with an eye on the American audience.

"KING'S PLEASURE" is a saga of the folklore of Serbia, half legend and half historical, told in epic style and to be read to the strumming of harps. The stories were woven together by Ida Zeitlin from obscure tales gathered in Serbia by Theodore Nadejen, who also made the illustrations. And these illustrations are charming in design and most decorative. The stories have a piquant mixture of Western piety with Eastern luxuriancy. They tell of a succession of national heroes most of whom were concerned with wiping out the vile Turk. They reflect a barbaric, vanished culture and Miss Zeitlin has narrated these child-like tales in bejewelled and heavily ornamented prose.

FOR some reason or other Richard Halliburton is a panic in some sections, so I suppose "New Worlds to Conquer" will pay his expenses on another trip, which means still another book. And so this Halliburton business

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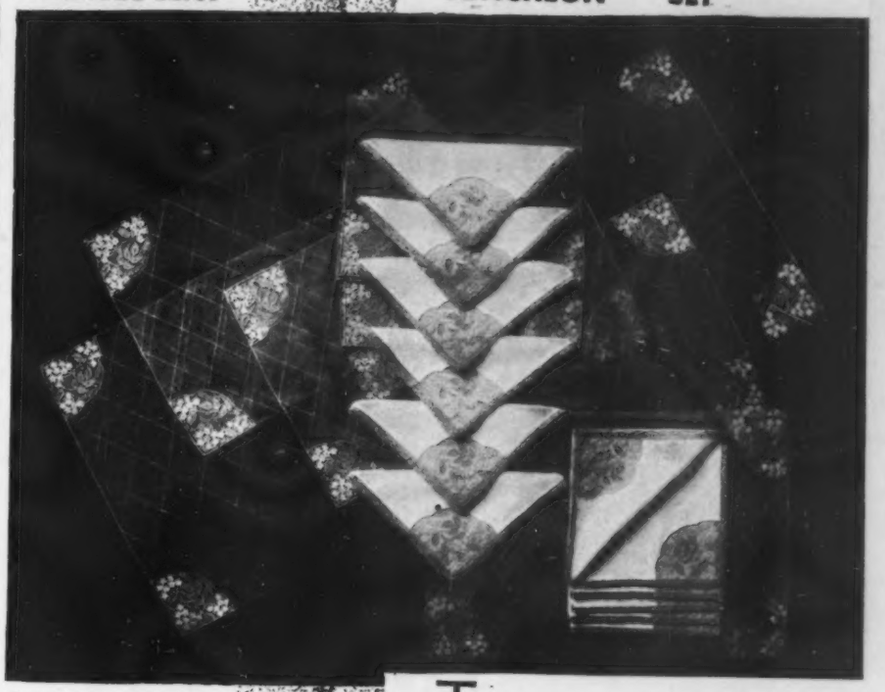

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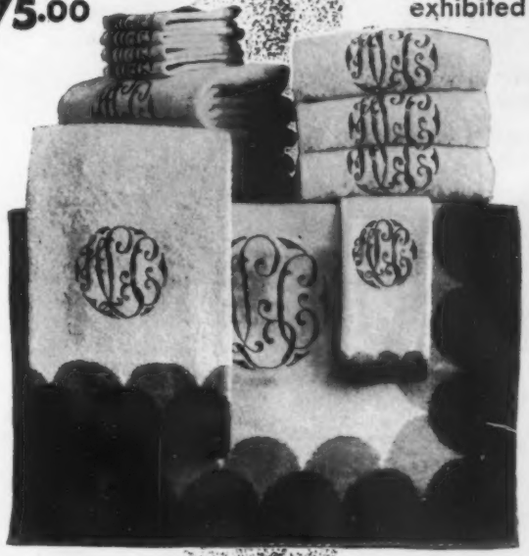

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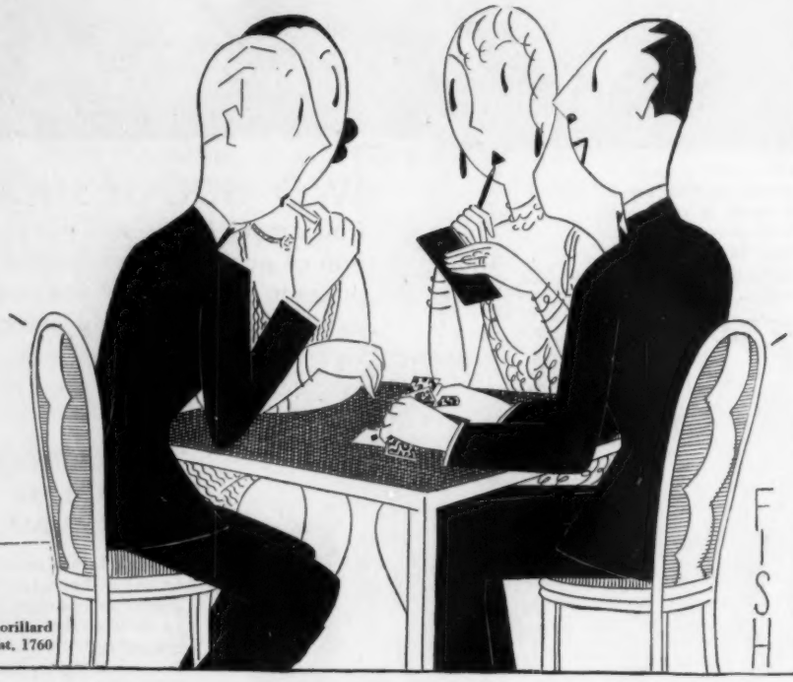

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threatens to become a vicious circle. In his new literary revel Mr. Halliburton spends much time telling how he swam the Panama Canal. He must have made a great nuisance of himself, because he had to be floated through the Locks. And that's enough for Mr. Halliburton.

TWO more collections of short stories demand recommendation. William McFee really needs no word from me except a reminder that "Sailors of Fortune" is his newest and it is filled with the romance of strange ports and ships. If you are tired of the stultifying "he-said-she-answered" fiction of the magazines, here is the book for you.

Like Mr. McFee, Wilbur Daniel Steele is one of the few writers whose craftsmanship is good enough to carry them through an entire book of short stories. Mr. Steele's stories have one great quality—the trick of creating a sense of horror, which to me is the best merit a short story can have. In "Tower of Sand," for instance, he uses the wireless to such fine ghostly effect that you feel a little timid about turning on your own domesticated radio. In case you have been disappointed in some of the recent mystery and adventure books, I advise you to try the superior literary tales of Messrs. McFee and Steele. —A. W. S.

MORE BOOKS

THEY did not mix gin with ginger ale in the fifteenth century, and call it a drink, according to D. B. Wyndham Lewis, who paints a most alluring pageant of the period in "King Spider: Some Aspects of Louis XI of France and His Companions." They mixed their drinks, and they mixed them well. For a quart of Hypocras, for instance:

> Take five drams of fine cinnamon, selected and peeled; white ginger selected and pared 3 drams; of cloves, cardamon, mace, galingale, nutmegs, nard, altogether a dram and a quarter, most of the first and less of each of the others in order. Let a powder be made thereof, and with it put a pound and half a quarter of lump sugar, brayed and mingled with the aforesaid spices; and let wine and sugar be set and melted on a dish on the fire and mixed therewith. Then put it in the strainer, and strain it until it runs a clear red.

The rest of the book is not quite so excruciating, but it is a very human picture of the purple period. To those who like their history, as well as their drinks, well spiced, the footnotes and parentheses excoriating Voltaire, Ana-

tole France, Froude, Sir Walter Scott, and the rest of the Protestants and Free Thinkers who have sullied the period by writing of it with unbelieving pens, provide added entertainment.

GILLES DE RAIS, who in Wyndham Lewis' story is vastly more unpleasant than in our watered Bluebeard legends, was burned at the stake for sorcery in 1440. The proceedings, Lewis remarks, would seem fantastic did not satanism still exist. He reminds us of modern Anglo-Saxon orgies at Capri and elsewhere. But Theda Kenyon, in "Witches Still Live," discovers devils and witches still riding brooms and casting spells all over the world. She is a little helter-skelter in her selection of evidence, but she has plenty of it, and if you insist on witches being modern, she offers a full line.

ALIEN religions always seem a hodgepodge of odd superstitions, as the young Chinese remarked on observing the solemn deposit of withering flowers on quite dead American tombstones. To Katherine Mayo, Hinduism seemed pretty bad. To Dhan Gopal Mukerji, even though he cannot believe it all, it seems serene and beautiful; and all his books are efforts to convey its meaning to the Western mind. "He who does not understand symbolism will never understand India," he remarks in his latest book. "India is not a fact, but a state of mind." "Visit India With Me" is a guidebook disguised as the story of an American's wanderings in Indian temples and among Indians. Mr. Mukerji conscientiously introduces his Yankee to all types of Indian, including the excited modernist who offered his visitor the privilege of hearing Pittsburgh jazz on a Calcutta radio.

IT is a far cry from the pre-Christian temples of south India to the islands of northern Lake Michigan, and only the name that Columbus gave the redskins links them. "Joe Pete" and "Laughing Boy," two honest and understanding stories of Indian life, come close on each other's heels. "Joe Pete" is pitched far from the Navajo desert, among the decaying remnant of an Ojibway tribe; but the story of this thoroughbred son of a degenerate mother, though sometimes amateurishly told, is very moving. Joe Pete is only a baby when his father disappears into the woods, and his mother, to feed the boy, is forced lower and lower in the logging-camp community. Joe

WE HAVEN'T TIME TO COUNT THE DEBUTANTES

nor the pretty co-eds who use Silk-Eze and swear by it, though we could name quite a few ourselves. But we've seen them clustered round the picot-edge sheer chiffon end of Hosiery Departments and listened in on their girlish enthusiasms.**

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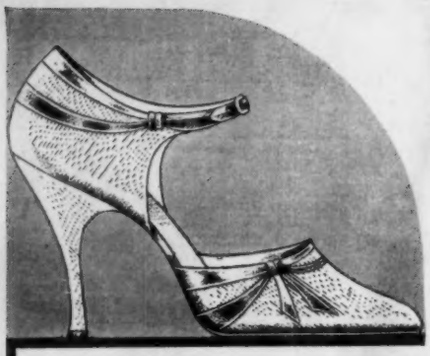

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Pete tends his half-breed brothers and sisters, and absorbs the tradition of his race. But in the end he goes to a white school. Miss McClinchey, who writes the story, seems to think this a victory; if so, she may yet have a more tragic story to tell.

READERS who like variety of diet might try Donald Henderson Clarke's "Louis Beretti" and Henry Williamson's "The Wet Flanders Plain" on the same evening. In the course of Donald Clarke's first page two Chinese tongsters shoot it out, a laundryman is killed, and in the street Ma Beretti, shot in the foot, has given birth to the novel's hero. There has also been a little pickpocketing. Action proceeds at approximately that pace for two hundred and eighty-five pages, the World War being a minor incident, chiefly notable for an A.W.O.L. trip to Paris, concluded in one brief chapter. Distinguished gangsters strut through the pages, gun and liquor in hand, and if you know your New York gang history you may recognize several of them.

Donald Clarke writes fast Americanese; any American who would write as Henry Williamson does would also wear spats and carry an umbrella. Mr. Williamson would be utterly unable to take the war as a joke, even on leave. "The Wet Flanders Plain" is a serious little book, the story of the return of an English soldier, ten years after he had climbed out of the mud for the last time. Mr. Williamson writes very beautiful prose, sometimes too beautiful; he would like this book to be his bit to end the silly business. But when an Englishman gets solemn and reverent he begins, inevitably, to enjoy it so much that somehow the little lesson is lost. The best pages report the warm dislike which the old Allies felt for each other ten years after the spoils—and scars—of victory had been divided.

"THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE MARSHAL FOCH," by Major-General Sir George Aston, K.C.B., is such a biography as one might fear that an English general might write. One gathers that Marshal Foch came of an excellent family, and was really very able. —L. S. G.

POETRY AND SUCH

AMERICAN poetry used to be very exciting in the days when Amy Lowell went up and down the country waving its banner. That was the time

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when Lindsay's "Chinese Nightingale" sang; when the drums of his "Congo" throbbed; when Masters' "Spoon River" flowed so tragically; when Edna Millay gave "Figs for Thistles" down in the Village; and Frost's hired man found death in "North of Boston." Now, with few exceptions, poetry seems to have quieted down. Comparatively few people buy it, as any publisher will tell you. It has become, for the most part, but a thin trickle from the reluctant presses. There is no intoxication in it.

The only native volume this fall that has given me the old kick is Robinson Jeffers' "Dear Judas." Here is strong stuff, not to be sampled by the tender-minded—a draught of veritable wine, heady and mastering. It makes the other poems of the season seem very tame and far away. Perhaps, after all, it is unfair to judge the others by such a high standard. Indeed some of them have a validity of their own that sets them above the level of clever mediocrity which marks the general run.

THERE are, for a start, "Dark Summer," by Louise Bogan, and "High Falcon," by Léonie Adams—two collections of poems which recall in some ways the finely etched work of Emily Dickinson. These two young poets resemble each other strangely. They write exceedingly well, frequently in the same mood, and their defects are the same: attenuation of thought and intricacy of phrase. Each book, however, contains many lyrics of unusual beauty.

Another lady, Frances M. Frost, whose first book is called "Hemlock Wall," also writes with distinction. Carrying on the tradition of her name, she makes New England the back-

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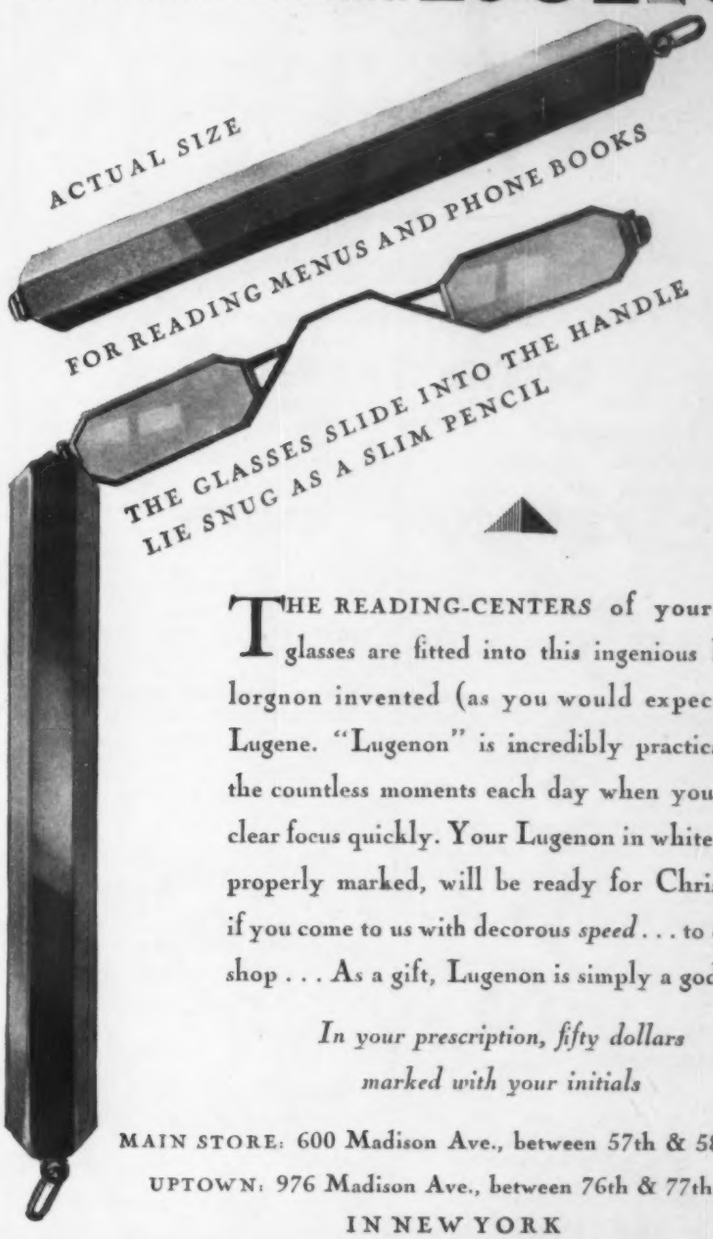

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ground for most of her poems. She is successful in catching its spirit and adding to it a feeling that is peculiarly her own.

Then there is the new book of Joseph Auslander, "Letters to Women." "Poetic intimacies" the author calls these letters, and some of them, notably the one addressed to Emily Dickinson, are far beyond anything I have read of Mr. Auslander.

Witter Bynner's "Indian Earth"—poems inspired by the region of Lake Chapala in Mexico—is another work that has unity and beauty. The final section, devoted to the dances of the Indians in Mexico and Arizona, is particularly successful.

Malcolm Cowley, whose "Blue Juniata" is very highly estimated by a serious and friendly group of moderns, seems to be very self-conscious about his work. Though some of the poems are considerably worth while and interesting, the book as a whole is marred for me by the autobiographical prose notes which introduce the various sections. If you must know what Mr. Cowley was doing in 1912, or say in 1913, I suppose these bits are a help. The problem does not interest me.

OUT of a score of other volumes of new poetry published recently, the following (too many to comment on separately) are not without some interest and significance: "This Delicate Love," by Winifred Welles; "Witch," by Grace Hazard Conkling; "Every Soul Is a Circus," by Vachel Lindsay; "Europa," by Rolfe Humphries; "The Black Christ," by Countee Cullen; "O City, Cities," by R. Ellsworth Larsson; "God-beguiled," by George O'Neil; "Tilted Moons," by S. Foster Damon; and "The King with Three Faces," by Marjorie Allen Seiffert.

PERHAPS the most important event this year in English poetry was the publication of D. H. Lawrence's collected poems in two volumes. (This collection, however, does not contain Lawrence's "Pansies," which has just been published in a separate volume.) Masefield has also been "collected"—for the second time—and issued in two volumes. But there is no comparison in values. Lawrence is of our time, our neurotic and, some say, beautiful time. Masefield stirred us once, but that was nearly twenty years ago.

W. H. Davies, Gerald Gould, Ed-

win Arlington Robinson, and Christopher Morley also are represented this fall by collected editions of their work, and so is Conrad Aiken, whose "Selected Poems" is a volume out of the ordinary.

As for anthologies and such like, there are "The Jade Mountain," a remarkably fine Chinese anthology by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-Hu; Braithwaite's yearly offering of magazine verse; Moult's "Best Poems of 1929;" Auslander and Hill's "Winged Horse Anthology;" and "Our Singing Strength," by Alfred Kreymborg. The last is an outline of American poetry since 1620, copiously illustrated with quotations. —S. M.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

Roots, by Eduardo Zamacois (*Viking Press*). The story of Cain and Abel set in a Castilian village. A fine example of modern Spanish literature.

Chariot Wheels, by Sylvia Thompson (*Little, Brown*). Novel of English family life, with a political background.

Joe Pete, by Florence E. McClinchey (*Henry Holt*). A thoroughbred Ojibway boy makes the grade.

Hudson River Bracketed, by Edith Wharton (*Appleton*). The problem of a young American genius, surveyed by one of our best social critics.

Cats in The Isle of Man, by Daisy Fellowes (*Dial Press*). Clever study of a woman in a masculine world.

Ex-Husband, Anonymous (*Macaulay*). Rough but funny burlesque on Girls Who Want To Tell You All About It.

Laughing Boy, by Oliver La Farge (*Houghton Mifflin*). A really beautiful idyll of Navajo life.

The Maurizius Case, by Jacob Wassermann (*Liveright*). A powerful social drama, brilliantly presented.

The Natural Mother, by Dominique Dunois (*Macaulay*). A study in French peasant life, with sex reduced to its biological basis.

The Desert of Love, by François Mauriac (*Covici, Friede*). In which a young man's fancy and an old man's fancy darkly turn to thoughts of the same woman.

The Embezzlers, by Valentine Kataev (*Dial Press*). Russian literature returns to civilization with a gorgeous farce.

Look Homeward, Angel, by Thomas Wolfe (*Scribner*). Vigorously written tragedy of youth in the New South.

The Sound and the Fury, by William Faulkner (*Cape & Smith*). A study of madness in an aristocratic family of the Old South. Told in the modern manner.

Ultima Thule, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). A novel of real importance.

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway (*Scribner*). Love story surrounded by the war—and modern writing at its best.

The Methodist Faun, by Anne Parrish (*Harper*). Genuine tragedy of youth set against a background of fine satire.

Harriet Hume, by Rebecca West (*Doubleday, Doran*). Richly beautiful writing.

Fugitive's Return, by Susan Glaspell (*Stokes*). Worth a half-dozen smug, contented novels.

The Way of Ecben, by James Branch Cabell (*McBride*). Mr. Cabell's farewell to mythology, with a revealing curtain speech by the author.

Borgia, by Zona Gale (*Knopf*). Miss Gale plunges effectively into sinister psychology.

Penrod Jashber, by Booth Tarkington (*Doubleday, Doran*). The sleuth wave hits Penrod. Gorgeous reading.

The Galaxy, by Susan Ertz (*Appleton*). The manners and morals of three generations reflected in the life of a warmly human heroine.

The Dark Journey, by Julian Green (*Harper*). Mr. Green's annual prize-winner.

Chéri, by Colette (*A. & C. Boni*). Wicked and excellently written story of a gigolo.

Death of a Hero, by Richard Aldington (*Covici, Friede*). Why a man preferred being a dead soldier in France to being a live artist in London.

They Stooped to Folly, by Ellen Glasgow (*Doubleday, Doran*). Ironic spoofing of three Fallen Ladies.

Wolf Solent, by John Cowper Powys (*Simon & Schuster*). Masterfully written psychological novel.

Short As Any Dream, by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant (*Harper*). A rare achievement—a real and sympathetic study of a New England family.

The Best Short Stories of 1929, edited by Edward J. O'Brien (*Dodd, Mead*). The annual and always reliable anthology.

Sailors of Fortune, by William McFee (*Doubleday, Doran*). Sea stories that are an excellent antidote to static fiction.

Tower of Sand and Other Stories, By Wilbur Daniel Steele (*Harper*). Collection of short stories by an excellent craftsman.

O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1929, edited by Blanche Colton Williams (*Doubleday, Doran*). Gayer but less solid than Mr. O'Brien's selections. The first-prize winner is "Big Blonde," by Dorothy Parker.

Mysteries

Fleur De Lys, by J. G. Sarasin (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . Adventures of the Scarlet Pimpernel, by Baroness Orczy (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . The Affair at the Château, by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . Great Detective Stories, edited by Joseph Lewis French (*Dial Press*). . . . The Poet and the Lunatics, by G. K. Chesterton (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . Nicholas Goade, Detective, by E. Phillips Op-

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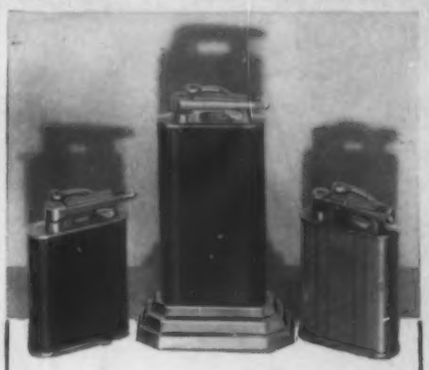

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penheim (*Little, Brown*).... THE TROUT INN MYSTERY, by Winifred Greenleaves (*Dial Press*).... THE CRIMSON CIRCLE, by Edgar Wallace (*Doubleday, Doran*).... CLUES OF THE CARIBBEES, by T. S. Stribling (*Doubleday, Doran*).... SPEEDY DEATH, by G. M. Mitchell (*Dial Press*).... WHAT PRICE PARADISE?, by Alan Hugh Hillgarth (*Houghton Mifflin*).... THE MARACOT DEEP, by Arthur Conan Doyle (*Doubleday, Doran*).... MURDER AT THE INN, by Lynn Brock (*Harper*).... THE MUSEUM MURDER, by John T. McIntyre (*Doubleday, Doran*).... THE SECRET OF 37 HARDY STREET, by Robert J. Casey (*Bobbs-Merrill*).... THE EMPEROR OF AMERICA, by Sax Rohmer (*Doubleday, Doran*).... THE DARTMOUTH MURDERS, by Clifford Orr (*Farrar & Rinehart*).

GENERAL

KING SPIDER, by D. B. Wyndham Lewis (*Coward-McCann & Edwin V. Mitchell*). Lively pageant of fifteenth-century France.

PETER THE GREAT, by Georges Oudard, translated by F. M. Atkinson (*Payson & Clarke*). Biography of the Russian Czar that is as exciting as a novel.

CRITIQUE OF LOVE, by Fritz Wittels (*Macaulay*). Psychoanalytical lowdown.

KING'S PLEASURE, by Ida Zeitlin (*Harper*). Saga of Serbian folklore, attractively illustrated by Theodore Nadejen.

FRANCIS RABELAIS, by Albert Jay Nock and C. R. Wilson (*Harper*). Scholarly critical portrait of a great humanist.

CASANOVA: HIS KNOWN AND UNKNOWN LIFE, by S. Guy Endore (*John Day*). Exciting biography of an exciting gentleman.

MAN AND WOMAN, by Havelock Ellis (*Houghton Mifflin*). Calm, detached thinking on debatable differences.

DO WHAT YOU WILL, by Aldous Huxley (*Doubleday, Doran*). First-rate intellectual gymnastics.

HANNA, by Thomas Beer (*Knopf*). Not a cartoon, but a portrait. The man as a human being.

AMERICA SET FREE, by Count Hermann Keyserling (*Harper*). A distinguished scholar psychoanalyzes America.

JULY '14, by Emil Ludwig (*Putnam*). A dramatic account of who started the war.

IS SEX NECESSARY?, by James Thurber and E. B. White (*Harper*). A more than funny burlesque of those sex books.

TWELVE AGAINST THE GODS, by William Bolitho (*Simon & Schuster*). The lives of a dozen renowned adventurers, including not only Lola Montez and Casanova, but Alexander the Great as well—and even Woodrow Wilson.

A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN, by Virginia Woolf (*Harcourt, Brace*). Witty, clear thinking on the vexatious subject of women and the art of writing.

MARRIAGE AND MORALS, by Bertrand Russell (*Liveright*). One of the finest minds of our time examines the problem.

OUR BUSINESS CIVILIZATION, by James Truslow Adams (*A. & C. Boni*). An estimate of certain aspects of modern American life, destined to arouse controversy.

NO ENEMY, by Ford Madox Ford (*Macaulay*). If you like Ford, you'll like "No Enemy."

DRAWN FROM THE WOOD, by Frank Shay (*Macaulay*). What to sing when that mood hits you. With recipes for drinks, and pictures by John Held, Jr.

PETER THE GREAT, by Stephen Graham (*Simon & Schuster*). Mr. Graham scratches the westernizer of Russia and finds a Tartar. Very picturesque reading.

THE RAVEN, by Marquis James (*Bobbs-Merrill*). The life story of Sam Houston admirably written and documented.

HENRY THE VIIITH, by Francis Hackett (*Liveright*). Still the best biography of the year.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, by Katharine Anthony (*Knopf*). Close-up of Henry's little girl.

LA FAYETTE, by Brand Whitlock (*Appleton*). Recommended without reservations.

UP TO NOW, by Alfred E. Smith (*Viking Press*). The former governor writes as well as he speaks.

LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT, by David Loth (*Brentano*). Biography that is good romance.

EMERSON, THE WISEST AMERICAN, by Phillips Russell (*Brentano*). The progress of an intellectual pilgrim.

THE INCREDIBLE MARQUIS, by Herbert S. Gorman (*Farrar & Rinehart*). The gay and romantic life of Alexandre Dumas.

CARRY NATION, by Herbert Asbury (*Knopf*). Caperings of a lunatic, amusingly reported.

MRS. EDDY, by Edwin Franden Dakin (*Scribner*). Home life of a prophetess.

THE NEW AMERICAN CARAVAN, edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, and Paul Rosenfeld (*Macaulay*). Indispensable for those who would keep up with the most advanced American writing.

THE SECOND NEW YORKER ALBUM (*Doubleday, Doran*). Of course.

THE GLUYAS WILLIAMS BOOK (*Doubleday, Doran*). Also of course.

•

NEW YORK, October 30 (AP).—Ann Murdock, actress, is to have a third husband, George Karamano, a captain in the Greek Army. The wedding is to be in Paris. Her first husband was Harry C. Powers, and her second Hallam Keep Williams, now on a honeymoon with the former Ruth Anderson.

Bear hunting has been stopped in East Surrey, England, because of the hardness of the ground, which was caused by the summer drought.—*Washington (D.C.) paper.*

Thank God for that, anyway.

•

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A SURGEON *criticizes* *the* AMERICAN WEEKLY

A FEW months ago there appeared in The American Weekly, an article entitled, "What Science Has Really Found Out About Cancer." Like every article of scientific nature which appears in this magazine, it was an accurate statement of known facts, phrased in language the layman could understand.

Among the many letters which this article inspired was an especially interesting communication from a noted scientist and surgeon in Chicago.

We quote from his letter:

"I never miss a copy of The American Weekly and rarely fail to find something worth while in its unique handling of interesting and unusual facts.

"The cancer article is typical of what I mean. It gives scientific facts accurately stated and will in my opinion be very helpful, not only as a reliable warning to those who need medical attention for incipient cancer, but also as a preventive against the anxiety and suffering so often caused by unfounded fear of that disease.

"I wish your editor would devote less space to scandalous subjects, but I guess he knows his business better than I do and I suppose he needs bait with which to interest the mass of readers in order that he may feed them more wholesome food."

The Editor replies

"The last paragraph of Dr. ——'s letter shows an intelligent understanding. If we fed our readers only science and uplift we would have just the amount of circulation that follows that class of feature.

"The American Weekly problem is the most difficult on earth—to hold the great army of average Americans and also, every week, have something that makes the 'intelligentsia' like Dr. —— never miss a copy.

"If we edit the 'Weekly' to suit those who don't enjoy the 'Chinese Bride' sort of feature, we lose the crowd.

"If we give an overdose of 'scandalous' subjects we lose our more learned readers.

"If Dr. —— had said everything in The American Weekly was pretty much to his liking I would know I am off my course and would put the helm hard over."

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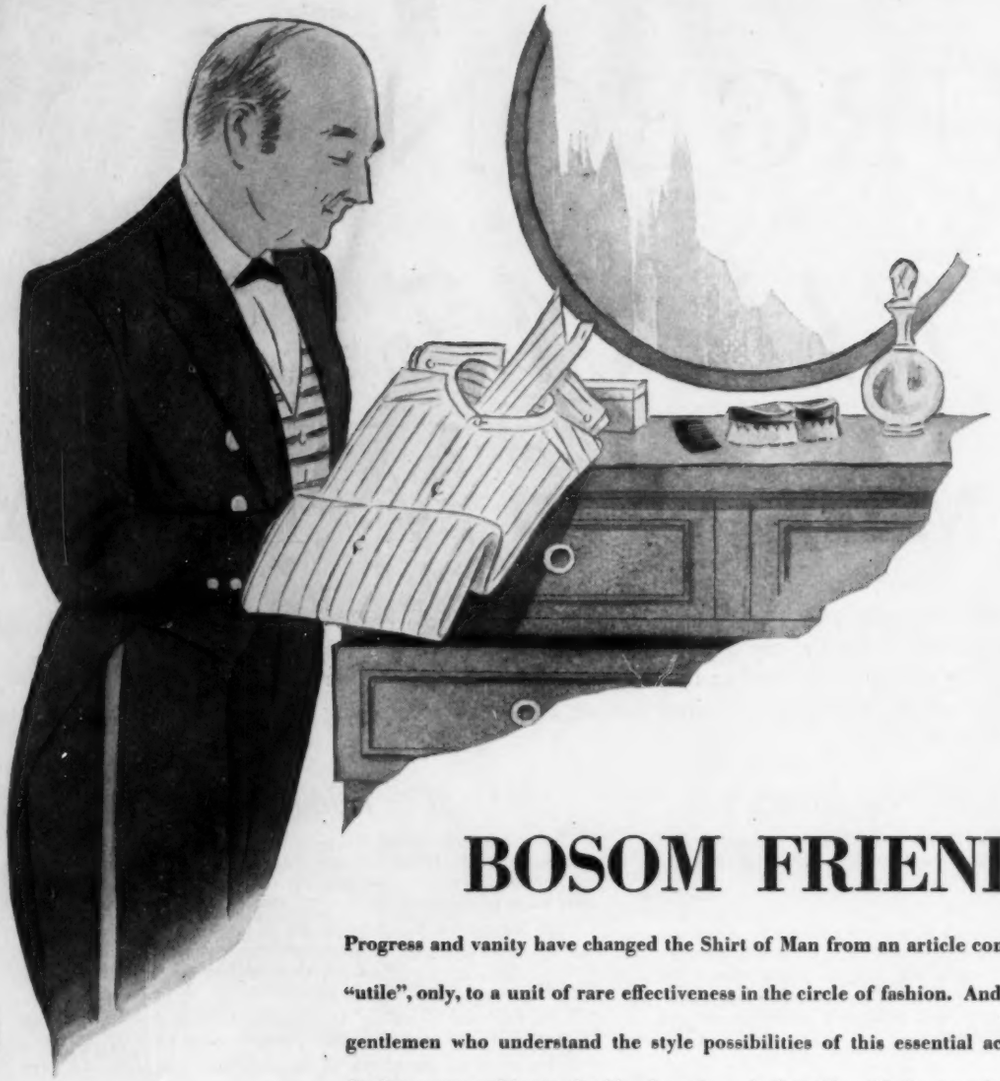

BOSOM FRIENDS

Progress and vanity have changed the Shirt of Man from an article commonly bracketed as "utile", only, to a unit of rare effectiveness in the circle of fashion. And, to curry favour with gentlemen who understand the style possibilities of this essential accessory, the current displays arranged by creditable shops in and about New York are splendid beyond expression. Therefore, every man may have enough, or should, because shirts, like ties, hats, shoes and clothes, contribute enormously to staging a prepossessing appearance. A stirring starched model, tailored with spade shaped bosom, has been royally welcomed. The small, neat bosoms have various horizontal or vertical stripings and bodies of blending colour. Some are pleated, some are plain and all have smartly cut collars. However, let bosoms fall where they may, great multitudes of men prefer the softer type of shirt in small English stripings, plain tones or white broadcloth or oxford. Taken all in all, the attractiveness of the shirts and the style-conscious attitude of the public compose a situation crowded with opportunities for Merchants and Manufacturers who advertise in an artistic and practical manner in The Sun . . . a newspaper, read by hundreds of thousands of style-conscious men whose position in life permits them to gratify their tastes, bountifully.

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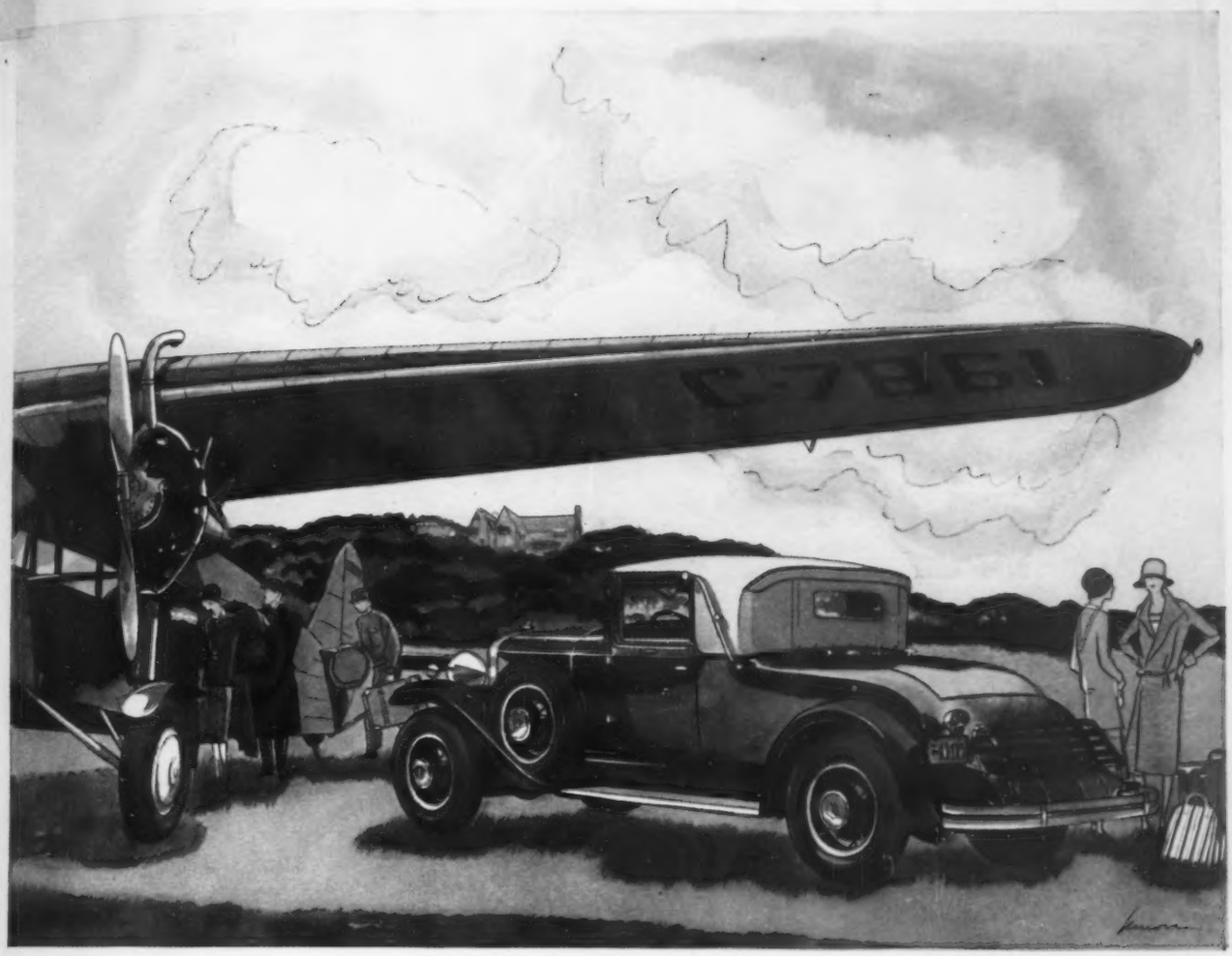
NEW YORK



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